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SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

Archives Branch
Dept of Agriculture

VOL. 24, No. 37. Printed and Published by Saturday Night, Limited, Toronto. TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 24, 1911. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1229

FRONT PAGE

THE remarkable change in public sentiment which has taken place in the past year with regard to King George V. must make the homage he has received this week doubly gratifying to him. When he came to the throne less than fourteen months ago, the air was filled with slanders about him. There were those who knew as much about the King personally as the rules of navigation on the canals of Mars, who went about telling folk confidentially that he was little better than a dipsomaniac. There were others who proclaimed him to all intents and purposes a bigamist, forgetful of the fact that no membe. of the Royal family can possibly commit bigamy, because his marriage must have the assent of the reigning monarch (that is to say, of the Cabinet) before his marriage is legal at all. Those who were privileged to see the present King at close range during his two last visits to Canada in 1901 and 1908 were puzzled to know how the fables to the effect that he was a hard drinker became current at all. At no time was there the most remote justification for this gossip, and the story is now pretty well dissipated in the public mind. In connection with the other scandal, the lies of the people who claimed to have known the lady alleged to have been wronged by the Monarch and to have been intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the so-called marriage, became so pestilent that His Majesty's Attorney General finally had recourse to the law courts, and the whole "Gran Galeoto," as the Spaniards call a slanderous hoax of this kind, vanished into thin air.

After months of what must have been sorrow and vexation over the injustice of the accusations against him, the King of England emerges as a clean and earnest man, who promises to amply deserve the love and homage of his people, which have found expression in the Coronation festivities of this week. The English people have discovered that back of his reserved and modest demeanor there is a democratic impulse to make the world happier for his humblest subject, a genuine concern for the well-being of the whole people and of every part of his vast Empire. Of the many prayers that were uttered in the awe-inspiring and solemn Coronation service, there is none that should find a deeper echo in the hearts of his subjects than the prayer for peace. Let us all hope that his reign will be long and untroubled, a period of Augustan peace, which shall be followed by no reaction.

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THE National Council of Women deserves credit for its good intentions, though it discusses every subject under the sun without much attempt to get down to brass tacks on anything. Typically sentimental was the assertion that no woman should be tried in court without a female companion by her side, presumably for the purpose of comforting her in her affliction. It was further pointed out that when a woman was arrested she seldom had a friend of her own sex to stand by her. To remedy this, one fair speaker declared that there should be woman officials, who should be compelled to stand up in court with female prisoners whether they liked it or not.

Now, to the unimaginative masculine mind there seems to be something inadequate in compulsory support and sympathy. Why do not the local councils appoint committees whose duty it shall be, on pain of expulsion from the order to attend police court proceedings and hold the hands of fair shop-lifters and other damsels who get into the "pen" for various offences. They would hear things that would enlarge their horizons in various directions, and some of the women, young and old, who come before the magistrate could give them pointers on the resources of the English language that would make the hair of the average refined woman stand on end no matter how long it was. Then it would be so romantic to press in sympathy the hand of a female prisoner whose right to get rid of her husband the Crown had called in question. One may be deficient in sympathy, but one fails to see why the average woman criminal is more deserving of sympathy than the average male criminal. She usually gets too much of it from fatuously chivalrous masculine jurors. Toronto delegates to the Convention of the National Council of Women, who laid this matter before their sisters, appear to be unaware of the excellent rescue work that is daily carried on in the Toronto Police Court by the Morality Department, the Salvation Army and other agencies. No girl who wants to turn over a new leaf fails of her chance to do so. One doubts whether officially appointed female sympathisers would accomplish more.

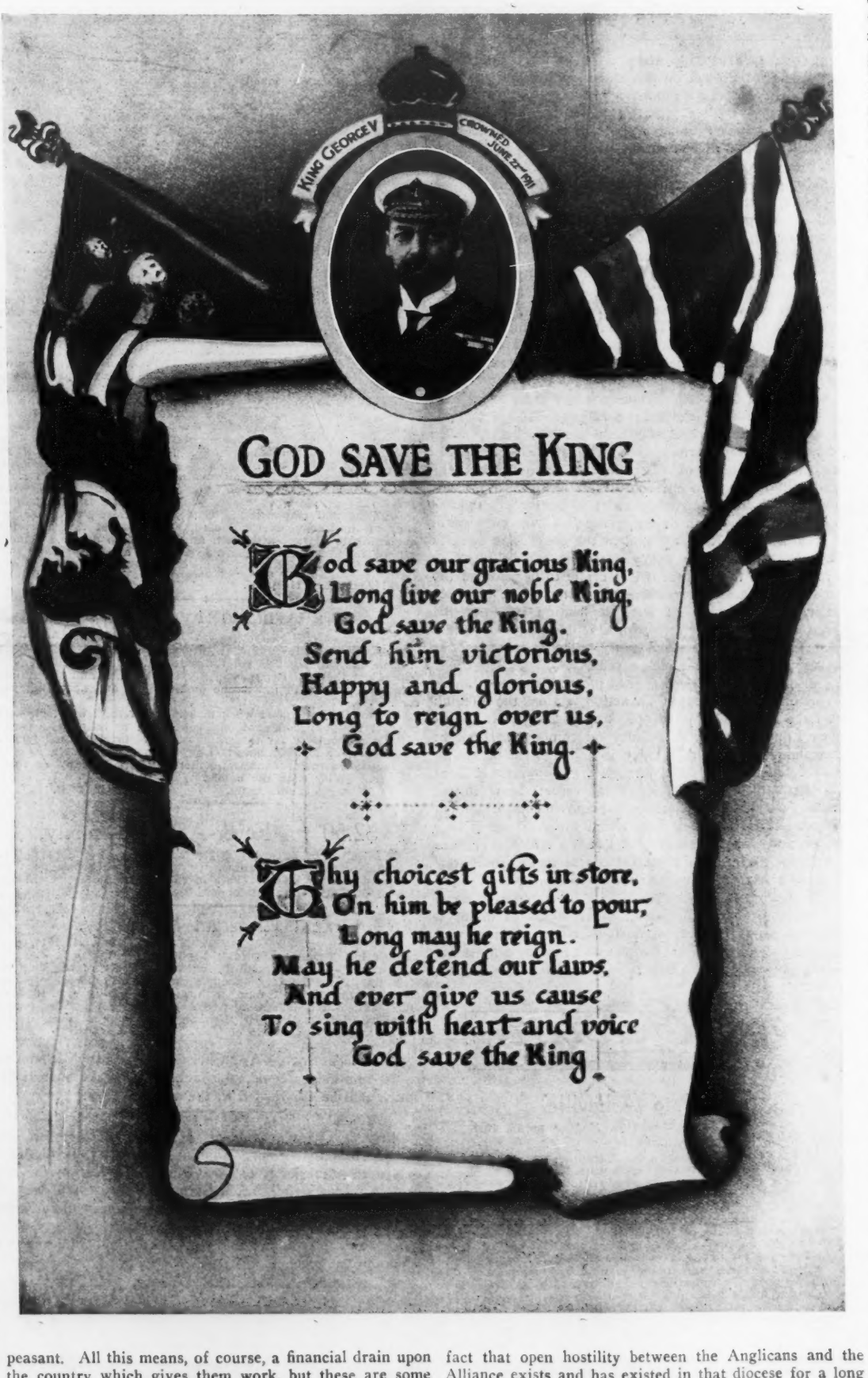
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C. D. SHELDON, of "blind pool" fame, will spend the next five years in the penitentiary, less, of course, the usual discount for good conduct. It is to be hoped that Sheldon's experience will have a salutary effect upon others of the ilk. That Sheldon, with his unbalanced scheme of huge monthly profits out of the stock market, should have been able to draw into his net so many men and women who were presumably not in want of legalized guardians, only goes to show that a goodly proportion of the population are not to be trusted with the investment of capital.

At best, Sheldon's project was a mad gamble. at its worst, a huge swindle. The "investment" of funds with Sheldon, particularly after the publicity which was given this "blind pool" by the public prints, placed the "investors" in only a trifle better position morally than was Sheldon himself. In other words, they did know or should have known that their "profits" were being made at the expense of some one else. They were, as a matter of fact, taking funds, the property of other people. Under these circumstances, it would seem to be the duty of the courts to make these "profit" takers disgorge for the benefit of the Sheldon estate, now in the hands of the curators. The "profits" which they received were no more theirs than if these people had broken into a bank or knocked a man down on the street and taken his pocket-book. They are the receivers of stolen goods, and as such should be made to disgorge.

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THE time is coming and that shortly, when the Italian will be a comprehensive factor in Canadian life. In the year 1909 the Italian Government issued 629,000 passports permitting the holders thereof to emigrate, an increase, by the way, of 139,000 over the previous year. Of this number 56 per cent. emigrated to either Canada or South America, and the remaining 44 per cent. went to the United States. The incomplete returns for 1910 indicate an increase in that year over 1909, and it is also fair to presume that for a good many years to come Canada will receive an ever-increasing proportion of Italy's total emigration, for where there is work there the Italian comes; not necessarily to locate permanently, for the sons of Italy have, as a rule, an ambition to earn a competency and then return to their homes. The experience of the United States has shown that upward of fifty per cent. of Italian immigrants eventually return to their native land with funds sufficient to keep them in comparative affluence for the remainder of their days; but it must be borne in mind that what is a comparatively small sum on this continent is quite a fortune to the frugal Italian peasant. All this means, of course, a financial drain upon the country which gives them work, but these are some of the difficulties with which every live, progressive community has to deal. As a matter of fact, the coming of the Italian to Canada is a good omen. It means there is work and plenty of it, for whatever the Italian may be, he is no loafer.



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IT is not often that the Anglican church gives its endorsation to laws and regulations which tend to unjustly hamper the individual. As a rule, the Anglican body, like the Romanist, has steered clear of promoting or endorsing any Act, the tendency of which was to make criminals and outcasts of otherwise well-intentioned and orderly citizens. The Synod of Toronto, however, appears to be an exception to this well established rule, for that body did, at its session last week, endorse the Lord's Day Act and all that it implies.

Quite naturally there was some objection to this endorsation by the Synod, and it took the form of a minority report, introduced by Mr. H. T. Beck, the gist of which is contained in the following paragraph, from a daily paper's report of the proceedings:

"The propriety of the cessation of general business had been conceded, not only in this country, but throughout all Christian countries. We believe, however, that it is subversive of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity to enforce the private observance of Sunday by means of the criminal law, and that to do so is a retrograde step savoring of the methods in vogue in the unfortunate times of the Inquisition, when oppression was rife under the guise of Christianity."

In supporting his report, Mr. H. T. Beck questioned the right of anybody to enforce the observance of the Lord's Day Act by criminal process. He thought the Act should be wiped out of existence. He believed there were many unjustifiable prosecutions, such as that of a band which had provided music in a park on Sunday. Under the law the action was a crime. He did not wish to see the Synod endorse such legislation. It was not in accord with the spirit of Christianity to send people to jail for not interpreting the fourth commandment as the Lord's Day Alliance saw it.

Just how the Synod of Toronto is going to square away with its brethren of Montreal as regards the Lord's Day Alliance is hard to say; particularly in view of the fact that open hostility between the Anglicans and the Alliance exists and has existed in that diocese for a long time. It will be remembered that some months ago the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an Anglican body, met in convention in Montreal, and it so happened that there was no available edifice, aside from a theatre, of sufficient capacity to take care of the numbers which were expected to attend one of the Sunday services. It was therefore decided to rent His Majesty's Theatre, this suggestion, I believe, coming originally from His Lordship Bishop Farthing. In any event, a theatre was arranged for, but when the hour arrived, the members of the Brotherhood, the Lord Bishop and the clergy found the playhouse doors barred and locked against them.

A little enquiry revealed the fact that the Rev. J. Edgar Hill, the factotum of the Lord's Day Alliance in Montreal, had summoned the LAW to his aid, and the theatre was ordered closed and locked in accordance with the Lord's Day Act. At the next session of the Brotherhood, one of Montreal's most prominent Anglican clergymen said something about fools who knew not what they did.

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WHEN in 1921 the Dominion Government takes another census the matter should be gone about differently than in the present year. The present census seems to have roused all the latent pugnacity of the Anglo-Saxon and all the timid suspicion of the foreign races. This is due to the fact that the Government made no preliminary attempt to educate the public on the matter. The average householder regards the census taker as an impertinent intruder who asks questions about matters which are none of his business. Had Hon. Sydney Fisher invoked the aid of the newspapers in an effort to secure complete and accurate returns on the various matters on which information was required, the task of the enumerators would have been greatly lightened and trouble would have been saved for a good many people.

It may be asked why should there be a census at all? A census is, perhaps, chiefly held for the same reason that William the Conqueror ordered the Domesday Book—to ascertain the wealth of the country in land and property. If on the publication of our census statistics it can be shown that there is more wealth in proportion to the population in Canada than in any other country, that our prosperity is more widely diffused than in any other land, that we have more cows, chickens, fruit trees and other wealth-producing factors on the average than the citizens of other lands, it is going to be a great advertisement for Canada before the eyes of the world. This fact alone furnishes an excellent reason why questions as to personal property and income should be asked and why they should be truthfully answered. Forgetful of the fact that the Dominion Government does not impose direct taxes, a great many individuals who should have given the matter more thought, have detected a conspiracy to exact more revenues from them. One is convinced that these objections and fears could have been dissipated by the gentle art of advertising and by invoking the aid of the newspapers generally in getting the reasons for a census clearly into the brain pan of the man on the street.

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AMONG the many side issues of the Coronation, few have been more interesting than the controversy which has arisen in England over the admission of Nonconformists to Holy Communion in Anglican cathedrals and churches on Coronation day. Since the Anglican church is, in the Motherland, a State institution, and the King is its temporal head, the Coronation day services partake of the nature of an official function. A few weeks ago Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, initiated a movement to admit all those who profess and call themselves Christians, irrespective of the denominations to which they belong, to Holy Communion on that day. Ordinarily one would have thought that this action, apart from the broad spirit of toleration which makes it commendable, would have been approved on grounds of policy, as tending to extend the influence and usefulness of the Church of England. That venerable body, however, contains within its fold a few bigots who disapproved of the Bishop of Hereford's action, on the ground that baptism within the church is a necessary preliminary step to communion, and the whole controversy, which has been raging in the press, and chiefly in the columns of The Spectator, has degenerated into a discussion of what constitutes Christian baptism. It is pleasant to note that the movement initiated by Dr. Percival had the support of the two great Anglican dignitaries, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and that many churches throughout England welcomed all comers to the communion rail on Coronation day. One would think that the very desire of anyone to take communion would be sufficient proof that he was a Christian in belief, and that no questions need be asked. It is pleasant to note that one of the best letters on the subject was written by Rev. Herbert Symonds, Vicar of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, who wrote in part as follows:

"Will you allow a Canadian clergyman to express through your columns his profound gratitude to the Bishop of Hereford for his fundamentally Christian act in inviting to a Coronation celebration of the Holy Communion Nonconformists as well as Churchmen? We all know what a large share our Nonconformist brethren have had in the building up and establishing of the Empire both at home and abroad, and there could be no more appropriate occasion than that of the Coronation of King George for such an act of holy fellowship between those who, with some differences, have yet, both in doctrine and morals, a far greater measure of agreement. May I add that to accuse Dr. Percival of 'a contravention of sacred principles' seems a singularly inappropriate charge; whilst you, sir, more than once, and many others elsewhere, have given excellent reasons why it is equally inappropriate to describe the invitation to Nonconformists as 'unconstitutional in the deepest sense of the word.'"

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A LETTER written by J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., the eminent Winnipeg lawyer, to the newspapers of his city advocating the erection of a monument to Lord Selkirk, has attracted wide attention in the press, and the proposal is so obviously a good one that the marvel is that no one thought of it before. Lord Selkirk might almost be said to be the first Britisher who realized the possibilities of Western Canada as a field for settlement, and proceeded to carry his ideas into effect. It is just one hundred years since he took steps to found his colony at the juncture of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, a colony which was destined to become the city of Winnipeg, and which was the initial step toward the agricultural development of the great Northwest. Lord Selkirk's colonists met death and the loss of their effects owing to the savage warfare between the two great organizations, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. Their failure does not alter the fact that Selkirk was a seer so far as the future of the West was concerned. Not only was he a pioneer in prairie settlement, but previously he had interested himself deeply in the development of Western Ontario, though even there his proverbial ill-luck pursued him. As the London Free Press recently pointed out he established a settlement with twenty families in what are now known as the townships of Dover and Chatham in Kent County. The site chosen turned out to be swampy after it was cleared, and the hardships proved too much

ON July first Toronto Saturday Night will begin the publication of a new series of articles by Dr. Andrew Macphail. The series will be nine in number, all of which are timely and of paramount interest to Canadians. Dr. Macphail needs no introduction to our readers, for there is no man in Canada to-day whose writings command greater attention. The first of the series is entitled International Amity, and the second, to be published on July 8th, deals with Canadian Citizenship. The rest of the series will follow on from week to week.

for his settlers. He was one of the first men to realize the value of good roads to Upper Canada, and offered himself to expend forty thousand pounds on a roadway clear through from Amherstburg, on the Detroit river, to York (now Toronto) if the Executive Council of the colony would grant him in payment certain allotments of wild lands along the route. The failure of the council to accept the proposal retarded for years the development of Upper Canada. Not only in what are now the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba were his activities in the direction of colonization carried on. He made a similar attempt in Prince Edward Island which was hardly more fortunate. His name, however, will forever in the annals of this country be associated with the opening up of the prairies as a field for settlement, and it is fitting that Winnipeg should honor his memory. Not long back it was proposed to commemorate him by a world's fair in celebration of the centenary of his Western enterprise. This idea was abandoned, but it would be a pity if the enthusiasm of Westerners for his memory should die out on that account. Canadian cities have many monuments to men less important than this optimist, who was destined to die before his dreams came true.

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CIPRIANO CASTRO, former President of Venezuela, has, according to despatches, bobbed up serenely, and will once more attempt a landing in the country which he formerly bossed in no uncertain fashion.

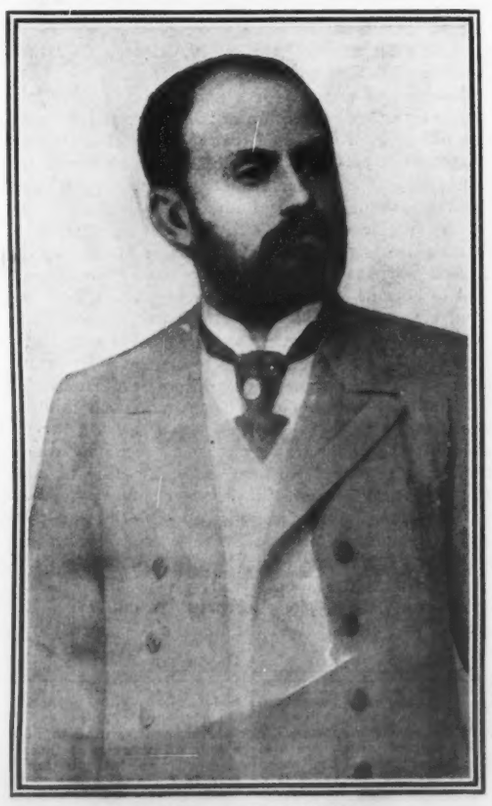
Castro is a picturesque figure, though had his reported death proved true, and not somewhat exaggerated, as Mark Twain once remarked when speaking of his own rumored demise, the Washington authorities would breathe easier and the world be none the worse. However, like the Balkans, Castro furnishes a great deal of more or less interesting reading matter.

While Castro's "revolutions" are not to be taken with any great degree of seriousness so far as he is personally concerned, they are, nevertheless, somewhat trying to a foreign Government, such as the United States, by reason of the fact that the latter company deems herself duty bound to keep matters straight in Venezuela, with always the possibility of coming into conflict with European powers.

Castro's revolutionary potentialities—his germinative possibilities as a revolutionary leader—are enhanced by the fact that Venezuela's ex-President managed to get out of his native country, when he was driven out some years ago, with a large amount of ready money, estimated at many millions of dollars; and any South American with gold at his command can always find others willing to indulge in this ever popular national sport of turning governments upside down. Castro started out from Venezuela as a man without a country. The French authorities declined his company at Martinique; the British turned their backs upon him; the Canary Island, under the governorship of Spain, being about the only bit of land he could set foot upon, and even there he was looked at by the authorities with more or less suspicion, for, as a trouble maker, he is a past master. Castro appears, according to despatches, to have picked up an obsolete gunboat, formerly owned by the Italian Government, and it is in this that he plans to sail once more for Venezuela's shores. The chances are that he will, however, be ordered to



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3—Points About People and Coronation Pictures.
4—Discovered at Seventy Years: the Story of a Great Painter (Illustrated).
5—Coronation Picture.
6 and 7—Music and Drama, by Hector Charlesworth (Illustrated.)
8 and 9—City and Country Homes (Illustrated).
11—Anecdotal (with Comic Pictures).
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30—Dress (Illustrated).



BOBS UP SERENELY.

Cipriano Castro, the exiled ex-President of Venezuela, is talking of going back and making trouble in his native land.
(American Press.)



Published by special arrangement. —Punch.

right about face, as happened previously, for United States officials have their eye on this stormy petrel and the State Department will unquestionably take steps to thwart him.

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JUST why the authorities should have summoned into court a band of Italian musicians playing at Hanlan's Point on Sunday, and another band, the 65th Regiment of Buffalo, playing at Scarboro Beach on the same day of the week, without taking similar action against the city bands which perform on the Sabbath Day is hard to say. In any event, it is difficult to reconcile such action with that of even-handed justice. I don't know personally whether the music of these two bands is any worse than that manufactured by the home product or not. If it is, then there is possibly some reason for such action on the part of the authorities. If not, then the summons to court must have emanated from the fact that they are not local organizations, which makes us look pretty small, mean, and provincial.

Chief Staff Inspector Kennedy is not to be blamed for the silly procedure; the court was good enough to clear his skirts by stating that the Inspector was acting under orders. However, perhaps the court had in mind the fact that the best mode of disposing of unwholesome, discriminating laws is to enforce them. If the court will be good enough to persistently enforce the orders against selling ten cents worth of ice cream and five cents worth of soda water on Sunday, and at the same time unearth a whole lot more petty annoyances that can be found to fit in with the theory that it is a crime to be poor on the first day of the week, so much the better. The injustice and unreasonableness of such legislation can best be driven home by its strict enforcement. It is only then that a majority of the people will awake to the fact that they are oppressed, and seek a remedy.

I also note with a good deal of pleasure that the Lord's Day Alliance has brought an action against the London and Lake Erie Railway for operating passenger trains between London and Port Stanley on Sundays. It might be explained that Port Stanley is a delightful breathing spot located on Lake Erie, whereas St. Thomas and London, the natural feeders of this resort, being inland centres, are in heated periods hot and uncomfortable in the extreme. It is to be hoped that the Alliance is successful, and that the citizens of London and St. Thomas swelter for a season or two. Of course these prohibitory measures will not affect the fellows with motor cars. They will go to Port Stanley as usual. It will only strike those who have no motors, horses or other means of taking a breather. And after all, what right has a poor man and his family to expect to have a pleasant Sunday amidst the cooling breezes of Lake Erie?

Mr. Editor

Invited to Asheville.

Asheville, N.C., June 15, 1911.

Mr. L. S. Levee, Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I have noticed in the Toronto papers the trouble you are having in connection with your duties as Chairman of the Board of Education, together with the press of private business. And feeling sure that under the circumstances you would like to get into a field that is larger and where business prospects are brighter, I want to, on behalf of the City of Asheville, and State of North Carolina, to ask you to come here and take up your abode. You are just the man we need to put life into our public schools here; a man of parts as you are, with your thrift and industry, with an idea how to organize and finance corporations, could, in a short while, achieve success that would make the whole of Canada sit up and take notice.

This is one of the most beautiful cities in the western hemisphere, nestled as it is among the eternal hills, and famed the world over for its salubrious climate, fine water and delightful scenery. And we have State wide prohibition, which law went into effect more than three years ago, but notwithstanding, there are over three hundred thousand visitors that come here every year to enjoy the advantages of this city and mountain country. And even in Asheville, with its cool nights all the year round, and fine water supply, we have that well known thirst whist is so much felt in the dry States south of here, and there being no taverns, the people, both well and sick, would naturally take to your remedy.

I am an attorney at law and have practiced here for a number of years, and think I have influence and pull enough to get you a position on the School Board, and besides, I would like to take stock in your remedy, and organize a corporation in case you should decide to come.

Hoping to hear from you, I am, yours truly,

GILMER WELCH.

La Rose Again.

Toronto, June 19th, 1911.

Editor Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,—Although "Another La Rose Shareholder" is evidently opposed to my suggestions, it suits me that he considers Crown Reserve as a model. Crown Reserve, itself, happens to mave made more than one effort to invest its surplus to the advantage of the shareholders, so that it becomes of precedent. I now refer to the Silver Leaf deal and the Porcupine deal. President McGibbon, of La Rose, along with F. C. Armstrong, bought freely into Porcupine and stands to make a big profit out of it. La Rose might just as well have owned a slice as Armstrong and McGibbon.

As my first letter made clear, I am not urging purchases of a speculative character. I am particularly urging an "investment." While Crown Reserve directors were making a deal with Silver Leaf on account of the mine, they were forcing the Crown Trust on their own account. I understand the Crown Trust is making money. If it is not, other trust companies are; but the Silver Leaf deal has come to naught. Crown Reserve might as well have owned the Crown Trust Company as the directors, and thus have had a "permanent" investment.

President McGibbon, of La Rose, I take it, has made a million or so for himself during the past few years on bona fide "investments" of a smaller sum than the surplus of La Rose. There are scores of opportunities in timber estates, tramway and power, lighting and other public utility concerns, and even in trust companies or other financial corporations, from which I have not the least doubt La Rose could, by the investment of a portion of its surplus, get back for its shareholders in a few years sufficient to far more than compensate them for the high prices they paid for their stock.

I think it is up to the shareholders to urge upon the directorate the advisability of investing, on behalf of the company, the surplus, or as much of it as can be spared.

"A LA ROSE SHAREHOLDER."

Treatment of Contagious Diseases.

Fergus, Ont., June 14, 1911.

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto.

Dear Editor,—In your Front Page of last week you drew attention very forcibly to the injustice of preventing a man from earning a living for himself and family, simply because one of its members has been afflicted with some contagious disease. The more this matter is looked at the more unjust it appears. He is practically imprisoned, not for any crime of his own, but for the benefit of the public, and if not for the public benefit he would not have to sustain this loss, but there is a more important side than the equivalent one, and that is the inhuman system of herding together the sick and dying with the healthy. There can be nothing much more terrible than to see a family of bright children, one of whom has contracted diphtheria; the house is immediately placarded; those not yet stricken being forced by the laws of what is supposed to be an enlightened country to remain exposed to the terrible danger, and if any one following nature's great laws of self-preserving attempts to escape the danger he is arrested, as though he had committed a crime. I enclose you a marked copy of the Fergus News Record, showing that this matter is beginning to attract attention, and I have no doubt a remedy can be found for this deplorable state of affairs.

Sincerely yours, A. GROVES.

Royal Alexandra Hospital.

Ontario Tyranny.

Editor Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find a clipping taken from a daily to-night in reference to prosecutions being entered against the 65th Regimental Band of Buffalo, and the Italian Band for playing to the public on Sundays, and accepting pay for services.

In view of your good work in such matters, I will look with interest for your comment on Front Page in Saturday's issue. Who is responsible for this rank nosing? Is it our old friend, Mr. Moore, or Mr. Kennedy? Do you consider the stands who do such a rushing business at the Beach and Island on Sundays less guilty than the bands.

Yours truly, F. L. C.

$2.50 for Fever-Afflicted Family.

The Editor of Saturday Night acknowledges the receipt of $2.50 for scarlet fever victims. Of this sum $2 comes from an unnamed source, and 50 cents is the second weekly contribution of Mr. McKenzie, of Thedford.

Real Christian Sympathy.

Toronto, June 14, 1911.

The Editor, Toronto Saturday Night

Dear Sir,—As I learned through your paper of the distress of a family in the city through that dread disease, scarlet fever, I know that a man with a large family cannot save much out of ten dollars a week. God bless the dear young nurse who is so faithful to them in their trouble. Please send the enclosed to them, and oblige.

Yours truly, "CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—As "Christian Sympathy" sends no name, this means is taken to acknowledge the sum of $1, which will be forwarded to the afflicted ones.]

Professor Logan Grant McPherson, lecturer on transportation at Johns Hopkins University, is the first of several Americans to be selected this year in the exchange between the United States and Prussia to lecture on technical subjects. He will discuss American railways at Charlottenburg University next winter. He has written several books and many magazine contributions on economic subjects.



John D. Rockefeller Foozling a Tee, or Words to that Effect.—E. W. Kemble in Harper's Weekly.



THE SPIRIT OF THE CORONATION

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN.

THERE are some things which it is difficult to learn out of books. You can learn the names of them; you can possibly get so you can write a description of them which will satisfy even people who know; but you yourself can seldom realize them. You are talking an unknown language. A man blind from birth may be persuaded that he knows what he says when he grows poetic over the golds and crimsons and pinks and cool greys in a sunset; but does he?

One of these difficult things is the position of Royalty in the Old World. You must, I fear, go to Europe to learn that. You had best see it; and see the people; and hear them talk of it. Until you do that, you inevitably imagine Royalty against the background of this Continent. You think of a Royal family suddenly established in Toronto or Chicago. You might as well take a Western cowboy and put him down in a London drawing-room with the hope of conveying, to the habitual denizens of that drawing-room an appreciation of the spirit of Western Canada. You would have produced a bizarre effect which would not soon be forgotten; but the man who wants to know the Canadian West must buy a ticket for west of Winnipeg.

That is the reason why much of the Coronation accounts and descriptions which are being read on this Continent, are missing fire. We are without the background of the picture. We are like an irreligious and unpoetic man sitting in the theatre at Oberammergau and watching that splendid pageant of the Passion. The man could hardly fail to be interested; but his feelings for the play would be far different from that of the fervent Christian who sat next him and saw the sacred action through a blur of tears.

If we think of this Coronation pageantry much as New Yorkers regard a marriage in high life, to which they crowd out of critical curiosity—with a good deal of contempt and not a little envy for the chief actors—we are losing the spirit of the event. The Europeans who gather along the streets of London to watch it—and by Europeans I mean the British people as well—are neither critical nor envious. They would think it a species of irreverence to criticise; and they would no more think of envying men and women of the blood royal than they would envy a star. This may, perhaps, be a trifle forceful as an illustration of the feeling of many. but I cannot think of any better words to say it in.

When you are talking to a German, for example, it never occurs to you that he is envying the Kaiser; and he never criticises him when he is acting half-way decent. The true-born Britisher has a somewhat different feeling toward his King or Queen—he probably thinks more of himself in relation to the monarch than the German does—but he has a profound respect for the monarchy as an institution; and it is with something of a religious feeling that the thousands of British subjects are this week watching the visible portions of the ceremony of the Coronation. "Visible," I mean, to the ordinary folk who cannot hope to get into the Abbey.

* * *

TO the European point of view, the Coronation is not a spectacle, but a solemn historic event; and they esteem it a privilege to assist at it, even if they are permitted to see precious little of its details. Of course, they want to see all they can. They will pay their guineas for their seats. But they would not regard their pilgrimage to London as a failure, if, by some accident, they could not catch even a glimpse of the procession. They would have been there on the great day; and nothing could ever rob them of that satisfaction. That is, they have two feelings in the case—one, a natural human desire to see the King and Queen, the visiting princes and all the great men, and the other, the satisfaction which a religious man feels on attending church, carried to the superlative degree.

* * *

I AM more afraid of over-writing this phase of the question than of understating it; and yet it is so essential a part of the picture that I should like you to get it. Still I must not give you the idea that they idolize royalty in Europe. They have made and unmade too many kings over there with their own hands to do that. They are exceedingly sane about it; but there exists, nevertheless, a glamor of romance about Royalty and all that appertains to it which is part of the poetic perfection that makes up the fascinating picture of the Old World.

You go, for instance, to the fairy palaces of Linderhof and Neu-Schwanstein, which were conceived, built and lavishly decorated by the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria. You are delighted with them; and about them hangs an atmosphere of romantic pathos which makes half the charm. Here the mad King dreamed his wondrous dreams; here he imagined himself Lohengrin as he sailed in his swan boat on the sunless lake in his mountain cave. here he rode at midnight through these wild glens of the Bavarian Alps while the frightened peasants cowered in their huts and devoutly crossed themselves as they heard his thunderous hoof-beats. It is like a page out of a mediaeval story, and you are living in it.

Could you get that Claude Lorrain touch to the picture—that reminiscence of Conan Doyle before he turned detective—that "heady" fever of Stevenson at his best—if these palaces had been built by an insane New York broker by the name of Simpkins, whose wife had been a Miss Jenkins, of Omaha? There is something remote about Royalty which makes it a thing apart from ordinary life; and yet it is not so remote as to be unreal. It comes to the modern eye as a part of the historic past—as an institution akin to the class of personages who figure in the beginnings of our religions. This, at all events, is how the European viewpoint looks to a Canadian; and, without some appreciation of it, we will hardly get the feeling of the people who assist at the Coronation.

Of course, there will be a lot of "us" there. There will be people in plenty to whom the pageant will be no more than a spectacle. But, unless they take note of this other point of view, they will miss a large part of the poetry of the occasion. It is possible—especially in Europe—to see a thing without seeing it. The Roman Forum may not appear very different from the burnt district of a Canadian town to those who will not waste time reading about the "doings" of men and women who have been dead for twenty centuries.

SATURDAY NIGHT is indebted for the main portions of the patriotic designs on its front page to Raphael Tuck & Sons Company, Limited.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

"The Paper Worth While"

Printed and Published by SATURDAY NIGHT, Ltd.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE: 171 St. James Street (Phone Main 285) MONTREAL

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms: One Year $3.00. Six Months $1.50. Three Months 75c.

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies $1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo. N.Y. under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Vol. 24. TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 24, 1911. No. 37.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Another Notable Beck.

THE name of Beck has been known for some time through the Hon. Adam as opposed to private ownership; Mr. H. T. Beck made the name known to the public as an opponent of the Lord's Day Alliance. People read about his speech in the Anglican Synod and asked: "Who is Mr. Beck who would dare to get up in a religious body and denounce the work of that organization as persecution along the same lines as the Inquisition?"

Mr. Harry T. Beck is by no means a newcomer to the Anglican Synod of Toronto. He represents the well-known parish of St. Thomas, but being a hearty and jolly little man, he gets along even with his fellow members of the diocese to whom the name of his church is anathema. Mr. Beck has an intimate knowledge of the affairs and investments of the Anglicans, and he has generally devoted his attention to that portion of the affairs of the Synod. A year ago, he took a place on the committee concerned with Lord's Day observance, and that is what brought him so suddenly into prominence in the Synod.

There is no uncertainty about the stand of Mr. Beck. It was suggested that he should be put off the committee on account of his views, but Hon. S. H. Blake did not want to see the committees crammed by men all of one stripe.

The man who suggested putting Mr. Beck off the committee explained himself: "I only thought Mr. Beck might find himself in rather a false position," he said.

"Do not trouble about that," retorted Mr. Beck, "I think I know just where I stand. At least I have been trying to convince you that I do."

His Musical Instrument.

IT is hard to draw the line in Canada between the musician who is an artist and the one who is a laborer. One local magistrate thinks that they all are artists, but as a matter of fact the existence of the union shows that some are willing to be put in the labor class. A well known musician had an odd experience some time ago. He came to Canada from the Old Land, and was not very well known when he first arrived, although he now ranks as one of the most prominent of the musical clan in Toronto, and in addition to having the organ in a big church, is much in demand as an accompanist.

When this musician arrived in the city, he began to establish a connection, and on one occasion he assisted an orchestra in some club. They told him that his services might be required again. A few days later he received a note from the officer of an organization that claimed the right to say whether he should take part in a union orchestra or not. The letter instructed him to call at a certain address and bring his instrument so that he might be tested.

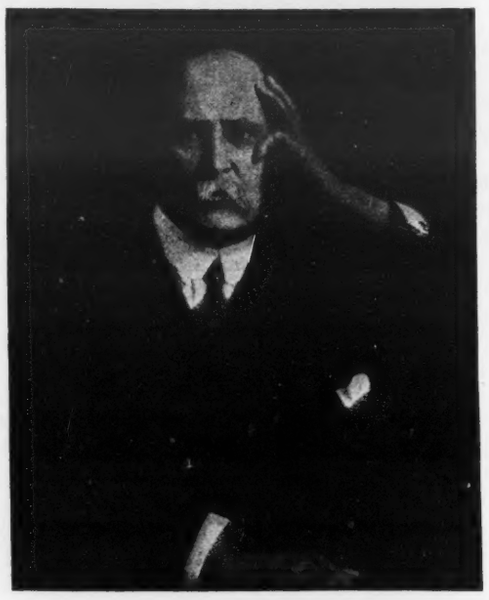
The reply which he sent to them ran as follows: "Dear Sir,—As the instruments on which I perform are a pipe organ and a piano, I would be obliged if you would advise me which you desire me to bring."

The Promotion of Clergy.

ONE of the debates at the recent meeting of the Anglican Synod recalls a sally of Canon Welch, at one time rector of St. James Cathedral, and now Vicar of Wakefield. Some of the country clergy feel that they have a grievance because they never succeed in getting promotion to the city parishes, and they like to tell their tale of woe occasionally to the assembled members of the church. The story never differs very much in detail. They complain that when a man goes to the country he frequently gets buried unless he happens to have the necessary pull to come back some day to the city churches. They labor faithfully for years and have little hope of promotion or recognition.

The question has been debated year after year, but the Anglicans have always taken the stand that automatic promotion was not advisable. A couple of years before Canon Welch went back to England, one of the discussions had been dragging along to great length, so the popular rector of St. James took a hand. He maintained that promotion did exist, and gave a list of the city clergy who had come from country parishes.

"I do not believe," he concluded, "that the Toronto churches care how humble a place their rectors have lived in or how remote may be their origins. The rector of the Church of the Redeemer came from Hamilton and the rector of St. James Cathedral is an immigrant."



SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BART.

Among the King's Coronation honors the gift of a Baronetcy to this great Canadian physician is the most popular with his fellow-countrymen.

George Ham Once Again.

JUST to be friendly, the Grand Trunk Railway people invited George Ham to be present at a banquet they gave recently to a party of New England ticket agents, whom they had brought up to Montreal from Boston in connection with their new line to Providence. The banquet dragged along, as such affairs frequently do, until towards the end, C.P.R. George was requested to make a few remarks. After telling one or two of his choicest stories, he thought it would be no harm to put in a word about his company's steamships.

"You've heard about the Empresses of the Pacific," he told them, "and you've also heard about the Empresses of the Atlantic. But I tell you, we've just bought out the Dominion Atlantic and we're going to build a line of steamers to run out of your port of Boston second to none in the world."

The Bostonians present here began to cheer enthusiastically and nothing would do but they must give three cheers for Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, George Ham and the C.P.R.—right at the Grand Trunk banquet.

Next morning when George met Sir Thomas and told him about the ovation, the president remarked slily, "Well, George, when are you going to build those ships?"

As for Cy Warman, the Grand Trunk's professional humorist, when he was asked about the banquet by a friend, he replied, "Humph, to blazes with the banquet—ended up with cheers for Shaughnessy."

Mr. Birrell on Authorship.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL is not obsessed with an exaggerated estimate of his services to literature, if one may judge from his remarks in the course of the debate on the new Copyright bill. "For the ordinary ruck of authors, for men like myself," said Mr. Birrell, "it(the length of the copyright period) is a matter of absolute and total indifference. Seven years after I am dead I am perfectly certain the demand for my books will have ceased to exist. I have sufficient confidence in the genius of the men who will come after me to avail themselves of anything I have been successful enough to teach them, and to present it in a better form and one far more likely to catch the public eye."

But how is it with the authors of first rank, asks Mr. Birrell. With them, duration of copyright is a most important factor, and to limit it to seven years after an author's death is quite unfair.

A great author has to create an atmosphere and an audience who will like him. It was a very profound remark of a great man that every original person is hated when he first appears. People do not like his books, his tone, or his temper. There is something about him which the ordinary middle-aged man revolts from. This author, therefore, has to go on working away creating his own audience, and he will very seldom have any remuneration at all during the first ten or twenty years of his work. That is true of poets, great novelists, and also of philosophers. They are not warmly received, the great public does not rush after them; they have to wait a long time. Take Carlyle. He lived to be an old man, but suppose he had died in 1842. He had then written all his best books, he had delivered his lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship"; he had written his great history, or poem, on the French Revolution, and he had compiled or composed his book on Cromwell. Supposing he had died then, his copyright would have run seven years after his death, or forty-two years after publication. He would have had a very small chance of making any provision for those who came after him. As it happens, he was a childless man, but that makes no difference, for he showed by his will a desire to dispose his fortune for the good of mankind. He would practically have had hardly any run for his money if he had not had the luck to live.

Exactly the same thing applies to Tennyson. Supposing Tennyson had died in 1855 after "In Memoriam" and "Maud," after he had done enough to attain his poetic reputation and probably had produced his greatest work. But in 1855 Tennyson was a poor man.

One of E. R. Knowles' Rejoinders.

A FEW weeks ago William Jennings Bryan was lecturing in Galt, the home of Robt. E. Knowles, the well known preacher and author. Mr. Bryan was entertained at Knox Manse while in Galt. The attendance at the lecture proved disappointingly small, and the discerning laid this at the door of the rather large admission fee. As is well known, Galt is the Scotchest town in Canada.

After regaining the manse, a few friends being present, Mr. Bryan turned to his host and asked him why, in his opinion, the audience was so small.

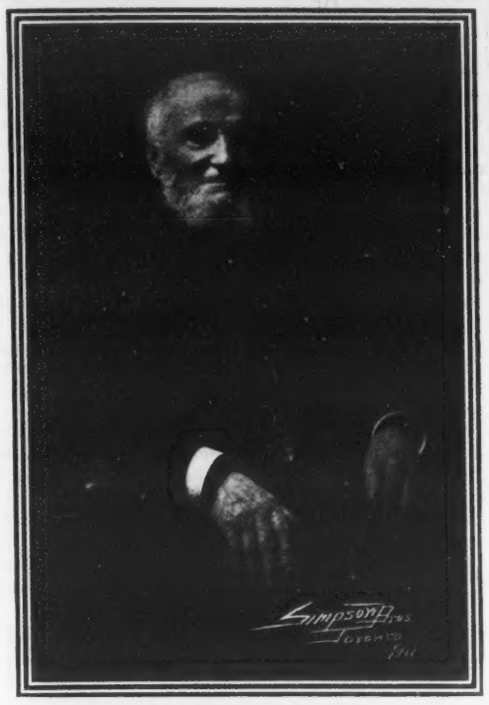
"The thing that spoiled it," replied Mr. Knowles, "was the same thing that disorganized the Democratic party."

"What was that?" enquired the statesman.

"It was the *silver question*," replied the novelist.

Canada's Lumber Argot.

THE Canadian lumber industry will furnish the dictionary maker with a generous share of his swelling word totals, if it has not already done so, says the New York Post. Timber tracts across the border are divided into "limits" or "berths." The growing timber on a tract is a "stand," and the contents of a "stand" are measured in "feet," which means a board one foot square and one inch thick, and not a cubic foot. To survey a stand of timber is to "cruise" it, the man who does it is a "cruiser," and his report is a "cruise." Trees are "falled," and the man who has "falled" them is a "sawyer." For transportation by water logs are made up into rafts, but "rafting" means hauling a raft by tugs. The cross logs that bind the raft together are "swifters," and the intervals between the "swifters" are "sections." The Canadian equivalent for lumber-jack is "shanty-man." Going up to camp is going "up to the shanties." Land that has been burned is "brooly," that is to say, *brule*. Timber is frequently cut with four flat sides, but with part of the original circumference of the log left between the flat sides. This curve is the "wane," and the log so cut is a "waney log."



SAW QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION.

Rev. Septimus Jones, formerly Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, as a little boy in London, Eng., sat on his father's shoulder and saw the Coronation procession of the grandmother of George V. in June, 1838. He vividly remembers the figure of the fair young girl sitting in the state coach whom he was told was the Queen, and a man with an immense nose riding beside the coach with the air of a protector, whom everyone acclaimed as the Duke of Wellington. Rev. Mr. Jones is eighty-one years old and has been in retirement for some years. He is the father of Mr. J. Edmund Jones, barrister, also prominent in Anglican circles.

The West Forty Years Ago.

ACCORDING to the Edmonton papers, Frank Moberley, C.E., an engineer well known throughout Canada, recently re-visited the capital of Alberta after forty years' absence. He last visited the site of the city in 1871 as engineer in charge of the C.P.R. explorations between Fort Garry and the Yellow Head Pass, returned to see the city which has grown up on the site of the fort which he knew.

"When I arrived there in 1871," said Mr. Moberly, "the only house outside the stockade of the Hudson's Bay fort was the residence of Rev. George McDougall, the pioneer missionary who later was found frozen to death in Southern Alberta."

Malcolm Groat and Pere LeDuc are probably the only persons alive in Edmonton who were living here at the time. In 1871 there was nothing in the direct line between Pembroke on the Ottawa and New Westminster on the British Columbia coast but Fort Garry with 250 population. In all that area there were only three permanent buildings, Lower Fort Garry, St. John's Cathedral and the bastions at Upper Fort Garry. On one occasion Moberley was lost with a companion in mid-winter between Fort Edmonton and the Yellow Head Pass. Both were exhausted and almost hopeless. Before settling down in camp, which they had made when they found they were too weak to proceed, Mr. Moberly called at the top of his voice and the answering bark of a dog revealed that they had stumbled upon the camp of three Montana miners, who had come north to Saskatchewan prospecting for gold.

With the exception of Archibald Macdonald, Fort Qu'Appelle, Mr. Moberly is the oldest magistrate for the Northwest, having received his commission in 1876, when he used to deal out summary justice to horse thieves and whisky peddlers.

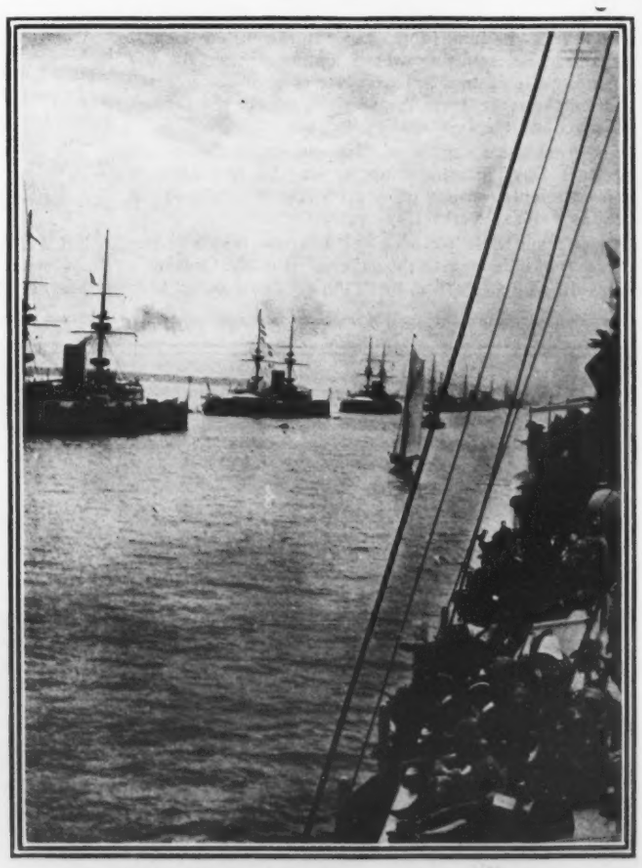


TORONTO'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

Title page of the loyal address from the Toronto City Council to His Majesty the King, which was executed by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. It was done on vellum and occupied four pages. The above, assigned to the superscription, shows the Royal Arms richly emblazoned in the prescribed colors upon a background of pale buff. The rose, shamrock and thistle, festooned around the lower part, below which is the writing.



Second page of civic address, introducing maples leaves and Arms of Toronto.



THE COMING CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW.

Array of British warships at Spithead as they will be seen in array when the King reviews them.

Discovered at Seventy Years

RARELY has such an approach to unanimity been displayed among the London art critics, as in the praise that they bestow on the paintings by Walter Greaves on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery—the work of a man who has lived to be 70 years old before obtaining the recognition that he deserves. "The New Whistler," "Art Romance," "An Unknown Master Discovered"—these are some of the headlines in the London newspapers introducing long articles on Greaves and his productions.

It is an astonishing story in many ways, that of the boy who became a pupil of Whistler, who was forbidden by his master to exhibit his paintings without that master's permission, who has lived for many years in obscurity and poverty, and who has at last been discovered by the merest chance.

Mr. Greaves's father was a skiff builder in Chelsea, a successful man, whose boats Turner often used and whom Turner knew well. When Whistler came to Chelsea he, too, used Mr. Greaves's boats, and so made the acquaintance of the family, and particularly of Walter, then a boy in his early teens.

Whistler was struck by pictures the boy had painted at school, and took him as a pupil. For many years Walter



DISCOVERED AT SEVENTY.
Portrait of the English artist, Walter Greaves, who has been for years painting like Whistler.

Greaves practically lived in Whistler's studio—continuing his painting work, which Whistler praised, but always forbade him to exhibit. Then young Greaves took lessons in etching from Whistler. Whistler never had any objection to Greaves exhibiting and selling his etchings. The Greaves family lived in Lindsey road (since re-named Cheyne walk), a few houses away from that in which Whistler lived.

After their father's death, and some years before Whistler's death, Walter Greaves and his sister moved to a large house in Fulham road. Here they lived until about two years ago, Walter Greaves working all the time and selling etchings to the dealers, but storing up most of his canvases, unmounted and unframed, in the cellars and unoccupied rooms.

Six or eight weeks ago a lady, who had noticed some of his work in a shop window in Oxford street, called at the small Fulham flat, where Mr. Greaves now lives, and asked his prices. Telling him they were very much too low she left, but returned a little while later in company with Mr. Marchant of the Goupil Gallery. Mr. Marchant surprised Mr. Greaves by announcing that the pictures which had blushed unseen so long in the Fulham house were to be exhibited at the Goupil Gallery.

"Why, I got a study of that picture for 10s. in a Chelsea pawnbroker's," said one amateur collector as he stopped before Mr. Greaves's portrait of Carlyle—done shortly after Whistler's famous picture and watched over with interest by the great painter himself. "And here is another," the vsitor added. "I have one just like that, for which I also paid 10s."

Now Mr. Greaves's pictures are worth hundreds of pounds. Two hundred was paid for one of them as soon as the exhibition opened, and within a quarter of an hour a visitor offered £250 ($1,250) for the same work.

Nearly all the pictures in the show are of the Thames-side that only a few can remember—the old wooded houses of Chelsea; the Cremorne Gardens, with their mid-Victorian "swells" in quaint top hats and dragoon mustaches, their ladies in close-fitting dresses and mantillas. But his chief interest is centred in boats. He painted all the craft that plied the river, from the wherries to the old Citizen steamboats and the russet-sailed barges.

His remarkable canvas of "Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day," painted when he was 16, is a kind of post-impressionist vision of a crowd as varied and as typical as Frith's "Derby Day" gathering.

Apart from these pictures, there is one which is the admiration of all who visit the gallery. It is Mr. Greaves's portrait of his sister Alice, or "Tinnie," as he called her.

The art critic of The Times says in his review of the pictures at the Goupil Gallery: "At first sight one is struck by their likeness to Whistler's work, and at the same time puzzled by their underlying originality. But soon this originality asserts itself, and the Whistler influence seems to be a mere accident. Mr. Greaves tells us that his 'Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge,' was painted when he was 16; and surely no artist at that age has ever painted a more original picture. If it were exhibited without any history attached to it, it would be called post-impressionist. The figures crowded on the bridge are painted with a primitive *naivete*, yet they are all subordinated to the main design, while at the same time they preserve their character and propriety of pose and gesture. This *naivete* persists in nearly all his work, and distinguishes it sharply from Whistler's cosmopolitan cleverness.

"Mr. Greaves tells us that his father was a boat builder at Chelsea. He has, therefore, been familiar with the riverside from childhood, and his pictures of it seem to be rich with childish association. He paints it as if he loved it for its own sake, not as if it were a new and interesting material for picture making. No one has ever surpassed him in the drawing of boats, and he draws them as if they were human to him. Every house in his riverside pictures has its own character; and yet in most of his works the detail is almost as skillfully subordinated as in the best works of de Hoogh; and as de Hoogh is intensely Dutch, so Mr. Greaves is intensely English. Whistler, no doubt, helped to make him an artist, but he did not make him a cosmopolitan like so many of his followers, and he has kept almost entirely free of the Japanese element in Whistler's art.

"He is at his best, perhaps, in works like the wonderful little night-piece, 'The Black Lion, Church Street, Chelsea,' where there is nothing of Whistler. Here the houses all keep their character and sharpness of definition in the darkness. The execution and the composition alike are almost childish in their simplicity. The picture looks as if any one could have painted it, and yet no one has painted anything at all like it. There are three pictures of Old Battersea Bridge; and the longer you look at them the less you remember Whistler. Indeed, they have the same relation to Whistler's works that the Giorgionesque Titian has to Giorgione. Whistler defines only for the sake of his design. Mr. Greaves defines because he loves every timber in the bridge; and yet his design is almost as fine as Whistler's and almost as predominant.

"He is not a painter of moods, like Whistler, but a painter of things in which he is profoundly interested, like de Hoogh. Whistler has taught him some part of the science of picture making, and that is all. In his portrait of Carlyle the influence of Whistler is evident; but notice the subtlety of expression and the manner in which he has invested the trousers with character—perhaps the most difficult feat an artist can accomplish. Again, in the portrait of Miss Alice Greaves, the head is a masterpiece, and there is extraordinary boldness in the whole design, though the quilted dress is a little tiresome in its repetitions. Mr. Greaves tells us that it was rejected at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1876 for want of space. There are very few contemporary exhibitions in which it would not surpass every other portrait.

"If the Academy have not yet made all their purchases this year for the Chantrey Bequest, they have an opportunity here of making some reparation for the long public neglect, or rather ignorance, of a master, on whose discovery Mr. Marchant is to be congratulated."

The Daily Graphic critic goes so far as to compare Whistler's work unfavorably with that of Greaves. "We look at Greaves's pictures of old Chelsea," he says, "and think of Old Chelsea; we look at Whistler's and think of —Whistler. He loved old Chelsea for its own sake; he loved the people, the houses, the boats, the river life, and painted them because he loved them. His pictures are not consciously aesthetic variations on a Chelsea theme; they are Chelsea."

Perhaps Mr. Greaves, in the opinion of the writer, is to be envied rather than sympathized with. "Fame at seventy is not so bad—even if he cared for fame. Others have died unknown. He is still painting, and is not aggrieved. He has known great men; he has even painted the 'mackerel-back pattern' on Whistler's frames. He has been content, 'the world forgetting.' Now he has come into his own."

"We lived at No. 10 Lindsey Row, and Whistler at No. 7, and afterward at No. 3," says Mr. Greaves, "and he used to say to my sisters: 'You are the pride of one end of the Row, and I am the pride of the other.' Our families became very intimate, and my brother Henry and I worked under and for Whistler for close on twenty years.

"We used to get ready his colors and canvases, prepare the gray distemper ground which he so liked working upon, and painted the mackerel-back pattern on the frames—in fact, we attended to all the routine work of the studio.

"I was working with him on the Leyland (Peacock) room, and painted part of the ceiling, finding for him at Freeman's, in Battersea, the verdigris blue used for the screen. Whistler was thoroughly enchanted with it, though I told him that, in my opinion, it would not stand."

In person Mr. Greaves is slightly built. Dark hair and a dark mustache make him look remarkably young for his years. The artist in him is marked by an almost perfect oval contour of head and by features strikingly aquiline

The Last Canadian Duel.

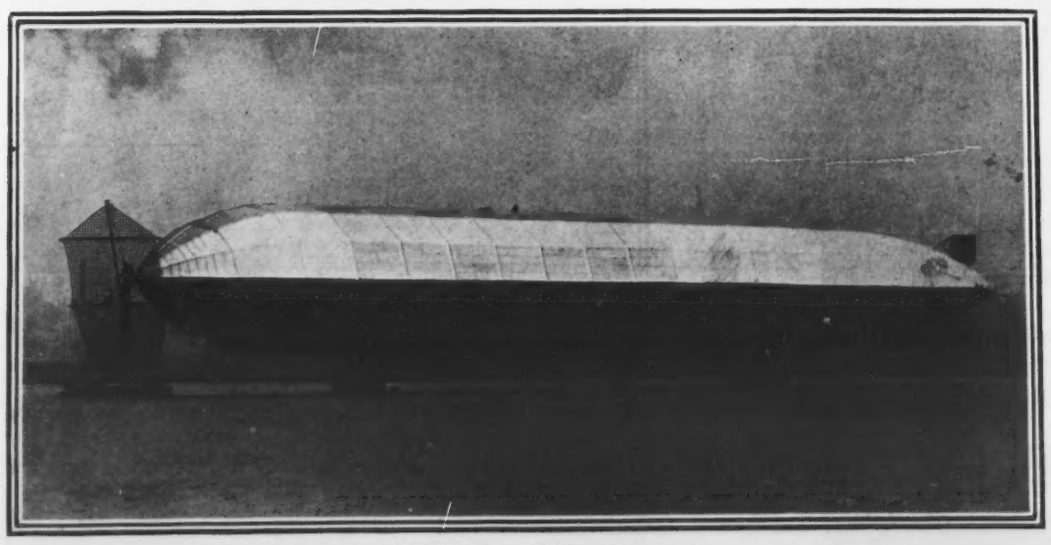
THE following account of what was probably the last Canadian duel, is reprinted from the Quebec Pilot of May 11, 1861:

"The telegraph brings us the melancholy intelligence that two gentlemen, one a minister of the Crown, and both of them members of our legislature, left their duties and Quebec for the other side of the line, to consummate on a foreign soil what would in this Province have rendered them amenable to the law, and probably resulted in their being severely punished. Fortunately the affair turned out something like the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, the pistols were fired, and the powder and smoke expended, but neither of the combatants was hurt. Dame Rumor is cruel enough to say that the second of one of the parties, in dread of the consequences, forgot to bring the balls with him, and that the shot used on the occasion were hard peas. The cause of the recontre is variously stated; but the Hon. Mr. Dessaulles was the challenger. the Hon. Mr. Morin the challenged. We have not heard if the parties declared themselves satisfied before they left the ground, but they certainly ought to have done it. Mr. Morin, being the Solicitor-General, it would be needless to ask him to look to the matter, and to direct the attention of the Crown prosecutor of this district to the facts. Nor do we see how Mr. Johnson very well could submit the case to the cognizance of the next Grand Jury to be empannelled. But there can be no question that the example of these gentlemen is a very bad one, and will be fraught with the worst of consequences. But it shows after all, that the age of chivalry is not dead yet, and that the code of honor, almost everywhere else repudiated, is fully recognized here. What a great people we are, and what mighty things may not be expected of us! Only to think of these two fighting with pistols, and fighting in such an innocent, loveable way. The practice it must be allowed, was Yankee, but it probably answered as well as the ancient and more deadly way of settling these affairs. After fighting such a duel, Messrs. Dessaulles and Morin must never say die."

Broadly speaking, scientific management is simply the expert study of details and the application of intelligent methods to save unnecessary labor, coupled with an incentive to the workman to interest himself. If it be found that in common practice the bricklayer makes eight motions in setting a brick and lays 120 bricks per hour, whereas the same thing can be done equally well by three motions and the result be an increase to 350 in the number of brick laid per hour, the economic benefit is self-evident. Such has been actually effected. Even in the lowest kind of manual labor, such as the moving of pig-iron, it has been found possible to triple, and even quadruple, the accomplishment per man. These are not theoretical estimates. They are actual results.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, known to the world as Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, despite her ninety-one years recently went from her home in Bridgeport to New York, where she was the central figure on the stage of Carnegie Hall at the opening of the meeting of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City. She does not want to vote and says women are fretting quite needlessly "I expect to live to be 103," she declared, "and I expect to do my best work yet." Since she began writing she has produced between 6,000 and 7,000 hymns, more than 400 of which are in constant use in all parts of the world

Lady Eileen Knox, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, is a direct descendant of William Penn. Lord Ranfurly, her father, was lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria and Governor of New Zealand for seven years.



BRITAIN'S NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON.
It is named the Mayfly; 510 feet long and 48 feet in diameter, surpassing in size the monster balloons of Zeppelin. It was recently launched at Barrow-on-Furness.



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What Does a Coronet Cost?

PEOPLE who know were much amused at a paragraph which appeared a short time ago in an American paper, and which stated that a certain American peeress would appear at the Coronation in a coronet of gold, studded with pearls, diamonds, and rubies.

The announcement naturally enough caused a great deal of talk in England, for the coronets worn by both peers and peeresses are not by any means costly affairs. As a matter of fact, they are not made of gold, neither are they jewelled. Coronets are made of beautifully-finished, light-weight silver gilt, and most of them cost well under twenty pounds.

For the last Coronation a number of titled folk ordered new coronets, and about two thousand were turned out by the jewellers. As the average cost of these coronets was some £18 apiece, something like £36,000 came into the pockets of the makers.

Coronets, of course, vary in detail according to the rank of the wearer.

That of a duke is a circlet of gold (silver gilt), chased to represent jewels, and having above the circlet eight strawberry leaves.

Above it comes a cap of red velvet, turned up with ermine, and finished on the top with a golden tassel. Next in degree comes a marquess, and his coronet is also of chased silver-gilt, and alternating upon it are four silver balls and four golden strawberry leaves, the latter slightly raised on points above the brim.

An earl, too, has a coronet of silver-gilt; but his has eight points or rays, each surmounted by a silver ball, and alternating with strawberry leaves. A viscount's coronet has sixteen silver balls, and no strawberry leaves.

Barons were first allowed coronets by King Charles II., for up to that time they had had to be content with a plain gold circle.

A baron's coronet has the usual cap of velvet, and is bordered with ermine. It is formed of silver—six silver balls set at regular intervals apart.

All are, like the duke's, finished by a velvet cap and golden tassel, and rest upon a hem of ermine.

In addition to their coronets (which they place upon their heads at the time of the Queen's crowning), many peeresses also wear tiaras. Great care is taken that these shall fit the head easily and securely, and hold quite comfortably the coronets which are then set into them.

Mr. Lloyd George on Canada.

IN view of the widespread attention which Canada is now attracting among all classes in Great Britain, says the Standard of Empire—the investor, the prospective emigrant, the sportsman, and the tourist—and also of the approaching Imperial Conference, a correspondent draws attention to an interesting fact. Among the public men of Cabinet rank of this country who have visited Canada and have borne witness to its suitability for the settlement of the British race is to be numbered the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ten years ago Mr. Lloyd George formed one of a party of three delegates from Wales who were invited by the Canadian Government to visit the Dominion, and we take from a copy of a report subsequently published the following opinions recorded by the right hon. gentlemen and his friends:—

"The greater portion of our time was spent in Manitoba, the North-West Provinces, and British Columbia. The agricultural districts visited were Brandon and Rapid City, in Manitoba; and Whitewood, Cannington Manor, the Moose Mountain, and the unsettled portion north and west of it; and Regina, in Assiniboia. The samples we saw of the 'No. 1 Manitoba hard' wheat convinced us that there is no country better adapted for grain growing. . . . Of the country which we actually saw we cannot speak too highly. These districts offer great and generous inducements to settlers. The land yields good crops without the necessity of manuring. Taxes are light, laws are equitable, administration is pure, institutions are free and liberal, educational facilities are excellent (a school being provided by Government in every settled district within three miles of furthest homestead), railways are enterprising (in fact, the energy and public spirit of all the railway companies, from the Canadian Pacific Railway downwards struck us as being one of the most remarkable features in the development of Canada).

"We may add that we purposely avoided the parts of the country which are the best settled, e.g., Portage-la-Prairie and Indian Head, and generally the oldest established districts in Manitoba. We found the settlers everywhere pleased with their own immediate district, which was almost invariably described as the best in Canada. We can only recall to mind one settler who was dissatisfied with his bargain. Life in Canada, said this gentleman, combined all the characteristics of penal servitude, viz., transportation, solitary confinement, and hard labor. We subsequently discovered that this gentleman had recently been dismissed from his post. . . .

"During our visit to British Columbia we were greatly impressed with the immense and seemingly inexhaustible mineral resources of the Province. Coal and iron ore, gold and copper, silver and lead, mica and marble—there seems to be no limit to the marvellous natural wealth of the country.

"The Canadian farmers will, in the near future, have, in addition to the English market, which is free to all, a local market, where they will have, to all intents and purposes, no competition.

"We left Canada with most pleasant feelings towards her people and Government. We liked the land, the climate, the institutions, and the people, and nothing was left undone which could have conduced to our enjoyment or instruction."

Travels by Thackeray.

THE instalment of "Cockney Travels" by Thackeray, which is published in Harper's Magazine, is full of the flavor of its author, and the wonder is that it escaped print so long. Thackeray wrote it seventy years ago, the record of a little journey in Wales by rail and coach through Bristol, Chepstow, Tintern, and Hereford to Chester with abundant observation of towns, churches, streets, woods, landscapes, inns, innkeepers, bar-maids, coachmen, children, men out of work, railroads and clergymen and reflections about them all. "It is ill to quarrel with these rapid strides which the age is making, but can anybody look back to the dear old coach days and a modest nine miles an hour without regret?" So the man of sentiment in 1841. What would he have said of the automobiles and the armies of pilgrim tourists from America!

He scolds and praises by turn, scoffs at this and that, damns Hereford heartily as a dull town and ugly, expounds the loveliness of Tintern Abbey, but all with the heart we know, quick with its sympathy for childhood, for kindness, for beauty, or for distress. The colliers out of work and begging from the coach passengers make him talk like a Lloyd-George Liberal about the suffering of "millions of men in England as bad off as starvation can ever make them," and pray "not that the poor should rebel, but that the rich should help them ere they do rebel." The scenes of that journey have doubtless changed much, the inns and streets and means of locomotion, but the mind that observed them a long lifetime ago seems a very contemporary mind. It makes one wish it were still here to comment on the scenes and people and problems of to-day.



ONE OF THE ROYAL FOOTMEN.
He had the honor of opening the door of the King's coach on Coronation Day.

Miss Kristine Bonnevie, of Christiania, the first woman who has ever been admitted to the Norwegian Academy of Science, is a doctor of philosophy, an author of scientific works, and holds an appointment in the zoological laboratory of the University of Christiania. Several of her books have been published in Norway, Germany and the United States. Her zoological studies have carried her not only along the Norwegian coast, but also to this country. In 1907 she was elected a member of the Christiania Municipal Council.

Mrs. Caroline A. White, of Upper Norwood, England, who has just passed the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday, has been for eighty years of her life an industrious literary worker. For sixteen years she edited a woman's journal. Early in her career she obtained introductions to Tom Hood and Douglas Jerrold, and afterwards never lacked employment for her pen.



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.
The Coronation, at which he was one of the King's guests, gave him the opportunity of bringing with him a team of Indian cricketers to tour in England under his captaincy.

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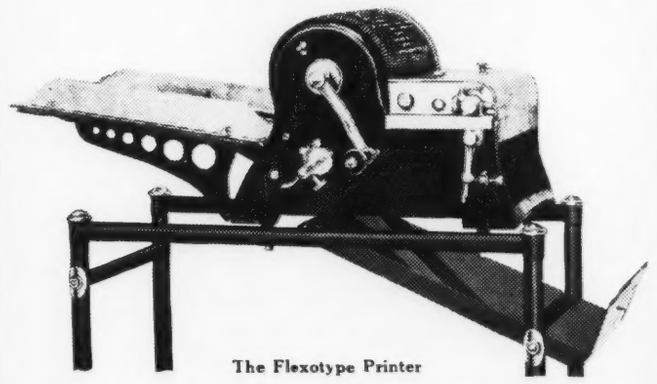
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There is always an opening for a good man. If you don't believe it, ask the grave digge..

It is still a good way from the head of the tallest man to the stars.

MUSIC and the DRAMA

THERE is a pensive beauty—a gracious tenderness—about Wilhelm Meyer Foerster's comedy, "Old Heidelburg," that gives it a classic quality. It has unquestionably passed into the permanent repertoire of the English speaking theatre, and one presumes into that of northern Europe also, although there is nothing theatric or exciting in its composition The charm that seizes one in Thackeray's imitation of Berranger's ballad "The Garret," with its refrain "In the brave days when we were twenty one" hangs over the play and lingers in the imagination. It is unquestionably a satire on the caste system of Germany but a satire so tender that it scores nobody and makes the most unsophisticated sympathize with the heart hunger of the Prince Karl Heinrich and the innkeeper's daughter, Kathie; both of them chaste beings kept apart by the duties they owe to their particular circles in the social system of their land. While a summer audience might like the play better if common sense and probability were cast to the winds and a union were arranged between the two, the play gains a deeper beauty and significance by its absolute sanity and recognition of the facts of life. There is not an episode in the entire comedy that is not simple and believable, yet the play verges on poetry in almost every scene. Of all the charming episodes in the play, the one I have come to like best is that in which the Prince meets the girl in the courtyard of the inn and she chats simply with him of her betrothed and of her future—quite unconscious of his rank. It partakes of the same nature as some of the dialogue in the garden scene of "Faust," when Margaret tells of her little brother whom she used to take care of. It has the same quality of *naivette* that delights one in Goethe. The pathos underlying the last act when the Prince returns to Heidelburg for a rollicking time with his fellow students and finds that his newly acquired rank chills them, suggests a profound truth. It is the fate of the mighty and powerful to be lonesome. The beauty of the scene is enhanced by the fact that Kathie retains her straightforward simplicity and thinks only of her love for this saddened youth.

Of the many roles in which one was privileged to see the late Richard Mansfield, his impersonation of Prince Karl Heinrich with the possible exception of his Henry V. delighted one more. He was an actor, who, despite the fact that he won his fame in senile types, best displayed his genius in the inspiring youthfulness of his art in such plays as "Old Heidelburg." Mr. Fred Tiden gives a most intelligent performance and simulates much of the shyness of adolescence and of the buoyancy of youth once the merriment of the Prince's heart is awakened. He is also particularly good in the sad disillusionment of the final scenes. One was inclined to think that he missed an opportunity in the scene when the Prince proposes to run away to Paris with the maid. The effect of hesitancy and shame-facedness at his own audacity which Mansfield gave in this episode was one that time will not blot from the memory. Miss Percy Haswell's blond beauty is particularly suited to the role of the blonde German *madchen*, and her performance was pervaded by sweetness and sentiment. Mr. William Crimans was capital as the formal valet of the prince, and Mr. Allen Fawcett exceptionally good as the aged tutor. The staging and the handling of the ensemble episodes and songs were also excellent.

* * *

AMONG the many writers of whom one is ignorant, are Sallust and Marie Corelli—and especially Marie Corelli. One's previous knowledge of her before seeing "Thelma," was confined to a single page in some novel of her, in which a fashionable English woman was introduced to the devil, who was taking his walks abroad in ordinary garb, and courteously asked him if he would have a cup of tea. It struck one at the time that this was a devil of a way to treat a person of Satan's alleged tastes, and one did not pursue the acquaintance further. However, the knowledge that Miss, or Mrs. Corelli had joined the staff of a Toronto daily beloved of Scotsmen, and was going to help its editor report the Coronation impelled one to go and see some of "Thelma," as presented by the Baldwin-Melville stock Company. It is not stated whether Miss Corelli dramatized her novel herself, but one presumes that if she can report the coronation she can build a play. "Thelma," as a drama, is as full of incongruities as the page of the novel, in which the devil was invited to take a cup of tea. The talk oscillated between utterances about the ancient religion of the vikings, Roman Catholicism and modern doubt and colloquial slang by the comedian. It is rather a shock after a gentleman with white whiskers, who prefers to dress in the style of the Ostragoths, has been talking about Odin, to hear a Johnny-off-the-yacht, say "Naughty, naughty!" in a waggish way. But then, Marie Corelli, by all accounts, is nothing if not original. Like all female writers, she is strongly on "designing" women. The graduate of the school of social design in this play almost succeeds in wrecking the life of a beautiful Norse girl who has married the more eloquent of the two Johnnies-off-the-yacht. She does indeed succeed in driving her back to the land where the sun has an embarrassing habit of getting stuck half way up when it is trying to set. One asked a rough necked friend how he liked the play, and he said "Rotten." He was right, and it occurs to one that it would have saved the reader and the writer a little time if one had simply said "'Thelma' is rotten" in the first line and stopped at that. Only it seems a pity to see Arthur Byron, one of the most capable of living actors, and Adelaide Keim, a beautiful and talented artiste, mooning through a rotten play, and it seemed due to them to write something about it.



PERCY HASWELL'S LATEST PORTRAIT.
This is an effective portrait of the charming comedienne who is to revive "Because She Loved Him So" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

Hector Charlesworth

MUSIC

An unique musical event will be the finals of the Bell Company's piano playing competition, which will be held next Tuesday evening in the Association Hall. The competition is for a cash prize of $100, to be awarded to the most artistic pianist under sixteen years of age studying in Toronto, and from the numerous entries and the marked interest shown, there is little doubt that on this closing evening there will not be a vacant seat in the auditorium. In order to avoid the slightest suspicion of favoritism or bias, the judges appointed for the occasion are Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., director of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music; Mr. H. Puddicombe, director of the Ottawa Conservatory of Music, and Professor Michael Hambourg. The Bell Piano Company deserves congratulations on its enterprise, and it is hoped that the rumor of the enlargement of the scheme next year in such a way as to include prizes for singing and composition, as will as piano, will be verified.

* * *

A new oratorio society, under Dr. Edward Broome's conductorship, is to make its appearance in Toronto next season. The very pronounced success of the supplemented chorus of Jarvis Church during the last three or four years has inspired the conductor to augment his enterprise. The first season's operations will include Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which they hope to give early in December, and the immortal "Messiah" about Easter. A large orchestra will be engaged, as well as a quartette of leading soloists. Judging by the results he has obtained in the Jarvis concerts and by his command of orchestral and choral resources with the Sheffield Choir recently, the chorus has in Dr. Broome a man in every way fitted for this work. The new organization will have the benefit of the advice and help of Mr. W. H. Elliott, who was for a number of years president of the Mendelssohn Choir.

* * *

Mr. Oscar Goldschmidt, a nephew by marriage of Jenny Lind, and well known as a conductor in Germany and in the operatic forces of Henry W. Savage, has joined the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music as a teacher in several branches. A feature will be his operatic ensemble of classes, which will be a novelty in this country.

* * *

The Buffalo Courier of Sunday, June 11th, has the following to say of Barnaby Nelson's first appearance in that city. A delightful concert was given on Friday evening, the occasion being especially notable owing to the first appearance before a Buffalo audience of Barnaby Nelson, a young tenor from Toronto, who sang several numbers, and who created a splendid impression. Mr. Nelson has a manly stage presence, an impressive delivery, and a voice of good compass and beautiful quality. The excellence of his diction adds to the value and enjoyment of his singing.

* * *

Paderewski's patriotic remarks at Lemberg concerning Chopin stirred up M. de Bertha to write an article for La Vie Musicale of Geneva, in which he begs music-lovers to remember that while Chopin's mother was Polish his father came from Lorraine. To this Wanda Landowska replies in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, that Chopin's great-grandfather was a Pole; he was in the court circle of King Stanislaus Leszczynski, whom he accompanied to Lorraine. His name was Nicolai Szop. In 1814 he obtained a concession to open a wine shop; his partner was Johann Kowalski. In accordance with the custom of the time, they translated their name into French, and the name of the firm consequently was Ferrand and Chopin.

* * *

Concerning Finland's great composer, Jean Sibelius, Arthur Farwell writes in Musical America:—It is first as a melodist that Sibelius comes strikingly before us. We have it on his own authority that he uses no folksongs as themes, but it is plain that his melodic invention is intensely qualified by the folk music of his race. The motives and melodic fragments which constitute the basis of so much of modern music have little or no part in the music of Sibelius. He is strongly endowed with a sense of melodic continuity. His melodic line is bold and uncompromising, not frequently acrid and bitter. Were not all Scandinavian comparisons with Sibelius unjustifiable, it might be said that he paints in tone in a spirit sometimes not unlike that with which Strindberg paints in drama. His lines cut and sear, and they are abetted in this by his manner of orchestration. He knows unerringly the instrument and the register which will give his line its most pitiless sharpness. So new and bold is Sibelius in melody that he has no need to plunge into ultra-modern harmonies to produce an effect. His soul is in his melody. Any newness in his harmonic effects does not arise from a utilization of modern harmonic discovery, but as a natural consequence of adapting harmonies not unfamiliar in themselves to his peculiar melodic and artistic scheme. He is happiest in large forms, and even into the symphonic form he breathes the breath of new life.

* * *

Discussing a lecture by Plunkett Greene, the London Times remarked that many lieder singers of our day still live in the Middle Ages, as far as their conceptions of song are concerned. They imagine that they have to interpret the whole song themselves, and scarcely know or care what their partner at the piano is about. It is his business, they think, to know what they are about. In reality, however, it is essential that both performers should know the whole song, not only the notes (many of the worst interpreters probably know that), but exactly what part of the poetic idea is entrusted to each in every case. In the perfectly written song the two are mutually dependent upon one another, no matter what the actual share of each may be. A poorly written song, on the other hand, is one which fails to place sufficient responsibility on one or other of the interpreters. Vulgar minds from whom proceed "royalty ballads" and all the potboilers which fill shop windows and publishers' lists continue to neglect the piano part because it is much easier to produce a superficial effect by means of the voice than to write one significant bar of piano music. Earnest minds, especially the type which flourishes in Germany, are inclined to go to the other extreme, and to write tone poems for the piano, while the voice merely gives the clue by reciting the words of the poem on more or less opposite notes. This is to push the historical development of the song form to its logical rather than its artistic conclusion. It is the tendency which endangers the success of some of Reger's most thoughtful songs, for example, "Ruhe" (from Op. 62), which Sir Hubert Parry used as one of his illustrations, and the extraordinarily powerful "Praeludium" from Op. 70. No matter how deep the thought may be—and in these instances it strikes very deep—one feels that there is some want in artistic perception when the voice is subordinated to such an extent, since it means a certain waste of interpretative force.



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Week of July 3rd — GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

ROYAL ALEXANDRA Matinees Wed. & Sat.
:: 4th--WEEK--4th ::
Percy Haswell in "THE LITTLE MINISTER" OF FARCE.
By William Gillette.

"Because She Loved Him So."

THE THEATRES

Next week the patrons of the Princess Theatre will have an opportunity of witnessing the thrilling romantic drama "Monte Cristo," so moving in action and pathos. Torontonians will remember James O'Neil's production of Dumas' masterpiece and the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company promises fully as adequate and massive a presentation. Arthur Byron will be seen in the title role, which should afford him wide scope for the display of his undoubted versatility as an actor. First as the young carefree lover, then through the long period of suffering in prison, and latter as the possessor of unlimited wealth, seeking with persistence and skill revenge on the enemies who had so deeply wronged him. Miss Adelaide Keim, Will Deming, Alan Murname, Leah Baird, Kathryn Keys, and the entire company will be seen in the cast. For the week of July 3rd David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West" will be the offering.

* * *

Miss Haswell, for her fourth week at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, returns to rollicking farce. Her offering will be "Because She Loved Him So." When presented in New York by J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish it was the greatest laughing success of all one season, and was called by the eminent critic, James S. Metcalfe, the well known dramatic critic, "The Little Minister" of farce. The play is an adaptation from the French by William Gillette, who preserved all the original bright humor, which he supplemented with his own splendid knowledge of how to construct laugh-making situations. "Because She Loved Him So" can properly be termed a satire on and a lesson to jealous wives, as it shows how easily quarrels may arise through trivial and thoughtless acts. Gillette has left nothing undone to make his version most amusing, yet the situations follow each other so naturally that there is no undue straining to create laughter. Miss Haswell will play the role of the jealous wife, and Mr. Tiden her husband. The piece calls for handsome and "fetching" gowns, which will be worn for the first time by the ladies of Miss Haswell's company.

* * *

Liverpool is to have the first repertory theatre in England owned by the public. This is the Star Theatre, an excellent building in a good situation, which has just been acquired by the promoters of the repertory movement. It will be known hereafter as the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and the prospectus of the limited liability company will be issued immediately. Eight hundred persons have already applied for shares, which are $5 each. Mr. Basil Dean, a manager of approved experience and good fortune, is to be in control of the institution. A number of well known men are on the board of directors. This appears to be an experiment from which practical results of real value may be looked for.

* * *

After more than a decade Martin Harvey is still attracting crowded audiences with "The Only Way," this time in the London Lyceum Theatre. A well known theatrical commentator says of him:—"Mr. Harvey is Prince Charming. He charms by his appearance, by his voice, by his sweet smile, by a certain curious felicity of manner and by a natural gift for doing the smallest thing beautifully. True, he has been exerting his charm for some years now, and, of course, time tells; the smile has become a little stereotyped and the beautiful manner a beautiful mannerism. But he has lost none of his power to satisfy the craving for the romantic that exists in every healthy, fresh-minded, full-blooded playgoer. The cheers at the Lyceum were sufficient evidence of that."

* * *

Speaking of "Julius Caesar" at His Majesty's Theatre, a London critic says:—"In Mr. A. E. George, this present revival can boast the very best Caesar that can be remembered on our London stage. The original Caesar of Mr. Fulton had about it, perhaps, more of the ineffable pride that Shakespeare puts into the mightiest Julius, but Mr. George really improved upon Shakespeare's own conception. Where there was affectation in the lines—as there often is—he managed by sheer good acting to bring nature, and where Caesar has something really fine to say, as in the 'Cowards die many times before their death' speech, he rose to all the possible dignity of the part. Another splendidly done character was the Cassius of Mr. Basil Gill, who seems to be improving year by year. Those who remembered his admirably calm and restrained Brutus of previous revivals wondered the more at the fine way in which he managed now to suggest Cassius' contrasted ferocity. Mr. Bourchier's Brutus was perhaps, not quite so satisfactory. He was human and sincere, but one did not feel the nobility of character that gave Brutus his epitaph.



ARTHUR BYRON,
The eminent actor who plays leading roles with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company at the Princess Theatre.

Anatole France and the Spirit of Irony

IF it were proper to express literary criticism in the noble language of mathematics, the following formula would be useful: "Voltaire *plus* Renan *equals* Anatole France." It seems as if the gall of one writer were compounded with the honey of the other for the production of an absolutely new flavor. A single sentence in which M. France professes to sum up Renan's religious teaching will show how the thing is done better than many pages of exposition: "If," he writes, "we may believe this amiable shepherd of souls, it is impossible for use to elude divine mercy, and we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." One does not, of course, offer the phrase as comprehending the totality of M. France's message to mankind; but it does assuredly enshrine the secret of his method of delivering that message.

The real name of M. France is Thibault. He is Anatole-Francois Thibault, the son of Noel France Thibault. His father, after serving as a soldier in the bodyguard of Charles X., opened a second-hand book-shop at 9 Quai Voltaire. He was a literary book-seller, like, let us say, Mr. Dobell— a writer, in a small way, on bibliographical affairs. His son was born in the shop, and grew up in the midst of the books on the banks of Seine, opposite the Louvre and the Tuileries, and close to Palais Mazarin. He has written that it seems to him impossible that anyone whose early associations are of such a character should have a commonplace mind. His own hand, at any rate, is very far from commonplace; and he is also remarkable among novelists for his erudition. He has, indeed, the sort of erudition which tempts a man to say that nothing is new and nothing true: a tendency of which he gave a delightfully disconcerting proof only the other day.

It occurred to the editor of an important Austrian journal that the views of Anatole France on "the modern woman" ought to make "good copy"; and he had commissioned a lady—an enthusiast Feminist—to interview the Master of Irony on the subject. She called on him; he received her with extreme affability; but she did not interview him. On the contrary he interviewed her. He professed himself blandly ignorant, and asked to be enlightened. What *is* the modern woman? he demanded. In what precisely does her modernity consist? The Feminist, of course, poured it all out in the best feminist style. The modern woman, she explained, desired independence —wanted to live her own life—declined to be restricted to domesticity—asked to be permitted to preserve her youth—revolted against the excessive and perpetual obligations of maternity, etc., etc. And Anatole France listened very politely until his inlocutrix had quite finished, and then went to the book case, and produced a well thumbed copy of Aristophanes, and demonstrated that the modern woman, as demonstrated by the Feminist, had been perfectly well known in ancient Athens—that there had even been a "depopulation question" in ancient Athens before the foundations of Paris were laid. The interview undoubtedly made "good copy" though not the sort of copy that the interviewer had contemplated.

Anatole France laid the foundations of his great learning at the College Stanislaus, though he won few prizes because he studied the books he liked more carefully than those prescribed by the professors. He often stood for hours, reading at the book-barrows on the quays. Like most French writers he began as a poet, and was one of Parnassiens—the famous group which included Leconte de Lisle, Catulle Mendes, Francois Coppee and Paul Verlaine. He was one of the youngest of them, and is probably the only survivor; but his course as a poet was brief and not particularly brilliant. He earned his bread, at that time, in so far as he needed to earn it, as a publisher's reader, a librarian in the Bibliotheque du Senat, and a hack writer of introductions to popular reprints. Some of those introductions are very fine pieces of critical work; and it was natural that he should pass on from them to become the literary critic of Le Temps. In was in this connection that he threw out his famous definition is criticism as "the narrative of the adventures of the critic's soul among the masterpieces"; but reviewing was not, any more than poetry, his true *metier*. "The book of the week" never interested him—he could not be bothered with the writings of his contemporaries. "What they can tell me," he once said, "I know quite as well myself. I learn more from Petronius than from Mendes.' So he dropped criticism as soon as he could afford to do so, and expressed himself instead of interpreting others. He wished to criticize not books, but life; and he felt that fiction would be the most effective medium. There is more pungent criticism of life in his novels than in those of any other novelist of our time—or, perhaps, of any time.

Superficially the qualities of Anatole France are pretty much those which earned the late Earl Granville thee sobriquet of "Pussy." He purrs while he scratches, and scratches while he purrs. But he does things which Earl Granville never did—things which no politician can afford to do. That is to say, he "penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value." But he does this in a way of his own, which it needs an education to appreciate. He does not storm and rage like Carlyle; he does not denounce; he is not openly and obviously sarcastic. You see him take a sophism or a prejudice or a fixed idea of any kind and play with it gently, as if he were caressing it. You look again, and lo! the trappings of the sophisms have been stripped off, and it is sitting in its bare bones, very ridiculous, and very much ashamed of itself. He takes, for instance, the boast of the bourgeois politician that all men are equal before the law, and he remarks: "The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." Or he takes those denunciations of "the pride of intellect" which are apt to be hurled from the pulpits of all religious bodies, and he puts these words into the mouth of an Abbe who is trying to help a young man vexed by religious doubts: "It is a great infirmity to think. God preserve you from it my son, as He has preserved His greatest saints and the souls whom He loves with especial tenderness and destines to eternal felicity."

A critic of that temperament cannot be one of the enthusiasts who move mankind. He is apt to despair of his fellow creatures and range himself on the side of the comfortable classes, not because he admires them, but because that is the most comfortable course. Anatole France began by doing that, and continued to do it for a good many years. He gave the impression, for a long time, of being merely a cynic for cynicism's sake. One finds little optimism in his comments on the common people. Of popularity, for instance, he says: "If the crowd ever takes you loyingly into its arms, you will soon discover the vastness of its impotence and of its cowardice." Of the alleged instinct of the populace for justice, he says: "The weak are in the wrong—that is the sum of our morality, my friend. Do you suppose that we are on the side of Poland or Finland? No, no! That is not the way the wind blows at present!" On the strength of such utterances as those the Conservative Party made Anatole France their candidate for the Academy. They were quite surprised when he turned out to be a Radical. What made him a Radical, and, within his limits, an enthusiast, was the Dreyfus case. He saw stupidity allied with oppression, and triumphant. Hating injustice, he hated it the more because he saw it buttressed by folly. He recognizd in the combination an enemy worth fighting, and he "descended," as the French say, "into the streets," and proved himself one of the orators of the party. It is in the study, he still maintains, that the real work is done: the use of the platform being merely to set the machinery in motion. We will leave him with a quotation to that effect. "The visions of the philosophers," he writes, "have in all ages aroused men of action, who have set to work to realize them. Our thoughts create the future. Statesmen work after the plans which we leave behind us."—T. P.'s Weekly.

Men who Loved Clothes.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE attempts what is almost a philosophy of clothes in his "D'Orsay, or The Complete Dandy." He is speaking of the brilliant circle that gathered about Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay in the famous Gore House that Thackeray loved so well. Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Disraeli were of the company. "There were three dandies in this Gore House circle of strangely different temperaments and abilities," says Mr. Shore. "Dickens, a thorough Englishman in almost every habit and instinct, who dressed violently rather than well, sported somewhat fantastic costumes simply because it was the fashion so to do among the young men with whom his growing fame had brought him into contact. In the inner meaning of the word, Dickens was no dandy, but simply a dressy man; his was not the dandiacal temper."

Disraeli, on the other hand, had a touch of the fantastic in his dress, as when he appeared at a dinner party attired in a coat of black velvet lined with satin, purple trousers with gold stripe down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat, lace ruffles down to the fingers' tips, white gloves, with rings worn outside them, and his hair in long black ringlets. And now we have the comparison:—

Dickens was only a clothes-deep dandy; Disraeli was a true dandy as far as he went, but he did not go all the way. He trifled with politics, he did not realize that to be a perfect complete dandy, calls for the devotion of a lifetime. D'Orsay made no such mistake: he was a dandy through and through and all the way; he was a dandy in love affairs, in his toilette, in his clothes, in his sport, and in all the arts of life from cookery down to sculpture. Thus it must be with every great man; he aims at only one target, pulls his bow with all his strength, and shoots only at that one mark. D'Orsay had but one aim, to lead a life of dandified pleasure.

It is a mistake to suppose that a grass widow is always in clover.

You couldn't hurt the feelings of some people with a sledge-hammer.

The people who throw bouquets at themselves can't always pay the florist's bill.

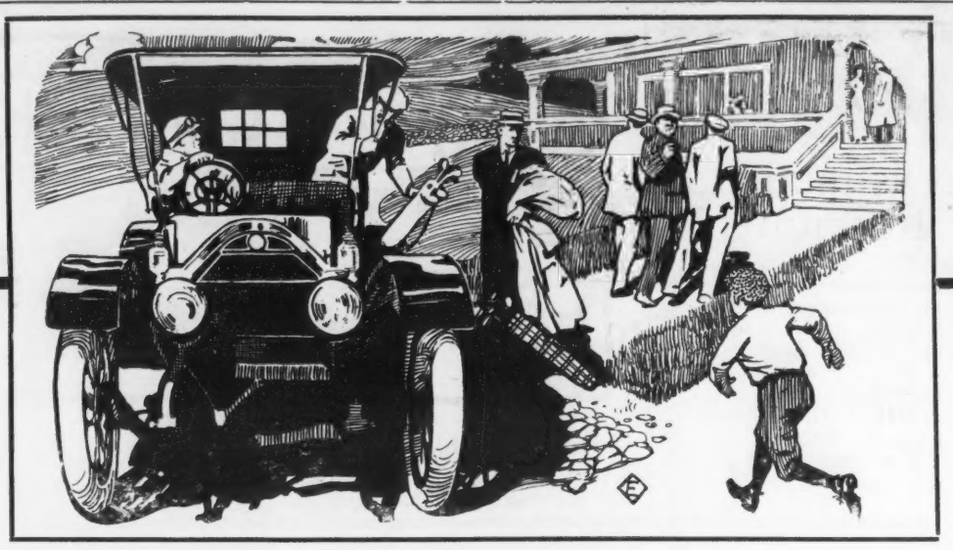
A soft answer sometimes turneth away wrathfully.

Beauty is only skin deep, and most of us are pretty thin-skinned.

A love match has burned many a fellow's fingers.

The principal objection to the spring poet is that he is all write.

The only advice worth taking is the kind we give ourselves.



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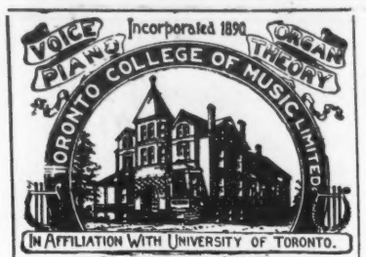
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The hardest thing in the world to understand is what other people see in each other.

There is always an opening for a good man. If you don't believe it, ask the grave digge..

It is still a good way from the head of the tallest man to the stars.

MUSIC and the DRAMA

THERE is a pensive beauty—a gracious tenderness—about Wilhelm Meyer Foerster's comedy, "Old Heidelburg," that gives it a classic quality. It has unquestionably passed into the permanent repertoire of the English speaking theatre, and one presumes into that of northern Europe also, although there is nothing theatric or exciting in its composition The charm that seizes one in Thackeray's imitation of Berranger's ballad "The Garret," with its refrain "In the brave days when we were twenty one" hangs over the play and lingers in the imagination. It is unquestionably a satire on the caste system of Germany but a satire so tender that it scores nobody and makes the most unsophisticated sympathize with the heart hunger of the Prince Karl Heinrich and the innkeeper's daughter, Kathie; both of them chaste beings kept apart by the duties they owe to their particular circles in the social system of their land. While a summer audience might like the play better if common sense and probability were cast to the winds and a union were arranged between the two, the play gains a deeper beauty and significance by its absolute sanity and recognition of the facts of life. There is not an episode in the entire comedy that is not simple and believable, yet the play verges on poetry in almost every scene. Of all the charming episodes in the play, the one I have come to like best is that in which the Prince meets the girl in the courtyard of the inn and she chats simply with him of her betrothed and of her future—quite unconscious of his rank. It partakes of the same nature as some of the dialogue in the garden scene of "Faust," when Margaret tells of her little brother whom she used to take care of. It has the same quality of *naivette* that delights one in Goethe. The pathos underlying the last act when the Prince returns to Heidelburg for a rollicking time with his fellow students and finds that his newly acquired rank chills them, suggests a profound truth. It is the fate of the mighty and powerful to be lonesome. The beauty of the scene is enhanced by the fact that Kathie retains her straightforward simplicity and thinks only of her love for this saddened youth.

Of the many roles in which one was privileged to see the late Richard Mansfield, his impersonation of Prince Karl Heinrich with the possible exception of his Henry V. delighted one more. He was an actor, who, despite the fact that he won his fame in senile types, best displayed his genius in the inspiring youthfulness of his art in such plays as "Old Heidelburg." Mr. Fred Tiden gives a most intelligent performance and simulates much of the shyness of adolescence and of the buoyancy of youth once the merriment of the Prince's heart is awakened. He is also particularly good in the sad disillusionment of the final scenes. One was inclined to think that he missed an opportunity in the scene when the Prince proposes to run away to Paris with the maid. The effect of hesitancy and shame-facedness at his own audacity which Mansfield gave in this episode was one that time will not blot from the memory. Miss Percy Haswell's blond beauty is particularly suited to the role of the blonde German *madchen*, and her performance was pervaded by sweetness and sentiment. Mr. William Crimans was capital as the formal valet of the prince, and Mr. Allen Fawcett exceptionally good as the aged tutor. The staging and the handling of the ensemble episodes and songs were also excellent.

* * *

AMONG the many writers of whom one is ignorant, are Sallust and Marie Corelli—and especially Marie Corelli. One's previous knowledge of her before seeing "Thelma," was confined to a single page in some novel of her, in which a fashionable English woman was introduced to the devil, who was taking his walks abroad in ordinary garb, and courteously asked him if he would have a cup of tea. It struck one at the time that this was a devil of a way to treat a person of Satan's alleged tastes, and one did not pursue the acquaintance further. However, the knowledge that Miss, or Mrs. Corelli had joined the staff of a Toronto daily beloved of Scotsmen, and was going to help its editor report the Coronation impelled one to go and see some of "Thelma," as presented by the Baldwin-Melville stock Company. It is not stated whether Miss Corelli dramatized her novel herself, but one presumes that if she can report the coronation she can build a play. "Thelma," as a drama, is as full of incongruities as the page of the novel, in which the devil was invited to take a cup of tea. The talk oscillated between utterances about the ancient religion of the vikings, Roman Catholicism and modern doubt and colloquial slang by the comedian. It is rather a shock after a gentleman with white whiskers, who prefers to dress in the style of the Ostragoths, has been talking about Odin, to hear a Johnny-off-the-yacht, say "Naughty, naughty!" in a waggish way. But then, Marie Corelli, by all accounts, is nothing if not original. Like all female writers, she is strongly on "designing" women. The graduate of the school of social design in this play almost succeeds in wrecking the life of a beautiful Norse girl who has married the more eloquent of the two Johnnies-off-the-yacht. She does indeed succeed in driving her back to the land where the sun has an embarrassing habit of getting stuck half way up when it is trying to set. One asked a rough necked friend how he liked the play, and he said "Rotten." He was right, and it occurs to one that it would have saved the reader and the writer a little time if one had simply said "'Thelma' is rotten" in the first line and stopped at that. Only it seems a pity to see Arthur Byron, one of the most capable of living actors, and Adelaide Keim, a beautiful and talented artiste, mooning through a rotten play, and it seemed due to them to write something about it.



PERCY HASWELL'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

This is an effective portrait of the charming comedienne who is to revive "Because She Loved Him So" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

Hector Charlesworth

MUSIC

An unique musical event will be the finals of the Bell Company's piano playing competition, which will be held next Tuesday evening in the Association Hall. The competition is for a cash prize of $100, to be awarded to the most artistic pianist under sixteen years of age studying in Toronto, and from the numerous entries and the marked interest shown, there is little doubt that on this closing evening there will not be a vacant seat in the auditorium. In order to avoid the slightest suspicion of favoritism or bias, the judges appointed for the occasion are Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., director of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music; Mr. H. Puddicombe, director of the Ottawa Conservatory of Music, and Professor Michael Hambourg. The Bell Piano Company deserves congratulations on its enterprise, and it is hoped that the rumor of the enlargement of the scheme next year in such a way as to include prizes for singing and composition, as well as piano, will be verified.

* * *

A new oratorio society, under Dr. Edward Broome's conductorship, is to make its appearance in Toronto next season. The very pronounced success of the supplemented chorus of Jarvis Church during the last three or four years has inspired the conductor to augment his enterprise. The first season's operations will include Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which they hope to give early in December, and the immortal "Messiah" about Easter. A large orchestra will be engaged, as well as a quartette of leading soloists. Judging by the results he has obtained in the Jarvis concerts and by his command of orchestral and choral resources with the Sheffield Choir recently, the chorus has in Dr. Broome a man in every way fitted for this work. The new organization will have the benefit of the advice and help of Mr. W. H. Elliott, who was for a number of years president of the Mendelssohn Choir.

* * *

Mr. Oscar Goldschmidt, a nephew by marriage of Jenny Lind, and well known as a conductor in Germany and in the operatic forces of Henry W. Savage, has joined the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music as a teacher in several branches. A feature will be his operatic ensemble of classes, which will be a novelty in this country.

* * *

The Buffalo Courier of Sunday, June 11th, has the following to say of Barnaby Nelson's first appearance in that city. A delightful concert was given on Friday evening, the occasion being especially notable owing to the first appearance before a Buffalo audience of Barnaby Nelson, a young tenor from Toronto, who sang several numbers, and who created a splendid impression. Mr. Nelson has a manly stage presence, an impressive delivery, and a voice of good compass and beautiful quality. The excellence of his diction adds to the value and enjoyment of his singing.

* * *

Paderewski's patriotic remarks at Lemberg concerning Chopin stirred up M. de Bertha to write an article for La Vie Musicale of Geneva, in which he begs music-lovers to remember that while Chopin's mother was Polish his father came from Lorraine. To this Wanda Landowska replies in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, that Chopin's great-grandfather was a Pole; he was in the court circle of King Stanislaus Leszczynski, whom he accompanied to Lorraine. His name was Nicolai Szop. In 1814 he obtained a concession to open a wine shop; his partner was Johann Kowalski. In accordance with the custom of the time, they translated their name into French, and the name of the firm consequently was Ferrand and Chopin.

* * *

Concerning Finland's great composer, Jean Sibelius, Arthur Farwell writes in Musical America:—It is first as a melodist that Sibelius comes strikingly before us. We have it on his own authority that he uses no folksongs as themes, but it is plain that his melodic invention is intensely qualified by the folk music of his race. The motives and melodic fragments which constitute the basis of so much of modern music have little or no part in the music of Sibelius. He is strongly endowed with a sense of melodic continuity. His melodic line is bold and uncompromising, not frequently acrid and bitter. Were not all Scandinavian comparisons with Sibelius unjustifiable, it might be said that he paints in tone in a spirit sometimes not unlike that with which Strindberg paints in drama. His lines cut and sear, and they are abetted in this by his manner of orchestration. He knows unerringly the instrument and the register which will give his line its most pitiless sharpness. So new and bold is Sibelius in melody that he has no need to plunge into ultra-modern harmonies to produce an effect. His soul is in his melody. Any newness in his harmonic effects does not arise from a utilization of modern harmonic discovery, but as a natural consequence of adapting harmonies not unfamiliar in themselves to his peculiar melodic and artistic scheme. He is happiest in large forms, and even into the symphonic form he breathes the breath of new life.

* * *

Discussing a lecture by Plunkett Greene, the London Times remarked that many lieder singers of our day still live in the Middle Ages, as far as their conceptions of song are concerned. They imagine that they have to interpret the whole song themselves, and scarcely know or care what their partner at the piano is about. It is his business, they think, to know what they are about. In reality, however, it is essential that both performers should know the whole song, not only the notes (many of the worst interpreters probably know that), but exactly what part of the poetic idea is entrusted to each in every case. In the perfectly written song the two are mutually dependent upon one another, no matter what the actual share of each may be. A poorly written song, on the other hand, is one which fails to place sufficient responsibility on one or other of the interpreters. Vulgar minds from whom proceed "royalty ballads" and all the potboilers which fill shop windows and publishers' lists continue to neglect the piano part because it is much easier to produce a superficial effect by means of the voice than to write one significant bar of piano music. Earnest minds, especially the type which flourishes in Germany, are inclined to go to the other extreme, and to write tone poems for the piano, while the voice merely gives the clue by reciting the words of the poem on more or less opposite notes. This is to push the historical development of the song form to its logical rather than its artistic conclusion. It is the tendency which endangers the success of some of Reger's most thoughtful songs, for example, "Ruhe" (from Op. 62), which Sir Hubert Parry used as one of his illustrations, and the extraordinarily powerful "Praeludium" from Op. 70. No matter how deep the thought may be—and in these instances it strikes very deep—one feels that there is some want in artistic perception when the voice is subordinated to such an extent, since it means a certain waste of interpretative force.



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Percy Haswell
in "THE LITTLE MINISTER" OF FARCE.
By William Gillette.

"Because She Loved Him So."

THE THEATRES

Next week the patrons of the Princess Theatre will have an opportunity of witnessing the thrilling romantic drama "Monte Cristo," so moving in action and pathos. Torontonians will remember James O'Neil's production of Dumas' masterpiece and the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company promises fully as adequate and massive a presentation. Arthur Byron will be seen in the title role, which should afford him wide scope for the display of his undoubted versatility as an actor. First as the young carefree lover, then through the long period of suffering in prison, and latter as the possessor of unlimited wealth, seeking with persistence and skill revenge on the enemies who had so deeply wronged him. Miss Adelaide Keim, Will Deming, Alan Murname, Leah Baird, Kathryn Keys, and the entire company will be seen in the cast. For the week of July 3rd David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West" will be the offering.

* * *

Miss Haswell, for her fourth week at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, returns to rollicking farce. Her offering will be "Because She Loved Him So." When presented in New York by J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish it was the greatest laughing success of all one season, and was called by the eminent critic, James S. Metcalfe, the well known dramatic critic, "The Little Minister" of farce. The play is an adaptation from the French by William Gillette, who preserved all the original bright humor, which he supplemented with his own splendid knowledge of how to construct laughmaking situations. "Because She Loved Him So" can properly be termed a satire on and a lesson to jealous wives, as it shows how easily quarrels may arise through trivial and thoughtless acts. Gillette has left nothing undone to make his version most amusing, yet the situations follow each other so naturally that there is no undue straining to create laughter. Miss Haswell will play the role of the jealous wife, and Mr. Tiden her husband. The piece calls for handsome and "fetching" gowns, which will be worn for the first time by the ladies of Miss Haswell's company

* * *

Liverpool is to have the first repertory theatre in England owned by the public. This is the Star Theatre, an excellent building in a good situation, which has just been acquired by the promoters of the repertory movement. It will be known hereafter as the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and the prospectus of the limited liability company will be issued immediately. Eight hundred persons have already applied for shares, which are $5 each. Mr. Basil Dean, a manager of approved experience and good fortune, is to be in control of the institution. A number of well known men are on the board of directors. This appears to be an experiment from which practical results of real value may be looked for.

* * *

After more than a decade Martin Harvey is still attracting crowded audiences with "The Only Way," this time in the London Lyceum Theatre. A well known theatrical commentator says of him:—"Mr. Harvey is Prince Charming. He charms by his appearance, by his voice, by his sweet smile, by a certain curious felicity of manner and by a natural gift for doing the smallest thing beautifully. True, he has been exerting his charm for some years now, and, of course, time tells; the smile has become a little stereotyped and the beautiful manner a beautiful mannerism. But he has lost none of his power to satisfy the craving for the romantic that exists in every healthy, fresh-minded, full-blooded playgoer. The cheers at the Lyceum were sufficient evidence of that."

* * *

Speaking of "Julius Caesar" at His Majesty's Theatre, a London critic says:—"In Mr. A. E. George, this present revival can boast the very best Caesar that can be remembered on our London stage. The original Caesar of Mr. Fulton had about it, perhaps, more of the ineffable pride that Shakespeare puts into the mightiest Julius, but Mr. George really improved upon Shakespeare's own conception. Where there was affectation in the lines—as there often is—he managed by sheer good acting to bring nature, and where Caesar has something really fine to say, as in the 'Cowards die many times before their death' speech, he rose to all the possible dignity of the part. Another splendidly done character was the Cassius of Mr. Basil Gill, who seems to be improving year by year. Those who remembered his admirably calm and restrained Brutus of previous revivals wondered the more at the fine way in which he managed now to suggest Cassius' contrasted ferocity. Mr. Bourchier's Brutus was perhaps, not quite so satisfactory. He was human and sincere, but one did not feel the nobility of character that gave Brutus his epitaph.



ARTHUR BYRON,
The eminent actor who plays leading roles with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company at the Princess Theatre.

Anatole France and the Spirit of Irony

IF it were proper to express literary criticism in the noble language of mathematics, the following formula would be useful: "Voltaire *plus* Renan *equals* Anatole France." It seems as if the gall of one writer were compounded with the honey of the other for the production of an absolutely new flavor. A single sentence in which M. France professes to sum up Renan's religious teaching will show how the thing is done better than many pages of exposition: "If," he writes, "we may believe this amiable shepherd of souls, it is impossible for use to elude divine mercy, and we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." One does not, of course, offer the phrase as comprehending the totality of M. France's message to mankind; but it does assuredly enshrine the secret of his method of delivering that message.

The real name of M. France is Thibault. He is Anatole-Francois Thibault, the son of Noel France Thibault. His father, after serving as a soldier in the bodyguard of Charles X., opened a second-hand book-shop at 9 Quai Voltaire. He was a literary book-seller, like, let us say, Mr. Dobell— a writer, in a small way, on bibliographical affairs. His son was born in the shop, and grew up in the midst of the books on the banks of Seine, opposite the Louvre and the Tuileries, and close to Palais Mazarin. He has written that it seems to him impossible that anyone whose early associations are of such a character should have a commonplace mind. His own hand, at any rate, is very far from commonplace; and he is also remarkable among novelists for his erudition. He has, indeed, the sort of erudition which tempts a man to say that nothing is new and nothing true: a tendency of which he gave a delightfully disconcerting proof only the other day.

It occurred to the editor of an important Austrian journal that the views of Anatole France on "the modern woman" ought to make "good copy"; and he had commissioned a lady—an enthusiast Feminist—to interview the Master of Irony on the subject. She called on him; he received her with extreme affability; but she did not interview him. On the contrary he interviewed her. He professed himself blandly ignorant, and asked to be enlightened. What *is* the modern woman? he demanded. In what precisely does her modernity consist? The Feminist, of course, poured it all out in the best feminist style. The modern woman, she explained, desired independence—wanted to live her own life—declined to be restricted to domesticity—asked to be permitted to preserve her youth—revolted against the excessive and perpetual obligations of maternity, etc., etc. And Anatole France listened very politely until his inlocutrix had quite finished, and then went to the book case, and produced a well thumbed copy of Aristophanes, and demonstrated that the modern woman, as demonstrated by the Feminist, had been perfectly well known in ancient Athens—that there had even been a "depopulation question" in ancient Athens before the foundations of Paris were laid. The interview undoubtedly made "good copy" though not the sort of copy that the interviewer had contemplated.

Anatole France laid the foundations of his great learning at the College Stanislaus, though he won few prizes because he studied the books he liked more carefully than those prescribed by the professors. He often stood for hours, reading at the book-barrows on the quays. Like most French writers he began as a poet, and was one of Parnassiens—the famous group which included Leconte de Lisle, Catulle Mendes, Francois Coppee and Paul Verlaine. He was one of the youngest of them, and is probably the only survivor; but his course as a poet was brief and not particularly brilliant. He earned his bread, at that time, in so far as he needed to earn it, as a publisher's reader, a librarian in the Bibliotheque du Senat, and a hack writer of introductions to popular reprints. Some of those introductions are very fine pieces of critical work; and it was natural that he should pass on from them to become the literary critic of Le Temps. In was in this connection that he threw out his famous definition is criticism as "the narrative of the adventures of the critic's soul among the masterpieces"; but reviewing was not, any more than poetry, his true *metier*. "The book of the week" never interested him—he could not be bothered with the writings of his contemporaries. "What they can tell me," he once said, "I know quite as well myself. I learn more from Petronius than from Mendes.' So he dropped criticism as soon as he could afford to do so, and expressed himself instead of interpreting others. He wished to criticize not books, but life; and he felt that fiction would be the most effective medium. There is more pungent criticism of life in his novels than in those of any other novelist of our time—or perhaps, of any time.

Superficially the qualities of Anatole France are pretty much those which earned the late Earl Granville thee sobriquet of "Pussy." He purrs while he scratches, and scratches while he purrs. But he does things which Earl Granville never did—things which no politician can afford to do. That is to say, he "penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value." But he does this in a way of his own, which it needs an education to appreciate. He does not storm and rage like Carlyle; he does not denounce; he is not openly and obviously sarcastic. You see him take a sophism or a prejudice or a fixed idea of any kind and play with it gently, as if he were caressing it. You look again, and lo! the trappings of the sophisms have been stripped off, and it is sitting in its bare bones, very ridiculous, and very much ashamed of itself. He takes, for instance, the boast of the bourgeois politician that all men are equal before the law, and he remarks: "The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." Or he takes those denunciations of "the pride of intellect" which are apt to be hurled from the pulpits of all religious bodies, and he puts these words into the mouth of an Abbe who is trying to help a young man vexed by religious doubts: "It is a great infirmity to think. God preserve you from it my son, as He has preserved His greatest saints and the souls whom He loves with especial tenderness and destines to eternal felicity."

A critic of that temperament cannot be one of the enthusiasts who move mankind. He is apt to despair of his fellow creatures and range himself on the side of the comfortable classes, not because he admires them, but because that is the most comfortable course. Anatole France began by doing that, and continued to do it for a good many years. He gave the impression, for a long time, of being merely a cynic for cynicism's sake. One finds little optimism in his comments on the common people. Of popularity, for instance, he says: "If the crowd ever takes you loyingly into its arms, you will soon discover the vastness of its impotence and of its cowardice." Of the alleged instinct of the populace for justice, he says: "The weak are in the wrong—that is the sum of our morality, my friend. Do you suppose that we are on the side of Poland or Finland? No, no! That is not the way the wind blows at present!" On the strength of such utterances as those the Conservative Party made Anatole France their candidate for the Academy. They were quite surprised when he turned out to be a Radical. What made him a Radical, and, within his limits, an enthusiast, was the Dreyfus case. He saw stupidity allied with oppression, and triumphant. Hating injustice, he hated it the more because he saw it buttressed by folly. He recognizd in the combination an enemy worth fighting, and he "descended," as the French say, "into the streets," and proved himself one of the orators of the party. It is in the study, he still maintains, that the real work is done; the use of the platform being merely to set the machinery in motion. We will leave him with a quotation to that effect. "The visions of the philosophers," he writes, "have in all ages aroused men of action, who have set to work to realize them. Our thoughts create the future. Statesmen work after the plans which we leave behind us."—T. P.'s Weekly.

Men who Loved Clothes.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE attempts what is almost a philosophy of clothes in his "D'Orsay, or The Complete Dandy." He is speaking of the brilliant circle that gathered about Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay in the famous Gore House that Thackeray loved so well. Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Disraeli were of the company. "There were three dandies in this Gore House circle of strangely different temperaments and abilities," says Mr. Shore. "Dickens, a thorough Englishman in almost every habit and instinct, who dressed violently rather than well, sported somewhat fantastic costumes simply because it was the fashion so to do among the young men with whom his growing fame had brought him into contact. In the inner meaning of the word, Dickens was no dandy, but simply a dressy man; his was not the dandiacal temper."

Disraeli, on the other hand, had a touch of the fantastic in his dress, as when he appeared at a dinner party attired in a coat of black velvet lined with satin, purple trousers with gold stripe down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat, lace ruffles down to the fingers' tips, white gloves, with rings worn outside them, and his hair in long black ringlets. And now we have the comparison:—

Dickens was only a clothes-deep dandy; Disraeli was a true dandy as far as he went, but he did not go all the way. He trifled with politics, he did not realize that to be a perfect complete dandy, calls for the devotion of a lifetime. D'Orsay made no such mistake: he was a dandy through and through and all the way; he was a dandy in love affairs, in his toilette, in his clothes, in his sport, and in all the arts of life from cookery down to sculpture. Thus it must be with every great man; he aims at only one target, pulls his bow with all his strength, and shoots only at that one mark. D'Orsay had but one aim, to lead a life of dandified pleasure.

It is a mistake to suppose that a grass widow is always in clover.

You couldn't hurt the feelings of some people with a sledge-hammer.

The people who throw bouquets at themselves can't always pay the florist's bill.

A soft answer sometimes turneth away wrathfully.

Beauty is only skin deep, and most of us are pretty thin-skinned.

A love match has burned many a fellow's fingers.

The principal objection to the spring poet is that he is all write.

The only advice worth taking is the kind we give ourselves.



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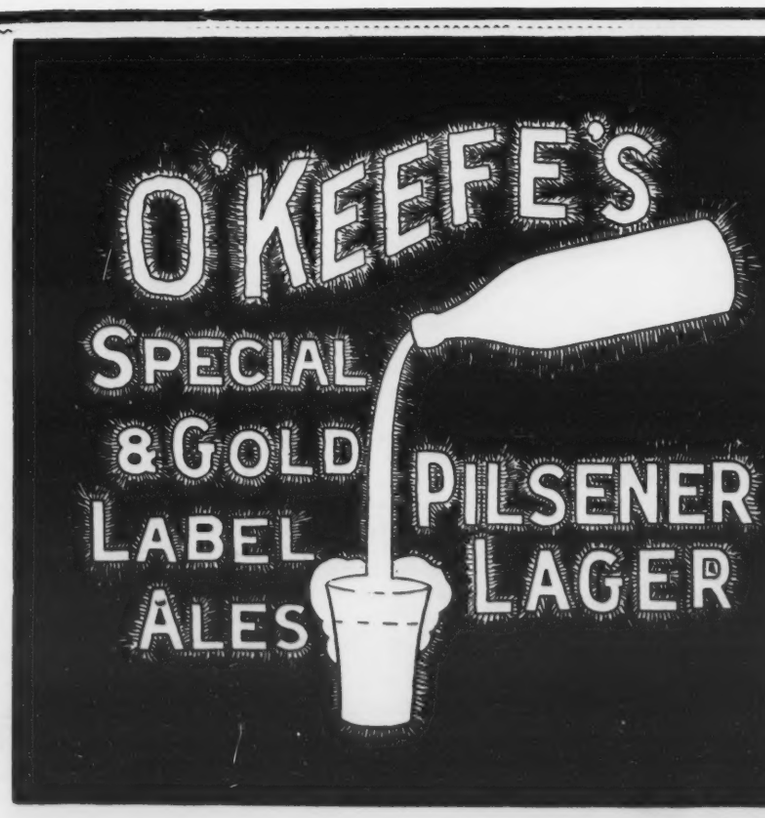
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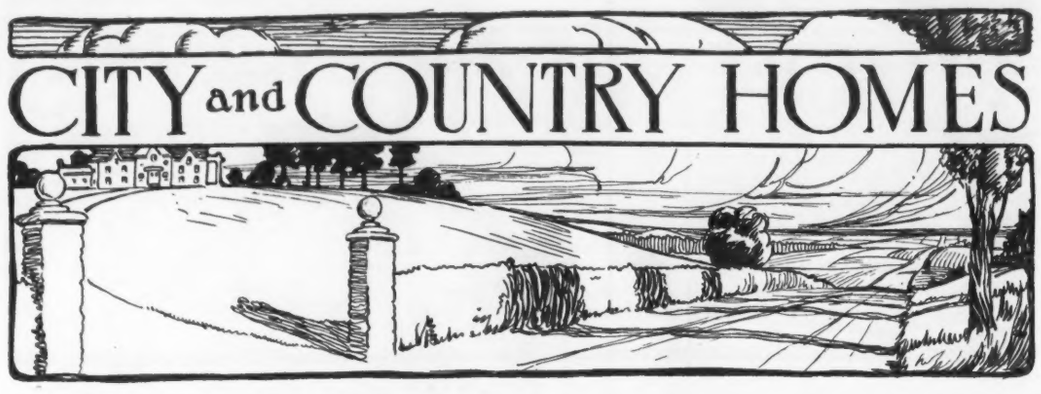
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CITY and COUNTRY HOMES



Home Furnishings for Limited Incomes.

ALTHOUGH no one is so far behind the times as to assert that a tasteful, harmonious house necessarily entails a large expenditure, there is still an enormous impression abroad that the services and knowledge of the decorator are at the command of the well-filled purse only. The woman who is doing-up her house in twenty-five-cent wall papers, and chintzes ranging in price from fifty cents to one dollar a yard, feels that she is quite beneath the attention of the decorator who is wont to expend on a single room what she has planned as the entire outlay for her simple house. But I assure you that though this attitude is characteristic of many pretentious firms, I know of one house at least where the woman who spends only a hundred dollars receives the same careful consideration as the woman who buys on a large scale. And though the majority of the decorations here under way are for the vast establishments of our fashionable colonies, the experience and taste of the management are willingly devoted to the modest customer. Their point of view has kept so well in touch with the needs of the people of refinement, but modest incomes, that they are rich in ideas which produce a distinguished result from humble materials.

For instance, the problem of making the inexpensive suburban house or conventional city apartment attractive, and disguising its impossibilities, has been especially well thought out, and schemes are advised by which the most discouraging of apartments is touched up into a cheerful and livable environment for even the fastidious taste. The main difficulty with living rooms in modest surroundings is that contracted proportions necessitate a number of doors, which results in badly broken wall spaces, making it impossible to obtain a restful atmosphere in the room. To bring a room with little or no wall space up to any artistic standard is not an easy proposition, but it can be done with certain tricks to divert the eye from the real state of affairs. For instance, how often one finds an otherwise good wall broken by a door which, after all, could have been left out, when the room beyond it has another mode of egress. Even when shut, the door still destroys the harmony of that side of the room, unless one can devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. The tone of the pictures should harmonize with the coloring of the door.

For the simple sitting-room, either in town or country, there is no prettier furniture than wicker, but it is important that this should be of the best lines and in a quality warranted to wear. Wicker that has these qualifications is usually expensive, but there is a certain make which, if painted to match the coloring of the room, will be most satisfactory. Its finish unpainted is not quite good enough, but it can be depended on for good service, and in shape it conforms to the best proportions.

An excellent treatment of a narrow space between two windows is shown in the arrangement of a narrow console table. The very term "console" sounds pretentious, bringing to mind costly Italian and French carvings, but it is not necessary to use an expensive piece of furniture; a pleasing result can be produced from simple material. It is far better to be content with good lines and a well chosen color than to descend to poor carving. The proportions, upon which everything depends, must be dictated by the space to be filled and the character of the room.

The question of balance should be as carefully considered in arranging the furniture and ornaments in an inexpensive room as in a costly one, and certain lights or pictures should be arranged in pairs in order to provide for it. The occasional things, such as lamps, tables, ornaments, etc., may be casual.

Although a desk or writing-table is generally one of the largest items in the cost of furnishing, one can again utilize the possibilities of the plain kitchen table by painting it to match the room and using it as a writing-table. There is a lovely shade of mignonette green which will answer well, if it harmonizes with the other furnishings. After all, there are few desks more comfortable to write at than this same kitchen table, with its unbroken top space.

The prices of dining-room sets are frequently enough to discourage the possessor of a modest purse. All that the firms offer such a one is either cheap mahogany or the commonplace mission. But the absolutely simple is never offensive, and a simple pine model may be made to produce a most attractive result. Such a table may be enameled in that same delightful mignonette green. Chairs of simple design to go with this table can be had, which, though in reality kitchen furniture, are excellent in shape.

As to the wall paper for the dining room, a pattern may be procured which costs only fifty cents a roll and is altogether delightful. Though anyone would vote it charming, it takes the eye of the connoisseur to recognize it as one of the oldest and best designs procurable at any price. It is an Old English design, a bird-of-paradise pattern, and is given often in the standard books on decoration. The ground is dead white, with a good deal of the mignonette green in the composition, besides the other tones, and nothing startling in the pattern that one soon tires of.

For the mantelpiece a lacquered green clock might be used, and the green tone could be repeated in inexpensive sash curtains, of plain white muslin, with a three-inch band of green sateen laid around the edges. This sateen washes excellently and comes in a lovely soft shade. If one preferred it, the muslin could be laid in a deep hem and the sateen put inside. This is also effective, but not quite so practical for laundering.

In furnishing the bedroom one should preserve a certain monastic severity. Elaborate hangings and bric-a-brac which catch dust and germs are out of place here. Their absence, however, does not prevent it from being cheerful and attractive. The largest outlay in its equipment will be the bedstead, and this, with the ingenuity of good taste, need cost but little. As a coverlet, one of the forty-five-cent chintzes in a flower design may be employed.

Although there are plenty of inexpensive chintzes to be had, one must use judgment in the selection in order to produce a good effect. And here is where, if ever, one needs the advice of a woman who knows; whose experience and training have given her the discrimination and taste to pick out successfully from a collection of inexpensive designs those that come nearest to good standards, for one must have the right standard to start with in order to produce a result that will be restful and harmonious in all its details.

The most satisfactory papers for bedroom walls are those in plain, delicate colorings. Self-toned, very narrow stripes, or imitations of linen, when combined with cretonnes having a cream ground covered in a lovely design in flowers, birds and landscape effects, make a delightful room. Should one have French doors opening upon the piazza or large, recessed windows in the country house, the newest idea, instead of the usual thin curtains, would be to use curtains of "casement cloth," which is an ivory white in color. These are made with a fall at the top of about a foot in depth, which is finished with a narrow silk fringe of the same color. The light through them in summer is very soft and restful, and if a stronger light is desired they look well partly pushed back.

The best curtains for use in summer houses are made of very fine net. This material is transparent and delicate in appearance, washes perfectly, and yet is strong and durable. It can be had in simple designs and insertions, or in very beautiful imitations of hand embroidery, should more elaborate ones be desired.



ADAPTING THE NEW TO THE OLD.
This is a picture of a new house in Surrey, England, designed to be in character with the old houses in the district.
—The House Beautiful (Chicago).

Valued Antiques.

RECENTLY Wertheimer, the collector, paid $25,200 at a sale at Christie's for a set of three Sevres vases and covers of inverted pear shape, each painted with Dutch peasants feasting and dancing, after Teniers, in a

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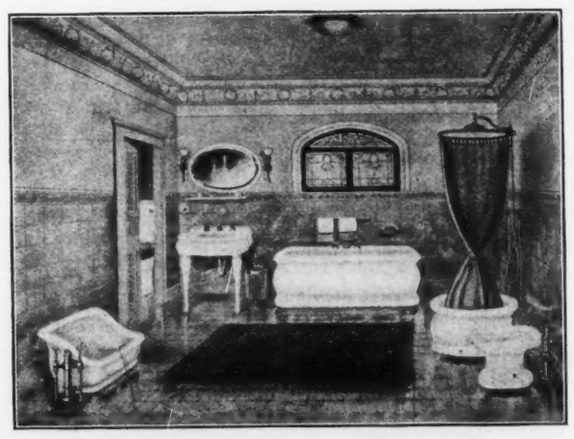
seems to be the keynote of modern architecture. We find in looking over the homes of old citizens that they were nearly all built upon the one plan. To-day every man wants a home that is not common.

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however, owing to its beauty and strength, and the thousands of ways in which it can be treated, is being used by the best homes, apartment houses and buildings being erected. It is universally endorsed by architects because it has stood the test.

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You may ask any of them whether they are satisfied, and we will leave their verdict to settle the heating problem for you. 235

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Drawing room, residence of C. S. Boone, Crescent Road, Toronto—Finished in white enamel with a Renaissance enrichment for plaster ceiling and cornice. The motif for the carving on mantel, which has a molded base of Pavonazzo marble, was taken from a fireplace in Hampton Court. Chadwick and Beckett, Architects.

large heart-shaped panel 14½ inches by 11 inches high. The Duveens bought the Essex ring, said to be the identical one given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, for $17,060. It is a ring of gold, the back engraved with arabesque foliage enamelled blue, the bezel set with a sardonyx cameo of three strata carved with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth viewed in profile turned to the right, wearing headdress and a large ruff.

The Rothschilds secured the Harley ring, an octagonal emerald, for $2,150. These were all the property of the late Lord John Thynne. The Essex ring descended from Lady Francis Devereaux, the Earl of Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter, until it came to Louisa, daughter of John, Earl of Granville, who married Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth and great-grandfather of the late owner.

Other articles sold at Christie's brought these prices: A gubbio dish of old Italian majolica, painted with a subject probably taken from some old Italian romance, signed by Maestro Giorgio and dated 1522, 10½ inches in diameter, $12,600. A gubbio low tazza, painted with a figure of Charity, dated 1531, $4,830. A gubbio dish painted with Saint Pontianus of Spolette in the Lion's Den, dated 1532, $2,885. A faenza low tazza, painted with the Virgin and Child, St. Simeon, an angel and a female saint, $2,570. A Louis XVI. oval tortoise shell snuffbox, mounted with gold borders engraved with ribbons, the lid set with a miniature of a lady wearing a pink and white dress and holding a mask, with a movable arm, the miniature encircled by a border of diamonds, $5,250.

The natives of China use large bells of their own make in many of their temples and monasteries. I have noticed all through Japan and China that the tone of the monastery and temple bells is very soft and smooth, due to the superior quality of the material used in their manufacture and to the absence of iron clapers, the result being a marvellous softness and mellowness of tone. The bells are never swung, being always suspended in a fixed frame, and the sound is produced by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet. This makes the soft tones which are so delightfully melodious.

United State Senator Lafayette Young, of Iowa, at the age of sixty-three, is a regularly enrolled student at Drake University at Des Moines. He is a "special," and when at home attends classes twice a week. The line of study which holds his close attention is astronomy.



Dining room, residence of C. S. Boone, Crescent Road, Toronto—Panelled in San Domingo mahogany, finished in a light natural tone. Chadwick and Beckett, Architects.



Owner's Room, Residence of C. S. Boone, Crescent Road, Toronto, which denotes in Decorative Character the wall treatment and furnishing in the bedrooms throughout. Chadwick & Beckett, Architects.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



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EVERY one concedes that the railroad man must have an accurate watch.

His business requires it.

The Time Inspectors of 180 of the leading American railroads have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD Watch.

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The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent or Boss gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in a 14K. solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

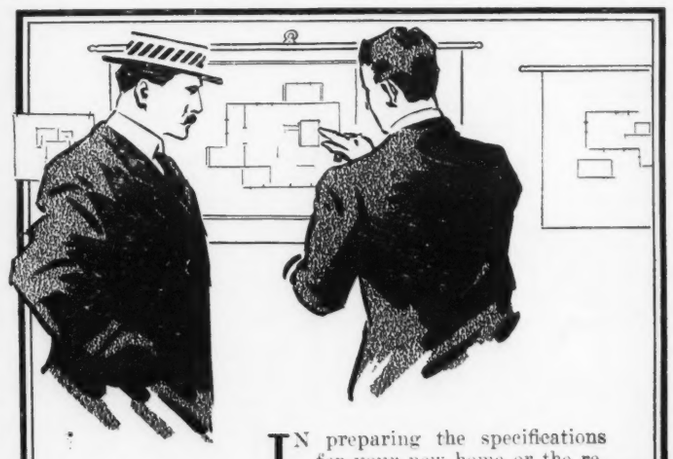
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First Camp from ..... June 5
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Specially low rates for June.
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Royal Muskoka Hotel
LAKE ROSSEAU, ONTARIO
Open June 24th to Sept. 20th, 1911.
Can you imagine a modern city hotel located on an island in the midst of Lake Rosseau, with all of its conveniences for rest and recreation?
The Royal Muskoka is just a delightful afternoon's ride away and offers more inducements for the reasonable rates than any well kept hotel in Canada.
Golf, Tennis, Lawn-bowling, Bathing and Boating.
Write for special June and July rates.
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Yonge Street Wharf, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 7.45 a.m. and 2 p.m. Extra trip holidays, 8 p.m. A beautiful two-and-a-half-hour sail to the greatest natural Summer resort in all Canada. 50c return trip.
PARK HOUSE and cottages now open; furnished cottages $50 to $150 the season.
We can book a few more picnics at a very low rate. Get illustrated booklet from the Grimsby Beach Company, 16 King Street west, Toronto. 'Phone Adelaide 262, or Grimsby Beach, Ont.

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MANOIR RICHELIEU
MURRAY BAY, P. Q.
F. B. HALL, Manager.
TADOUSAC HOTEL
TADOUSAC, P. Q.
(Mouth Saguenay River).
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Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Tennis, Riding and Driving, Bowling, Billiards.
Fishing Camp, Guides and Canoes at TADOUSAC.
Salt Water Swimming Pool at MURRAY BAY.
Address until June 15th, Care Richelieu and Ont. Nav. Co., Montreal.
Immunity from Hay Fever and Malaria.

Position Unrivalled in LONDON.
THE
LANGHAM HOTEL
Portland Place and Regent St., W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
Reduced Inclusive Terms during August and September.

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Daily (except Sunday)

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Strs. Lv. Toronto	7.30	9.00	11.00	2.00	3.45	5.15
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
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"The Finest Restaurant of its kind in Canada"
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"On the Wrong Side of the Street"

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Situated on the banks of Lake Huron, where the sunsets rival Italy. Bowling, Bathing, Boating, Tennis. No mosquitoes or black flies. Nights always cool for sleeping. Mineral water free to guests. This water, which comes from 1,000 feet below the lake level is pleasant to take, is a wonderful appetizer and health restorer. For rates, etc., write the Manager, Box W.

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POWDER
KILLS MOTHS
To keep moths out of furs, clothing, carpets and draperies use Keatings. 188
For sale by all Druggists
In tins only
10, 15, 20, 25c.



The Three Great Prejudices

A DISCUSSION in the Nation of the late Lord Swaythling's will, by which he bound his daughters to remain faithful to the strictest Judaism on pain of losing their estates, has led to the display of some anti-Semitic fireworks from an unexpected quarter. We dislike the spirit of Loard Swathling's will, which in effect, forbids freedom of conscience, but we mistrust nearly as much the dark and mysterious hints of Mr. Chesterton that this kind of thing was only to be expected. Perhaps Mr. Chesterton is an anti-Semite for the purposes of paradox, but, at all events, his words are anti-Semitic enough, literally interpreted, to satisfy M. Edouard Drummont and to be printed in large type in the Libre Parole. According to Mr. Chesterton the Jews are "monopolists and wire-pullers, war-makers, and strike-breakers, buyers of national honors and sellers of national honor"; they wield an "international and largely secret power"; they "sit in the inmost chambers of the State, and control it by a million filaments of politics and finance"; and "the Jew commands the sweat of Whitechapel and the blood of Spion Kop, is a traito r in France and a tyrant in England." When a man as intelligent as Mr. Chesterton, parades both suspicion and prejudice—even though, as we must not forget, paradox leads him too easily to these extremities—we may be certain that prejudice is not nearly done with and that it will rear up its head for many generations to come, in spite of all experience and accumulated disproofs. Prejudice is a drug, and occasionally it is a stimulant; and some of the finest acts of the noblest men have been wrought in sheer prejudice. Without prejudice, which is often the motive of honest souls, those acts would have remained undone. Brilliant and learned men, again, are generally not free from prejudice, which is the human side of preternatural ability. But among all the prejudices with which we are familiar, there are a few which extend from one end of Europe to the other. The first is the prejudice against Jews, the second the prejudice against Freemasons, and the third the prejudice against Jesuits. These may be called the three great prejudices.

Of these three prejudices the worst is that against Jews because a Jew cannot help being a Jew. A man can help being a Freemason or a Jesuit, but to despise a Jew is like despising a hunchback or the victim of any other natural accident. It is right to condemn what may be considered—very often wrongly—Jewish qualities such as narrowness, like Lord Swaythling's, or mercilessness in trading. But it is wrong and undefensible to cultivate a prejudice against man for being born. As Shylock says:

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapon, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not feel? If you tickle, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that."

The anti-Semitic prejudice grows into an obsession even more rapidly than the anti-Freemason and the anti-Jesuit prejudices, though both these are marked obsessions. On the Continent the anti-Semites have some quasis-scientific explanation of their passion: They are rebutting a Semitic immigration in the interests of pure Aryanism. But sordid spite cannot really be exalted into the dignity of a racial vindication. It is less untrue than this to say that anti-semitism is a retrogression to the Jew-baiting of the dark ages. A skilful Jewish apologist could actually have made out a first-class case for an atavistic reversion in the disgraceful scenes in Germany in the seventies and eighties of last century, and in the organized anti-Semitism in France a few years later. How quickly the meta-physical professors of Germany could forget what Bismarck owed to the Jews in securing the unity of Germany, and how delicate the logicians of France could incriminate the Jews when politics made it convenient to forget that Jews are disliked simply because they are too keen as competitors in the markets of the world! Perhaps all prejudices is partially founded on envy. There is an arguable case for thinking so. The Christian is certainly envious of the Jew who sells things much more frequently than he produces them, and thus appears to have the easier and more profitable job. An ingenious observer once described Jewish trade as consisting in "selling things like sponges, of which no one knows the proper price." But we believe in the "filaments" of Mr. Chesterton, and find that a Jew, kindly entreated, will do vast services to his adopted country. But when Jews are persecuted they are driven together; they combine, and may even resemble that atrocious animal of which it was said *cet animal est tres mechant, quand on l'attaque il se defend.* In Great Britain the animal is tame, tractable, and agreeable, under a persistently reasonable treatment.

The prejudice against Freemasonry is of course almost confined to Roman Catholics. They mistrust what threatens, or seems to suspicious minds to threaten, to become an *imperium in imperio.* Freemasonry is a rival to an exclusive authority. It it, moreover, secret; its dimensions are known, and its rites are mystical On the Continent it is held to be, perhaps reasonably, a rationalizing society. Univeral brotherhood is certainly the precise reverse of the universal autocracy of the Pope. The two systems are mutually destructive How odd it seems to us in Great Britain that anyone should promote Freemasonry into a monster! We think of it, perhaps, as a series of dining clubs, as an agreeable oasis of romantic ritual in a commonplace and over-sane world; or regard its lodges as existing in our social system only to rival and keep within due limits the habitations of the Primrose League.

But the Jesuits—they come nearer home to us. Shall we avow a minute prejudice? The stoutest Protestant can keep his eye, if we may be allowed the bull, on the religious orders which are hidden away—the Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, and such like. But these terrible Jesuits come out into the world by profession; they mingle with us; they wear clothes like ours; they try to convert us with intellectual arts and social graces. The Company is "a naked sword whose hilt is at Rome and whose point is everywhere." History has proved its strength. Jesuits checked the Reformation from overflowing Europe; they engineered the counter-Reformation; they became the schoolmasters of Europe and taught their doctrines with permeating ability and commanding grace and courtesy, Dangerous people these! Yet their weakness is also plain in history. The greatness of Spain was upreared on Jesuitry and fell we know how. The France of the Grand Monarch was guided by the carefully drilled dogmatists of the autocratic Company, and when the revulsion came it was an upheaval inspired by rationalism. On the whole, history is reassuring. But the Protestant mind is never comfortable within operative radius if not of the doctrine that the end justifies the means, at any rate of an obedience which renders him who owes it *perinde ac cadaver.*

It is not customary for more than one of three great prejudices to be entertained by the same person. But we know of a certain number of persons who entertain two. We once, however, knew a man—an Italian, a correspondent of the Spectator and a priest—who astonishing as it sounds, sincerely entertained all three! His country, he declared, was in deadly peril from three malign influences—"the Jews, the Freemasons and the Jesuits." That, we take it, is a record. We wonder whether his case is unique. We think it must be, In England, at all events, it would be impossible.—London Spectator.

The Cultivation of Cloves.

CLOVES are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth.

A clove-tree begins to bear at the age of ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and another in December.

The tree is an evergreen, and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting-time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color that proclaims them ready for shipment.

In this country and England cloves are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are employed largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some extent they are used in medicine on account of their tonic properties.

Beggarless Spain.

THE Spanish government has resolved that beggary shall cease throughout Spain. The poor tax has long been a problem in the debt-burdened peninsula. Theatre-goers have been compelled to pay an additional cent on every ticket for poor relief, rich people in the big cities have given lavishly for the support of municipal asylums, which we call poor-houses, but the beggar was still at the gate molesting the passer-by, ringing the wealthy man's door-bell, and contriving by well-simulated cases of epilepsy and paralysis to levy a heavy toll upon the kindly-disposed.

It is related that on a Sunday a nobleman discovered one of his best paid employees in the guise of a blind and disabled beggar by the roadside gathering in alms, and thus doubling his weekly stipend.

It was decided by the government that work should be given, somehow, somewhere, to every man able to labor; and in January last the civil governor of Madrid conferred with the Minister of War with the object of enforcing the provision that every able-bodied man found begging shall be at once drafted into the standing army.

But the most appealing side of the new work for the extinction of beggary is that begun by the mayor of Madrid. All children found begging are taken off the streets to what is called *el campamento de desinfeccion,* where they are fumigated, washed, redressed, classified, and sent to the various municipal asylums to be looked after. Recently a government minister, accompanied by the civil governor of Madrid, an alderman, and the mayor, made a tour of inspection of these camps now being established for men and women as well as children. They expressed themselves as delighted with the work as it is progressing. In two camps near Madrid one hundred and fifty persons have been received at a time. One of these is devoted exclusively to men, the other to women and children. Many of the men are able to work, have expressed willingness if assured of steady wages. Beggars will soon be scarcer than buffaloes in the cities of Spain.

SHE had stopped, panting, by the road to rest. It was the shell road in Bay St. Louis, and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled to over-flowing. A passer-by smiled at her with sympathetic friendliness and she responded with full and free confidence. "Yassm. I is some tiahed. An' lame. All painful wid miseries. Yassm. I coulda done sen' some one else to mahket fo' me. Mah grandson he coulda done gone. But I dasn't trus' him. He spends mah money too briefly."

If some people didn't talk about what they are going to do, they would have nothing to talk about.

We are told that justice is blind, and I suppose that means she's drunk and incapable.



THE LUAL LANGUAGE PROBLEM.

In the Province of Quebec the dual language system is insisted on. Where a street corner bears in English the name of the thoroughfare, there one in the French language must correspond. And so it goes all through civic affairs. Quite recently a Hebrew with a sense of humor wrote the civic officials, complaining that under the circumstances his countrymen were being discriminated against. As they numbered some fifty-five thousand in the City of Montreal, why not have Hebrew signs upon black marias, fire engines, hose wagons and the like? Then along came a Gael, who with patriotic impulse suggested that his countrymen should also be represented. The above cartoon, by A. G. Racey, of the Montreal Star, represents that humorist's idea of what Montreal's public vehicles will look like when all the races are duly represented.

A pure, rich, high grade, flavory coffee. The kind that makes you linger over your cup—such is
Seal Brand Coffee
128
Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.
CHASE AND SANBORN, MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
AS USUAL — G. T. R. LEADS IN SUMMER TOURIST SERVICE.
Charming Muskoka, Beautiful Lake of Bays, Picturesque Georgian Bay, Scenic Algonquin Park, Maganetawan and French Rivers, Peerless Temagami.
Service in Effect June 24th, from Toronto

Muskoka Lakes 2.15 A.M. (DAILY) 12.20 P.M. (DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)	By all means the favorite way is the pioneer route along shore of Lake Simcoe and Lake Couchiching, and across the Severn to Muskoka Wharf, the starting point of the Muskoka Lakes steamer. Do not miss the beautiful sail up Muskoka Lake to Beaumaris and Indian River to Port Carling, thence to Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph. Handsome coaches, buffet and cafe cars. (Night train sleeper open at 9.30 p.m.)
Lake of Bays 2.15 A.M. (DAILY) 10.15 A.M. 12.20 P.M. (DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)	Owing to the ever-increasing popularity of the Lake of Bays Region as a Summer resort, it has been decided to increase the train service, making it quite convenient for Toronto people to visit these delightful Lakes. Night train carries through Pullman Sleepers. Day trains carry Parlor-Library-Cafe and Buffet cars.
GEORGIAN BAY 10.15 A.M. (DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)	New solid train, parlor car and coaches to Penetang Wharf, where steamer Waubic takes you to Honey Harbor, Go-Home Bay, Minnecog, San Souci, Rose Point, Parry Sound, one of the most charming trips in America.
Algonquin Park 1.30 P.M. (Daily Ex. Sunday) 2.15 A.M. (Daily)	Fishermen's and Canoe Lovers' Resort. 2,000,000 acres of Lakes, Rivers and Woods. New Hotel, "Highland Inn," enlarged and improved.
MAGANETAWAN RIVER 8.05 A.M. (Daily Ex. Sunday) 2.15 A.M. (Daily)	Connection at Burk's Falls. Beautiful river trip and good fishing.
French River 8.30 P.M. (Daily)	Connects at North Bay with steamer for French River points. Splendid fishing.
Temagami 8.30 P.M. and 2.15 A.M. (Daily)	The Campers' Paradise. Excellent fishing, and three good hotels—Ronnoco, Temagami Inn and Lady Evelyn. Over 1,400 Islands, and Virgin Forest, unequaled in America.

The Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, Northwest Corner King and Yonge Streets, is the place to go for Tickets, Illustrated Folders and information, or address
A. E. DUFF,
Dist. Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

Notice of Special General Meeting of Shareholders.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company at 228 St. Paul Street, in the City of Montreal, on the 26th day of June, 1911, at 12.30 o'clock, p.m., for the following purposes:

A.—To consider, and, if deemed advisable, to ratify and confirm a resolution passed at a meeting of Directors of the Company held on the nfteenth day of June, 1911, increasing the Capital Stock of the Company to a total amount of Ten Million dollars, and to authorize the Directors to issue from time to time shares of the Company to the amount of such increased capital for such purposes and upon such terms and conditions as they may deem advisable.

B.—To consider, and, if deemed advisable, to ratify, confirm and adopt a certain agreement made by the Company, under the authority of the resolution of the Directors, with the British Maritime Trust, Limited, and others, on the eighth day of May, 1911, providing among other things, for the purchase by the Company of a majority of the shares of the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario, Limited, and of Inland Lines, Limited, to be paid for by the issue of fully paid stock of the Company, and to authorize the Directors to do all things necessary or advisable to carry out the terms thereof.

C.—To elect five additional Directors of the Company.

The Agreement hereinabove referred to may be seen at the Offices of the Company at any time during office hours.

By order of the Board,
F. PERCY SMITH,
Secretary.
Montreal, June 15th, 1911.

COSGRAVE'S
HALF AND HALF
has been the choice of critical beer drinkers for almost half a century.
Best for all occasions.
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY ONLY





KNITTED COATS
FOR
Ladis' and Children's Wear

Just now we are showing a good range of these coats, which have been marked down in order to effect a clearing, and there are some specially good values in the lot

LADIES' KNITTED COATS, white, grey and champagne colors; three-quarter and full length; from **$3.50** to **$6.00.**

LADIES' COATS, real hand knitted; white, grey, mauve, and plum shades. Special, from **$5.00** to **$8.00.**

SWEATER COATS, all plain and combinations of colors; Cardigan ribbed. Special at **$4.00.**

CHILDREN'S COATS, in Norfolk or buttonup side, with low stand collar; made from fine soft wool. **$2.00.**

We Knit Special Coats to Order.

WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. W.

Fine Flavor
AMBER ALE

Fine flavor, snap and brilliancy are the characteristic features of our AMBER ALE. It pleases everybody.

The Toronto Brewing Co. Limited



Daniel Stone
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
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Births, Deaths and Marriages.

MARRIAGES.

ALE HARRIS—CASSELS—On Wednesday, June 14th, 1911, at 3.30 o'clock, St. Andrew's Church, King Street, Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Ballantyne officiating, took place the marriage of Miss Margaret Cassels, daughter of Hamilton Cassels, K.C., to Mr. Spencer Dale Harris, of Montreal, eldest son of W. Dale Harris, of Ottawa.

LEMIN—DAVIS—On June 14th, Rev. A. Siemin, of Coldwater, to Miss Dolly Davis.

Ennui is a disease that attacks people who are so lazy they get tired thinking.

Even on the straight and narrow path there are plenty of toll gates.



DIRECTLY after a heavy fog which visited London several years ago the Daily Telegraph (one of the leading London papers) offered a prize of £5 for the best fog incident. The winner of the prize was a young clerk in a London office, whose home was out in the suburbs. He attempted to reach home as usual by the suburban train, but that being several hours' late on account of the fog, it was in the small hours of the morning when he reached home. Next morning his employer received the following telegram from him: "Sorry can't come up to-day; haven't got home yesterday."

* * *

FARMER GILES had heard rumors of the short-weight scandal, but as for himself, he was honest in thought, word and deed. He was naturally incensed when an apple-buyer from the city objected to his half-bushel measure.

"I've used that red bucket five years," he said, "and I know it's correct."

"A dozen years wouldn't affect it's correctness,' was the reply. "Have you any other reason for thinking it is correct?"

The farmer controlled his anger, and after a moment's thought led his critic to the corn-crib and showed him a basket woven from hickory splits. "That measure twice fills this," he said. "And this holds exactly a bushel."

"How do you know it does?"

"Because Bill Sullivan made it, as he makes baskets for everybody, and he said it was a bushel."

Still the man was not satisfied. They went to interview Bill.

"Why, of course," said the basket-maker. "I weave every one of them of an exact size. I make only one pattern basket to hold a bushel."

"But how do you know the pattern holds a bushel?"

"How do I know? I'm sure of it. I made it, originally, to hold two of this half-bushel basket."

"And this half-bushel basket?"

Bill frowned and pulled his hair in an effort to remember. Then his face brightened.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm sure of it. I tried it one time, Giles, by that old red bucket measure of yours!"

* * *

IN 1888 Mark Twain received from Yale College the degree of master of arts, and the same college made him a doctor of literature in 1901. A year later the university of his own State, at Columbia, Missouri, conferred the same degree, and then, in 1907, came the crowning honor, when venerable Oxford tendered him the doctor's role. "I don't know why they should give a degree like that," he said, quaintly. "I never doctored any literature: I wouldn't know how."

* * *

A GERMAN gentleman wanted to take a day's drive through the country. He applied to a stable for a horse and carriage. The owner, not knowing the German, was slow to give him the team. Finally the German pulled out a roll of banknotes and said: "I will buy your horse and rig, providing you will buy them back at the same price when I return this evening." The dealer, not wishing to offend a probable future customer, consented. When in the evening the German presented himself and expressed his pleasure at the ride, the dealer, according to agreement, paid him back his money, and the customer started to take his leave. "I beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed the dealer; "but you have forgotten to pay for the hire, you know." "Pay for the hire? Why, my dear sir," coolly replied the German, "I fail to see that. If you will exercise your memory a trifle you will agree that I have been driving my own horse and carriage all day, and now you have bought them back they are yours. Good-day, sir!" And he left the astonished dealer to reflect.

* * *

"NO, sir," said a clerk to his employer, "I don't think there's anything unreasonable in my asking for an increase of salary. You may remember that you promised me a raise when I had been with you a year."

"I know I did," rejoined the employer; "but didn't I make it conditional on your giving me every satisfaction?"

"And in what way, sir, haven't I given you satisfaction?" asked the clerk.

"In what way?" replied the employer, with a show of anger. "Do you think you are satisfying me in asking for an increase of salary?"—Wasp.

* * *

THERE was an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness made a fortune, and he did it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan: "Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird." "B-u-r-d," said Duncan. "I tell you you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred you can't spell bird." "I'll tak' ye," quickly replied Duncan. After the money was put up Duncan said: "B-i-r-d." "That ain't the way you spelled it the first time." "I wisna' bettin' then."

* * *

HE was an immaculate servant. To watch him serve a salad was to watch an artist at work. To hear his subdued accents was a lesson in the art of voice-production. He never slipped, he never smiled, and his mutton-chop whiskers marked him as one of the old and faithful stock. But one evening, to the surprise of his master, he showed unaccountable signs of nervousness. When the chicken came on, he confused it with the pheasant. He served everything in the wrong order, made blunder after blunder, and put a final touch to his shame by upsetting the salt over the only superstitious member of the party. Then, at last, when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, he touched his master on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said in a respectful undertone, "but could you manage to spare me now? My house is on fire."

* * *

"I HAVE tried to do my duty as I saw it," sighed the magazine editor, smiling wanly as the nurse adjusted the pillow under his head.

"Don't exert yourself too much," begged the members of the staff, who had gathered about him to say farewell.

"I will not. But before I pass on I want to say that though my name shall be recorded in oblivion and things will go on much as they are now in spite of my absence from this sphere of effort. I have at least been consistent in my direction of the magazine. I call you all solemnly to witness that never, never, never have I run a football story in the November number. Never did we have a football story in which the beautiful heiress sat in the grandstand and cheered her sweetheart until he could run 200 yards in spite of a broken leg, a dislocated shoulder and a lost ear, thereby winning the game and her true young heart."

With tears of confirmation the staff nodded.

"And," the dying editor went on faintly, "I want my last words to be remembered. In spite of all temptation, I have steadily and steadfastly refused to print articles on the scientific side of baseball in the May number. I've printed Christmas poems and articles on woman suffrage and diaries of polar explorers, but, my friends, I go into the hereafter with my conscience clear on these two points, at least."

It was all over, and as the sorrowing staff left the room one of them took from his pocket the proofs of an article on "Long Distance Signalling in Baseball and the Ultimate Utility of the Aeroplane in the National Sport."

* * *

"I HAVE always fancied," a correspondent writes, "that in the matter of odd personal relationships, there was nobody in English history at all like Robert Boyle, the eminent man of science, who was described as 'the father of English chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork.' But this worthy, your readers may be interested to learn, has a rival in the renowned Devonian. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'the father of electrical science and half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh.' This delightful touch I found the other day in the Borough Guide to Dartmouth, a two-penny booklet 'issued under the auspices of the Dartmouth Town Council and of the United Devon Association.'"

* * *

UNDER ordinary conditions, he was a man of prominence—but, as he ascended the steps of his residence, very early in the morning, it was very evident that he desired to be as much otherwise as possible. The cabby was lingering near by to see that his charge was safely disposed of for the night. The door opened before the man on the steps could get the key to work, and he was greeted with the question: "Henry, where have you been?" (Silence.) "Henry! Where Have You Been?" (He turns to descend the steps.) "Are you going to answer my question?" "Yes, dearie heart, I sure am. From my personal knowledge, beloved o' my soul, I can't give th' desired inf'mation. So you jest lay down again while I go back an' ask th' hack driver!"

The piano next door is always out of tune.

The trousseau and the honeymoon usually wane together.

It takes a certain amount of cheek to kiss a girl. Also lips.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE POLE.

The Foreman: They're not much t' luk at now. But jist go back t' bed, sorr, an' whin ye git up again we'll hov th' woires on thim. Sure, that 'll make all the difference in th' world. —Harper's Weekly.



FAIR WARNING.

New York Cop: "Hey! What you killing that guy for?"
Thug: "None o' yer business!"
New York Cop: "Now, don't get fresh, or I'll run you in!" —Puck.

Jaeger Underwear for Midsummer Wear

Jaeger Pure Wool light weight underwear gives perfect comfort in the hottest weather yet prevents a chill when cooler days or cold damp nights come around.

Jaeger Pure Wool is guaranteed against shrinkage.

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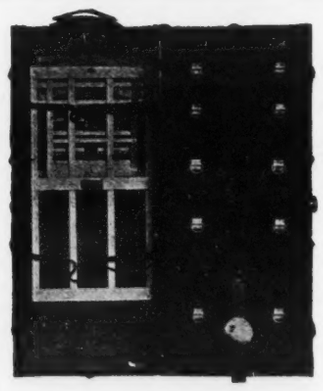
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Apart from the comfort, convenience, and completeness of a Wardrobe Trunk as the actual travelling requisite, when you have reached your destination—especially your summer home—see what it would mean to you not to have to disturb your costumes and dresses, but just leave them hanging in the wardrobe trunk as you would have them in your city—in closet or wardrobe—and then on the opposite side to that, one has a complete "Chest of Drawers" to carry the smaller things in wearing apparel. In packing a "Julian Sale" wardrobe trunk, all you have to do is to transfer the contents of the cheffioniere and your wardrobe to the corresponding locations in the "Julian Sale" Wardrobe Trunk, and the trick is done. Hard, rigid, splendidly built—they give imperishable wear.

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The BOOKSHELF

FULLY aware that irritation is the fruitful mother of prejudice, we nevertheless confess to an intense irritation against Archibald Henderson's "Mark Twain," says the New York Evening Post. We are irritated at seeing a slender volume of two hundred odd pages partitioned off ponderously into separate books, such as the Man, the Works, the World-Wide Genius, and the Philosopher and Moralist; not to mention the introduction and the appendix. We are irritated at seeing the opportunities for repetition offered by this method completely utilized by Mr. Henderson. We are irritated at the whole procedure of analyzing the "philosophy" of a man like Mark Twain. At college, of course, we all learned from Friedrich Paulsen's book that every man has his philosophy; but that does not mean that the philosophies of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand call for profound investigation.

Mark Twain, we would recall, was an eminently simple person, with the honest likes and dislikes of the ordinary simple, honest citizen. Furthermore, he was a humorist; and what profit is there in trying to analyze the Weltanschauung of humorists? Since the beginning of time, their outlook and their business have been always the same; to concentrate on the incongruities of life, to administer a fillip to the fool, and a thwack to the hypocrite, and to say aloud under the immunity of the jester's license what most honest people think in their hearts. Gifted with laughter, and crowned with vast popularity, Mark Twain was in a position to say the manly and courageous word of criticism on many subjects of contemporary interest. But that is what the tribe has been doing since Aristophanes, and that is why the "philosophy" of Mark Twain irritates us.

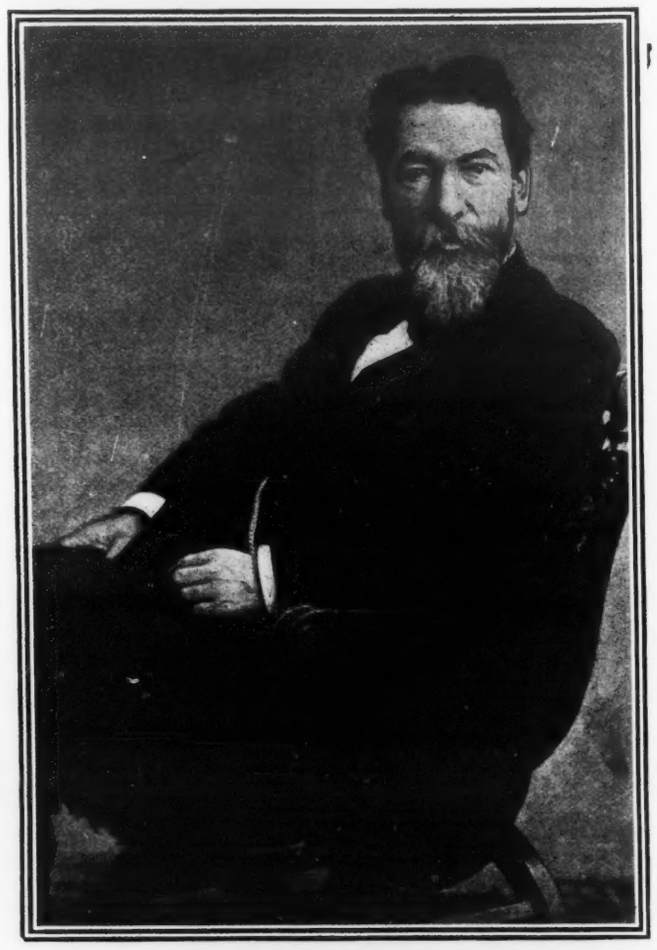
Furthermore, we are irritated at the whole business of writing books so soon after the death of a man, who, during his lifetime, was so enormously paragraphed and estimated that virtually no material has been left for the definitive historian. Mr. Henderson's book is a case in point. It adds nothing to what has already been said about Mark Twain, with the possible exception of the story regarding the true origin of the famous nom-de-guerre. Mark Twain's fame abroad is also dwelt upon to an unusual length, and we are supplied with an impressive list of presumably every European publication in which anybody has said anything about the man; but the value of such a compilation is not quite clear.

* * *

PARNELL is one of the brilliant men who figure in the pages of Sir W. F. Butler's Autobiography. The writer once visited Parnell on his Irish estate. He carried away with him this vivid impression: "Parnell was quite unlike any other man that I had ever met. Tall and strikingly handsome, there was in him something beyond definition or description. It was power utterly careless of its possession, seemingly unconscious of its own strength, unaggressive in its mastery, unstudied, impassive, without one touch of haughtiness. He was usually silent, but saying what he wanted to say in the straightest words: never offensive, always fair; always thinking, but never absorbed in his thoughts; thoughtful of others; alive to everything around him; entirely without pose or pretence; even in temper; showing breeding to his finger-tips. You say all these things, and you might say fifty other things about him, and yet you are conscious that you have said nothing; and the reason is this, that you might just as well attempt to describe the flight or passage of a Marconi telegram through space as to set down in words the secrets of this man's pre-eminence."

Naturally Cecil Rhodes plays a prominent part in the Butler reminiscences. Sir William was made military commander in South Africa not long after the Jameson raid, and for three months was civil commander as well. Rhodes started humbly enough:

One of his earliest ventures was in a small steam engine of six horse-power, which he had brought by wagon from Port Elizabeth. He used it for making ice-cream, a delicacy in prodigious demand among the diggers and thirsty denizens of Kimberly. He was in partnership with two other men, one of whom carried the water, and the other distributed the ice-cream to the community. Money came in. All at once a thunderstorm broke over Kimberly, and the diamond pit was flooded. The demand for ices ceased, but the pit had to be pumped out, and there was only one engine to do it. Rhodes took the contract. It was for some thousands of pounds. A friend came and said, "Take care about that water; if you have not a secure place into which to pump it, it will all run back again into the mine." A clause was inserted in the contract, stipulating that the mine management was to be responsible for storing the water when it was pumped out. Just as the last buckets were up, the dam of the temporary reservoir burst, and the whole volume ran back into the pit again. Another contract to pump followed, at twice the amount of the first. That was the beginning of Mr. Rhodes's fortune; the rest is known.



PROF. RAOUL PICTET.

The Swiss biologist who has shown in a recent volume that the life of fish, frogs, and other lower forms may be suspended for an indefinite period and restored.

—American Press.

Rhodes was a bitter enemy and a generous friend. Every man had his price, he thought, and if he was worth buying he was bought.

* * *

"None Other Gods." By Robert Hugh Benson. Published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

THIS is a rather depressing but well written novel dealing with a gnentleman vagabond. Most tales that deal with gentlemen vagabonds are joyful offerings, but Father Benson (for the author is a priest in the Roman Catholic Diocese of Westminster, England, and has written many religious books) takes a very gloomy view of life. His hero is the son of Lord Algarth, who through unrest of soul becomes a tramp and a pauper wandering over the roads of England. Many episodes show his beautiful disposition but he is a failure in all he attempts. Finally he is kicked to death by a drunken compaion who thinks he has been wronged by the wanderer. The tragedy occurs just when he has come into his title and estates. The dying man returns to the faith of the ancient days of his family and passes away with the Rosary in his hands. The concluding passage is:

"Then his head sank once more and the Failure was complete."

There is some excellent character drawing in the pictures of the low side of London life and these passages are not unrelieved by humor.

* * *

"The Justice of the King." By Hamilton Drummond, author of "The King's Scapegoat," "Shoes of Gold," etc. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

THIS is a book which should appeal to those readers, mostly young, who like their history in the form of fiction. Mr. Drummond is by no means a Sir Walter Scott, but his style is not without literary quality, though it never troubles one with subtleties. When on the first page it speaks of a King who "sat aloof, quiet in the sunshine, his dogs sleeping at his feet, his eyes closed, his hands waxen, almost transparent and bird's claws for thinness, spread out to the heat,"—what reader does not know that it is our old friend Louis XI. of France, Mr. Drummond is writing of. As usual he proves himself a ferocious old person and is the central figure of intrigues innumerable. Nor does the author forget to introduce the poet Francois Villon, so that the wandering reader finds himself among friends from the romantic drama and historical romance that have long served to entertain. Mr. Drummond evidently prides himself on his considerable fund of archæological knowledge and introduces it at all times. For instance, in the last chapter when an assassination is in prospect the author pauses to tell us that one of the characters loosened a lamp wick in its socket "with the silver pin nanging from the lamp for that purpose." At such a crisis this information seems an excess of detail. Had he loosened it with a dirk the incident might have been important.

* * *

"Mental Efficiency." By Arnold Bennett. Publish d by The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto.

THIS brochure, for it is hardly more than that, is further entitled "And Other Hints to Men and Women." It is another book of good counsel like "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day," and is full of energizing suggestions. Mr. Bennett himself works as hard as any literary man or journalist living and accepts hard work in a blithesome way. He is bubbling over with ideas on every subject from physical exercise to the immortality of the soul and his reflections are not only expressed with nervous force, but are themselves provocative of healthy thought in the mind of the reader. The "get up" of the book is most attractive.

* * *

"The Moving Finger," a romance. By E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "The Lost Ambassador," "The Illustrious Prince," etc. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Price, $1.25.

ONE of the really inspiring things in current literature is the industry of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Books may come and books may go, but the typewriter which produces the Oppenheim thrillers seems to run on forever. Every few months a new volume flows out of that much-enduring machine; and never did typewriter better deserve the name of "mill," as they are known in the slang of newspaper offices. It would not be surprising to learn that E. Phillips Oppenheim was really a syndicate, a factory. And considering the quantity of the output, its quality is remarkably high. There is always lots of plot, with no end of action, and abundance of local color—even though it may be somewhat recklessly splashed on. And Oppenheim certainly has that prime essential of success in his craft, the knack of spinning a yarn.

His latest is as good as a dozen others—and no better. It deals with a dreamy and conversational boy, who is given five hundred pounds by an eccentric benefactor and told to make his way in the world. He becomes a student of occultism, and after a somewhat shady career as a director of fortune-telling establishments, he finally devotes his life to the higher phases of the alleged science. So far as one can make out from a hurried perusal of the rather confused story, the hero murders a judge by occult means, and tries to kill his original benefactor with a shot-gun. But in the end we are shown him standing majestic upon the mountain-side, while around him hovers the ineffable purity of Alpine snow. The book is inconsistent, and at times frankly silly, but it is entertaining for all that.

* * *

"The Ladies' Battle." By Molly Elliott Seawell. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE key note of this sane and ably written pamphlet against the woman's suffrage movement is struck in the following paragraph:

"In conclusion, it is my earnest hope and belief that the sound good sense of American women will defend them from suffrage, and protect their property privileges, their right to maintenance from their husbands, and their personal dignity. And if the women of this country will unite upon any true reform, such as the abolition of divorce, I believe their power to be so great that they can carry through measures which thinking men desire, but cannot effect without the assistance of women. I believe that the most important factors in the state are the wives and mothers who make of men good citizens to govern and protect the state, and I believe woman suffrage to be an unmixed evil."

Mrs. Seawell argues her case with rare skill and with a grace of style that should make her book good reading even for those who disagree with her.

* * *

"Nonsense Novels." By Stephen Leacock. Published by The Publishers Press, Montreal.

THESE clever skits on the prevaling styles in fiction were originally published in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT under the title "Novels in Nutshells," and many of our readers will welcome them in book form for they are the kind of matter that may be re-perused in many an idle hour when more serious literature palls on one. Mr. Leacock is the singular combination of political economist and airy humorist, much as the late Lewis Carroll was both a purveyor of delicious nonsense and an expert in the higher mathematics. No one reading this book would suspect that Mr. Leacock was a college professor. His burlesque novels rank with the best work of Bret Harte and Artemis Ward in this field and have a rollicking flavor all their own.

* * *

"Cliff Sterling Behind the Line." A novel, by Gilbert Patten. Published by David McKay, Philadelphia.

THE youths who have read the other books in which Cliff Sterling has figured are aware of the fact that he is a paragon of all the virtues moral and physical that are most admirable in healthy adolescence. In this book he is on the football eleven of Fairfield College and he proves a "rip snorter." This is what his college chums sing about him:

"Oh, Stirling's a lad to our notion,
A prince 'mongst the brave and the fine!
We hail him with pride and devotion,
The cyclone that backs up the line."

The author is obviously familiar with the metrical style of the average student and it is to such individuals that this book makes its appeal.

NEW BOOKS WORTH WHILE

THE PATRICIAN, by John Galsworthy—a subtle story of the highest stratum of British society wort.. reading if only for its exception beauty of style.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, by Owen Wistar—Breezy sketches of the American West as known to a generation now passing, written by a man with first hand information.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE, by Vaugnan Kester—Tennessee and the Mississippi in the days "befo' the Wah," described in a romance of unusual charm and interest.

THE WAR MAKER, by Horace Smith—The remarkable career of Captain George Boynton, an American filibuster and pirate.

THE GREAT ILLUSION, by Norman Angell—A business man's masterly exposition of the futility of war.

THE CABIN, by Stewart Edward White—Story of a delightful camp and of the author's friends—on two feet and four.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS, by Ford Madox Hueffer—Entertaining recollections of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

FROM MEMORY'S SHRINE, by Carmen Sylva—A book of reminiscences by a queen, who is also a charming woman and gifted writer.

MAKERS OF CANADA, index and dictionary—A work of reference on Canadian history which should be on every library table.

THE WORLD OF LIFE, by Alfred Russel Wallace—The summing up of a lifetime of scientific investigation and serious thought.

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FOR CONSTIPATION
BUY IT BY THE BOTTLE NOT BY THE GLASS
A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning. For sale at all Druggists and Chemists.
A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES



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bottled beers has been earned by Anheuser-Busch for "The Old Reliable"
Budweiser
It's impossible to improve upon its Quality and Purity, becuse it is brewed only from the best materials and thoroughly aged in the largest storage cellars in the world. Its mildness and low percentage of alcohol makes it friends everywhere.
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A Rigid Shaving Edge
The GILLETTE blade, thin enough to take a perfect temper, yet held absolutely rigid between the two plates of the frame, shaves as no other razor can shave.
You know how the thin, tapering edge of the old-fashioned open-blade razor vibrates till it fairly rings when it strikes a stiff beard. The thin blades of other safeties are free to do the same. That's partly why they pull and gash.
But the GILLETTE edge, the keenest and finest of all, is clamped so firmly that it cannot vibrate or spring away from its work. Note how the curved outer plate presses the blade down tight against the teeth of the guard, making the edge perfectly rigid. That is why it slips through the toughest beard so smoothly, quietly and easily.
The genuine comfort of the GILLETTE shave is a revelation. Why deprive yourself of it any longer?
Standard Sets $5.00 — Pocket Editions $5.00 to $6.00.
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Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.
241

More beer is produced in the United States than in Germany or Great Britain. Much American beer is sent to Canada, Cuba, and Panama.

Tact is simply a realization of the fact that the truth must be hand with care.

In talking to a woman no m's conversation is so flat that he n't make it flatter.

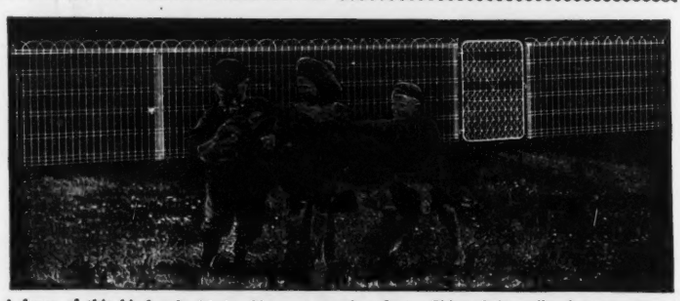


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THE CIGARETTE PAR EXCELLENCE
IS ALWAYS

PALL MALL

Ordinay Size
A shilling in London,
A quarter here.

H.I.M. The Kings Size
A long after dinner smoke.
35¢ Per package.



A fence of this kind only 16 to 22c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also, Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

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AGED, mellowed and cured to remove the "nip" and greenness, ORINOCO yields a bland, inimitable flavor and aromatic fragrance delightful to the smoker of cultivated taste. Cool, too, and mild.

"Avast," likewise "heave to." "Make fast" to the dealer's counter and call out for Orinoco. Offer you a substitute? Not much! His "main sales" are in Orinoco. But—if he does, look "stern" then "bow" and say: "No thanks, Orinoco for mine. There's nothing in smoking can carry me 'over the line' into real pipe-pleasure like Orinoco." It's worth insisting on; it's worth persisting in.—Get it.

In packages and tins.

TUCKETT, LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

Royal Privileges

THERE are many curious matters of law, of rule and regulation and of etiquette, which constitute the divinity which "doth hedge a King." For some there are historical reasons in their origin, for others such reasons still exist, others are mere matters of admitted propriety, others simply the crystallization of long custom and observance. In some matters the King of England is governed by statute. in others he and his mere wishes are supreme.

The constitutional position of the Sovereign accounts for one difference. The Sovereign pays no rates or taxes. The reason for this is that theoretically all taxes are levied in the King's name for the purpose of carrying on the Government, and that —as in fact it would have been before the days of the Civil List—to tax the income of the King for the purpose of defraying the King's expenditures was simply taking money from one of his pockets to put it into another. So stringently is this theory adhered to that the exemption from taxation extends no further than the person of the Sovereign, and all other members of the Royal Family are subject to the same taxation as the rest of the people.

If the King proposes to visit a theatre, notice is sent beforehand, and the Royal box, in those theatres which possess one, is sold subject to the condition that it must be given up if intimation is received that its use is required by His Majesty.

It is the accepted etiquette that the King never writes a letter. Those who need to correspond with His Majesty who are aware of the right procedure usually write to the King's Secretary, or a member of the Household, asking that the matter in question should be placed before the King, but petitions for the exercise of the prerogative in any form on matters of State are required to be submitted through the Home Office.

The King does not accept invitations, and a visit of any form is not preceded thereby, but by his intimation that he will pay it. In other words, he always invites himself, and in matters of social intercourse the same etiquette extends to other members of the Royal Family.

If the King proposes to visit any house, a list of the proposed guests has to be submitted to him beforehand, and this list the King revises, striking out and adding names at his pleasure.

The King never accepts a present from a private person, except, of course, his own relatives, and never permits the dedication of a book to himself if there is the smallest likelihood of the exploitation of this dedication for commercial purposes. The rule, however, is relaxed to the extent of the frequent acceptance of copies of books from the authors, but in such cases the book is required to be bound according to a specified pattern.

Whether it was established etiquette or only personal inclination, it is difficult definitely to state, but at the time of his accession King Edward resigned his membership of all the clubs to which he belonged, and he was a member of a number.

The only clubs to which King George belonged were the United Service and the Marlborough. King Edward resigned all his offices as a Freemason on his accession, but King George has never been initiated into the craft.

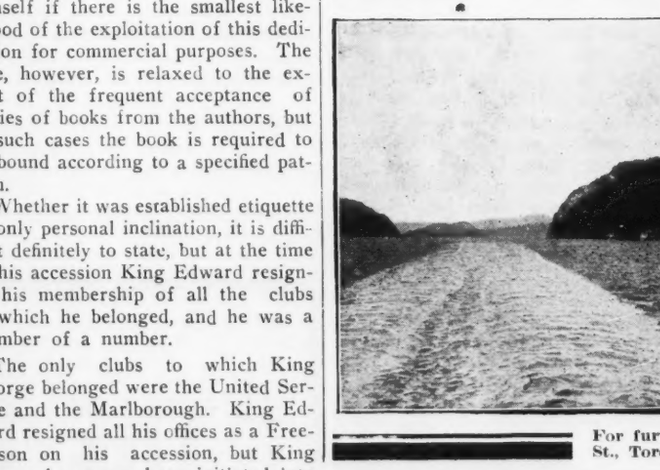
The Queen Consort, although a subject, has always had a unique position in the eyes of the law, as she has always been regarded as free from the disabilities of a married woman, and in all matters of property, contract, and procedure she ranks as a *femme sole*.

The use of the Royal "we," though still preserved in formal documents of any kind, like the old-time "touching for the King's evil," is gradually lapsing into disuse, King Edward having followed the example of Queen Victoria in his three messages, "To my People," "To My People Beyond the Seas," and "To the Princes and People of India," which were written in the first person singular.

The King has no surname, and though undoubtedly he is a peer—the first among peers—as Sovereign he never now sits in the House of Peers, but the Cap of Maintenance is still carried before him in his Palace of Westminster as a sign of his right of peerage.

The King's motor cars carry no number, and his chauffeurs are not amenable for exceeding the speed limit.

The King cannot bind his successors in the exercise of the Royal prerogative, for the simple reason that there is no way of enforcing the obligation, inasmuch as the King cannot be sued in his own courts, and until the advent of King George on the throne the King had not hitherto found it expedient to take any action in a court of law to clear his good name or that of any member of his family.



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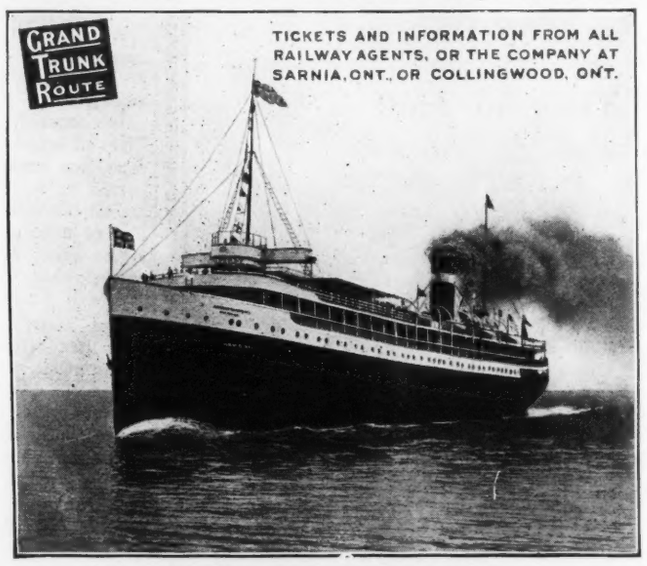
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Enough for Once.

A BOY twelve years old with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

"Dear sir: Please excuse James for not being present yesterday.

"He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung onto licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had I had to give him another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time.

"He thinks he will attend regular in future."— Dundas Advertiser.

Even the man who stands on the pedestal of his own dignity sometimes has to climb down and hustle.

On the theory that it is never too late to mend, lots of people coddle their bad habits indefinitely.

Lost on the Lake.

OUR British cousins have been accused of being devoid of humor for so long that the following yarn is told to remove the imputation in a measure. Not so very long ago an Englishman, just across, visited Sandpoint, one of the large lumbering towns in the Northwest. Practically the entire town and country are owned by the Humbird Lumber Company. The Englishman was taken out into the great pine forests, where immense white pines tower on every side.

"To whom does this forest belong?" he asked.

"To the Humbird Lumber Company," was the answer.

He was shown through the large lumber plant and informed that it belonged to the Humbirds. The fine bank building, the great department store, rows upon rows of dwelling houses, all belonging to the same corporation.

As a crowning treat he was taken for a spin around Lake Pend Oreille in a swift launch. Upon their return, while standing upon the dock, he asked:

"May I ask who owns this lake?"

"Oh, it belongs to God."

"Aw, really, is that so? Now, would you mind telling me how He managed to get it away from Mr. Humbird?"—Outing Magazine.

A Spring-board Nose.

THERE is a peculiar insect, found in the Malay Peninsula and called the "lantern-fly," which is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made without the aid of its wings. It was only after several specimens had been captured by European naturalists and brought west for careful examination that it was discovered that a curious projection on the front of the insect's head, a kind of nose with a crease in it, was the leaping organ. When bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released it sends the little creature flying.

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Is the Lehigh Valley route to New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, via Niagara Falls. Leaving Toronto 4.32 p.m. and 6.10 p.m. Literature and further particulars call at 8 King Street east.

The rock of adversity generally has a little rye on the side.

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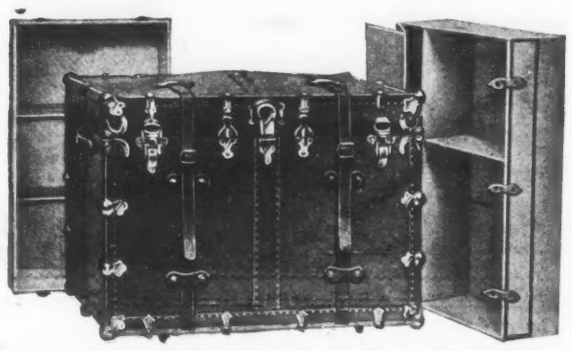
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Everywhere one goes little tag ends of conversation heard from passersby tell that holiday time is drawing near, and that plans for the Summer outing are being eagerly discussed. Clearly, it's time to talk of Trunks and such like, for no matter where you go, or in what month, luggage must be taken. It may be you will require only a trunk, or a suit case, or a handbag, but whatever it is we have it. Our big new stock of Travelling Goods occupies nearly half the floor space of a greatly enlarged basement. It includes:

Steamer Trunks.	Suit Cases.
Square Trunks.	Club Bags.
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Etc., etc.	

We are always glad to show the splendid assortments in this department and to explain the latest "wrinkles" for the comfort of travellers embodied in the new designs for 1911. If you reside at a distance from Toronto, write for our Catalogue No. 47.

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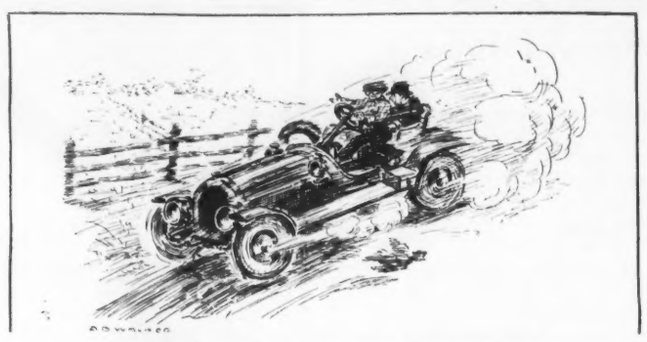
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10



"Pretty fine crop of corn and beans in that field, eh?"
"Looks like succotash to me."

—Harpers Weekly.

The House Committee's Troubles

PERHAPS the next worst thing to being blackballed is to be admitted to a club and then put on the house committee. There is a story of a new member of a big New York club who, on the occasion of his first visit, asked a fellow member where to put his overshoes. "Wipe them off on me," replied the old member, "I'm a member of the house committee."

In the files of one luncheon club there are preserved in a dozen letters the history of a famous chicken sandwich controversy.

An ordinarily sane and very able business man ordered one noontime a chicken sandwich. When it came, he objected to it, saying there was not nearly enough chicken between the slices of bread. He ate part, growled, called the head waiter over, and departed in a huff. The incident so rasped the sensibilities of that functionary that, one of the house committee being at a table near by, he carried over what remained of the sandwich for inspection.

The house committeeman said at once that whatever else might be wrong about the club a sandwich like that could certainly pass the higher standard. The head waiter looked pleased but gloomy. A complaint in proper form came from the member the next day. The house committeeman was a wary individual: he had figured out from what the head waiter had told him that there would likely be trouble. He had given orders to have the chicken sandwich held over, and he called a committee meeting that afternoon.

Unanimously the committee decided that the complaining member was wrong. Answering his letter, they informed him of their verdict, telling how they had personally inspected the questioned article of food and that they would have been glad to entertain his complaint had it been well founded.

Apparently the complainant was out of town by the time the letter reached his office. At all events his next communication to the committee was dated three weeks later. It demanded that the house committee should give him a hearing and that the chicken sandwich should be produced as evidence.

To this letter the committee retorted that, owing to the stringent rules of the Board of Health, the sandwich had been destroyed; that they had not deemed it in accordance with the best club usages to file it among their archives, together with their correspondence.

The flame that had been smouldering now blazed up. In answer to the letter the club member replied hotly that he would never pay for the sandwich. The house committee answered in turn with cold formality that they didn't want to be at all offensive, but that he must pay for the sandwich. They added in chilling phrase that until that sandwich was paid for the member would be posted each month for that 25 cents.

The man paid his club bills minus the disputed quarter, and found himself posted for it. A month went by and he was still posted, though he paid his bills otherwise with great promptness. Three months later, his name still continuing to decorate the board for that little sum, he capitulated. His next cheque included the disputed amount and signalized a house committee victory that it took a banquet to celebrate.

Another man complained because the club didn't have sherry shakers to go with turtle soup. He was not content to have the sherry served in a glass so that he might pour it into the soup. He indignantly wrote to the committee that this was not at all the right way; any house committeeman ought to know that; if he wasn't informed on such simple gastronomic decencies he had no business to be on the house committee. To make turtle soup palatable sherry had to be shaken in drop by drop.

There was not very much turtle soup of any kind consumed in that club. Whether or not a sherry shaker should be purchased didn't seem a matter of vital importance, but the house committee decided it was better to be politic, and they bought a sherry shaker, and the member was appeased.

The steward was quietly asked to keep tabs on the new purchase and to discover how much of a club necessity it really was and if it was duly appreciated. At the end of a year it was found that the complaining member had used this essential in club life exactly three times, and that nobody else had ever called for it—New York Post.

Aeroplane for Antarctic.

LIEUT. HUGH E. WATKINS, of the Essex Regiment, a certified airman of the British Royal Aero Club, has been chosen to pilot the aeroplane which Dr. Douglas Mawson will take with him on his Antarctic expedition. The machine used will be a monoplane, the inventor and builder of which is M. Robert Esnault-Pelterie, a prominent French designer. It has been chosen for the expedition principally on account of its portability. It can be assembled ready for flight in less than half an hour. In a series of tests to be begun soon at a flying ground near London, Lieut. Watkins will decide what alterations are necessary to equip the machine for Antarctic work. Adjustments of the carburetor and fuel tank to prevent the petrol supply from freezing, and the fitting of a special landing chassis to facilitate rising from and descending upon snow, will be among the probable modifications. A large screen will also be erected to protect the pilot and his passenger from the cold. The machine will be employed for map-making and survey work, and also for a final dash to the Pole. It will be flown in stages from one to another of the depots established by an advance party. When the depot farthest south is reached a maximum supply of petrol will be taken on board, and an attempt made to reach the Pole and return to the starting point in a single flight. It is hoped that, carrying a pilot and passenger, the monoplane will be able to remain in the air long enough to cover a distance of 250 miles.

Although he is known as the Prince of Darkness, the devil doesn't wait till the sun goes down.

It doesn't require much pull to take time by the forelock



25c.

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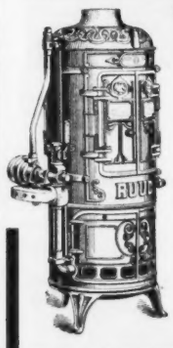
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The "RUUD" Automatic Gas Water Heater

furnishes hot water at every hot water faucet in the house without the slightest bit of attention. You don't have to light it or put it out. You don't have to go near it from one year's end to the other. All you do when you want hot water is to turn the faucet, and it will be hot as long as it runs, even if you should let it run all day. Let us send you some more particulars.

Please send me Booklet, "A Little Talk on Home Comforts"—free.

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THE STROH BREWERY CO., DETROIT, MICH.

¶ *The Management of Scarboro Beach Park desires to call the attention of the readers of Saturday Night to the fact that the Park is now ready to receive picnic parties.*

¶ *Hot water is provided free of charge and dishes and other picnic requisites may be rented at a nominal sum to cover the cost of breakages.*

¶ *Have you tried a dinner at the Scarboro Inn?*

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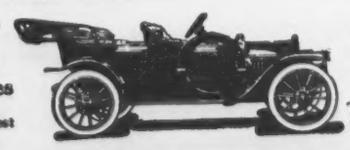
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Tudhope Motor Company, Ltd.
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Nervousness in Speakers.

NERVOUSNESS, according to a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine is a malady which very few public speakers entirely cast off. In some veterans of debate it may persist only in the form of a mannerism, attractive or otherwise, but there are old parliamentary hands who never escape from the dread tremulousness which came upon them with their maiden speech. The late Duke of Devonshire is usually spoken of as the perfect type of the ultra-passive Englishman. When he entered the House of Commons as Lord Hartington he distinguished himself by prefacing his maiden speech with a prodigious yawn. But he was by no means as languid in fact as he was in appearance. When he rose to speak he would lean one arm on the nearest of the two ironbound boxes on the table between the front benches. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the hand of the other arm would steal to the tail-pocket of his coat and emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric handkerchief. Without unfolding it he would gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back. Sitting near him one could observe that the grip on his handkerchief gradually tightened, and that he muscles of the hand were in continuous action. At the close of his speech the hand opened, and one saw not the clean, neatly-folded, cambric handkerchief, but only a solid greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the safety valve for the impassive nobleman's nervousness.

Gladstone was one in whom nervousness had become mannerism. When he rose to speak he began with a few gracious words on the speech which he was about to follow, or some pointed remarks as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt, to "get his breath." His next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. That is rather common among public speakers. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual sign. Throwing his arms downwards by his side, he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the converse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to the great commoner's speeches.

Texas on the Paris Stage.

WHILE Englishmen are often to be found in odd corners of our Western prairies, they seldom go home and write dramas on the subject. But a Frenchman who used to live in Texas, Mr. Pierre Lecomte du Nouy, has made such good use of his Western experiences that his play, "Maud," has just scored a hit at the Odeon Theatre in Paris. The Journal of that city declares that the play is "one of the most powerful ever produceed at the Odeon," and gives a short synopsis of it along with an account of the author:—

"The play expounds the awakening of maternal instinct in Maud, a woman of the camp, when one of the men brings home a child he has found on the prairies. All her sordidness, her coarseness, disappear, and she is only a woman, a mother, as tender as a 'civilized' one. And the men who jeered at her, who despised her, suddenly feel awed at the greatness that is in her."

The story sounds as though it might be an adaptation of Bret Harte but the Journal explains this by telling of the life of the author:—

"Although of the very best French family and destined to the bar, P. Lecomte du Nouy, after passing his legal examinations with brilliancy and practising successfully for some time, decided to leave civilization behind him, and started to get as far from Paris as he could. He did it by working on a ranch in Texas for quite a long time, living the regular cowboy life.

"After returning to Paris, P. Lecomte du Nouy attracted attention by 'The Drama of Three Corners Bar,' a play in two acts, and by a volume of short stories, 'Around the Camp Fire, Tales from the West.' Before leaving France M. du Nouy had also received the Diplome des Orientales, and of the school 'des Sciences Politiques.'

"In appearance he is extremely boyish, light-haired, and is very proud of being taken for an Englishman by Americans, and for an American by English people."

Tell a girl she is an angel and the chances are she will want you to fly with her.

Too much money has been the undoing of more men than too little.

It isn't always the strongest men who carry the heaviest life insurance.

How YOU Can Profit

BY

Canada's Increasing Population

Increasing population the past few years has augmented the valuation of Canada's new cities by millions of dollars. This valuation will continue to increase at the same or even greater rate for years to come. These millions of dollars—all created by the demands and requirements for land and business property of the increasing population—represent the profits paid to the early holders of real estate.

You cannot participate in profits already earned, but here is a sure way by which you may share, and share big, in the profits yet to be earned by Canada's continued increasing population. Here is a way to make a little money grow and earn big interest for you.

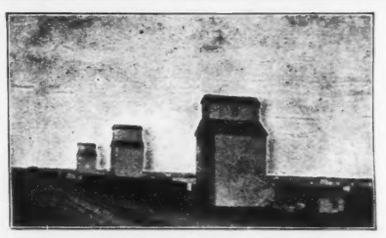
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The rapid development of Western Canada, during the last five years, and her wonderful growth in wealth, has been chiefly due to the splendid railway systems that have been and are now being built. These great systems of transportation open up new territory and new towns and make continued rapid increases of population a certainty.







Watrous is the most favored city of the most favored railway in Western Canada—*The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway*. It is located near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent—a veritable Mecca for health and pleasure seekers. Proximity to this lake would of itself alone in a few years make of Watrous a thriving, bustling metropolis. But add to this Natural Sanitarium of International importance a surrounding community of prosperous, progressive farmers with modern, highly cultivated farms—a large population of railroad wage-earners and a class of live, up-to-date, go-ahead business men and citizens *who do things* and you have a hint of the irresistible influences and forces that are at work building up Watrous.

The requisites of a flourishing prairie city are first of all railway facilities. It must be an easy point to reach and ship from.

Beyond this it must be either a centre of manufacture or of a highly productive farming country. Again, it should be a pleasant place to live in, have good drainage, good water and some attractions.

See how perfectly Watrous fulfills these requirements. This is the Central Divisional Point of the largest, strongest and most important Canadian Railway. The railway alone will employ a number of people whose homes will naturally be at Watrous.

Manufacturing industries will be needed, and Watrous is the natural place for them to locate. And lastly Watrous has Little Manitou Lake, a veritable Mecca for health and pleasure-seekers. Thus is Watrous doubly sure of constant and permanent growth.

Watrous has all the advantages of Moosejaw and Saskatoon, and it has Little Manitou Lake into the bargain, which is as valuable as all its other assets combined. Not only that, but this wonderful mineral lake cannot be duplicated, and no other feature of competing cities can take its place.

Little Manitou Lake —"The Carlsbad of Canada."

The Winnipeg Telegram, speaking editorially of Watrous and its wonderful mineral lake, has the following:

"Little Lake Manitou, on the G.T.P., is beginning to receive the attention which the wonderful medicinal properties of the water of the lake so well entitle it. The Indians called the lake Manitou, which means "Good Spirit," owing to the healing qualities they found the waters possessed. It is said that Indians came to this lake from hundreds of miles round and on the shores are still to be seen circles of stones, which mark Indian encampments. Though it is probable that the Indians for years have availed themselves of the curative powers of the waters of this lake, it was not until the building of the G.T.P. had caused the town of Watrous to spring into being two years ago that the remarkable medicinal value of the lake began to be generally realized.

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The more lots you buy in Watrous, the more money you will make. Judging the future by the past, it might be reasonably said that it would be almost impossible to purchase lots in a live and growing young city of Western Canada and not make money.

Lots in Moosejaw that sold a few years ago at $100 each are to-day worth from $1,000 to $3,000.

Lots which sold in Saskatoon ten years ago for $100 are to-day worth ten to fifty times that amount.

You could have purchased lots in Edmonton ten years ago for $100 each, which are to-day worth $1,000 to $10,000.

Those who purchased lots in Edmonton ten years ago are now the possessors of property worth 1,000 per cent. more than the price at which it was originally purchased—an average increase in value of 100 per cent. each year.

In Fort William, the same rapid advance in values has taken place. Lots which sold for $100 to $200 each, even five years ago, have since sold for $1,000 to $2,000.

It is almost impossible to chronicle the rapid advance in property in Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Vancouver and other cities of Western Canada.

Buy lots in Watrous now, while they are selling at the ground floor price.

On account of the rapidity with which lots are selling, we advise that you let us make the selection for you, and we promise that we will give you the best available remaining lots at the time your order is received.

Make remittances payable to the order of and send direct to the Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. Receipts for payments made will be issued direct by the Land Commissioner of the Railway Company, and when you have completed your payments, title will be issued to you direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

No interest charged on deferred payments in case you purchase on the installment plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912.

Lots 50 feet frontage, prices $100 and $125.

The more lots you buy in Watrous the more money you will make. Reserve the number of lots you wish to purchase at once, and send all remittances to

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

In case you wish any further particulars before buying, address

International Securities Company, Limited,
Sat. N. Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.

INFORMATION COUPON.

International Securities Co., Ltd.,
649 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

Name .....

Address .....

Sat. N.

APPLICATION BLANK FOR PURCHASE OF LOTS.

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man.

I hereby make application to purchase ..... lots at the price of $..... each, and enclose herewith remittance for $....., being one-tenth the total purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months.

I desire your representative to select for me at Watrous what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold at this price. Title to lots to be clear and indefeasible. No interest to be charged on deferred payments, and no taxes until the year 1912.

Name .....

Address .....

Sat. N.

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—In the year 1907..... 5,333,918 loaves
—In the year 1908..... 6,722,916 loaves
—In the year 1909..... 7,400,326 loaves
—In the year 1910..... 8,547,890 loaves

And for the first 5 months of 1911—4,030,896, being nearly one million of an increase over the same 5 months of 1910.

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TORONTO

The Rights of Man.

MOVED by the dire fate of a railroad ticket collector who has just sacrificed an eye on the altar of the feminine hatpin, the New York Evening Post is moved to remonstrance in an editorial nearly a column long. It wishes well to the cause of suffrage, does the Post, but it believes that one hatpin has counteracted the effects of a year's agitation. What, it asks, is the effect of that incident upon the ordinary man with the ordinary newspaper. Does he not say, "And these are the women who want to vote"? Certainly he does, and when one comes to think of it there are such lots of ordinary men going around, and they have votes already. How can women complain that they labor under inequalities while they themselves walk the earth clad in privilege. Just imagine what would happen to the man who persisted on going into crowds with four inches of pointed steel projecting from his outlying portions. Just imagine it!

Modern man, says the Post, has some rights against the modern woman, and here they are:

1. To be immune from dangerous hatpins in crowded railway cars where the slightest jolt may mean laceration and a sharp curve may spell disaster. This right, in fact, is more than a natural right; it is a constitutional right implied in the provision that no man shall be deprived of life and limb without due process of law.

2. To be immune from enormous hats trimmed out with feathers that tickle. While the long hatpin carries with it the possibility of death, the tickling feather induces in the victims all the facial appearances of imbecility and a mental state which passes from simple irritation to acute madness.

3. To be immune, in short, from the entire school of dressmakers' fashions which have it for their object to render woman a menace and a nuisance by depriving her of her natural powers of locomotion, vision, audition, or respiration; as by hobbling her ankles, or by thrusting an inverted basket over her eyes and ears, or by taking for its model of physical perfection the Washington Monument modified by a suggestion of the leaning tower of Pisa.

These, of course, are only some of the chief counts, the main heads, so to speak, in the charter of male liberty. There are other, lesser, clauses, and among them may be mentioned the following: Immunity from having loud conversation in high-pitched female voices on domestic topics forced upon him while going to and from his work. Immunity from enforced attendance at studio teas, charity bazaars, Vedanta lectures, exhibitions of old copper, and symbolic dances from the Sudan and Timbuctoo. Immunity from the prohibtion against smoking in bedrooms, living-rooms, and the dining-room. Immunity from giving up his seat in street-cars when he is tired to a lady who is not at all tired, but only surfeited with ice-cream.

Kitty Clive to Garrick.

A FINE letter written to David Garrick by Kitty Clive, the famous Irish actress, will be sold at Sotheby's on June 12. It was of her that Dr. Samuel Johnson said to James Boswell: "Clive, Sir, is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say. In the sprightliness of humor I have never seen her equalled."

The letter is dated Twickenham, Jan. 23, 1776, and is indorsed by Garrick "My Pivy, excellent!" "Pivy" was the pet name he had given her, a contraction of Clivey Pivey." When he became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre in 1746 he enrolled her in his company, and with him she remained, except for a brief interval, until she retired from the stage on April 24, 1769, when he played Don Felix to her Violante in the comedy of the "Wonder." The friendship between them lasted to the end. When she heard that he intended to retire from the stage to become church warden, Justice of the Peace, etc., at his Twickenham villa, she wrote to him, Jan. 31, 1773:

"I schreamed at your parish business. I think I see you in your church wardenship, quarreling for not making their brown loaves big enough, but, for God's sake, never think of being a Justice of the Peace, for the people will quarrel on purpose to be brought before you to hear you talk, so that you may have as much business upon the lawn as you had upon the boards."

The letter, which will be sold at Sotheby's, is in part as follows:

"Is it true that you have put an end to the glory of Drury Lane Theatre? If it is so, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness. I know what it will be; you cannot yet have an idea of it, but if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that unbounded, uncommon degree of fame you have received as an actor, and which no other actor ever can receive, I say if you should still long to be diping your fingers in thin Theatrical puding (now without plumbs) you will be no Garrick for the Pivy.

"In the height of the publick admiration for you when you were never mentioned with any other appelation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature—both by men and ladies—when they were admiring everything you did and everything you scribbled; at the very time I, the pivy, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they know, nor could they be sensible of half your perfections."

Kitty Clive died in 1785, aged 74. Garrick died in 1779, aged 62. His last appearance on the stage was made June 10, 1776.

It may be a good plan to say nothing and saw wood, but mighty few of us care for sawing wood.

A man can't always depend upon a grass widow to see that his grave is kept green.

Many a girl marries a man simply to keep some other girl from getting him.

Of course a woman is a dream of loveliness. Dreams go by contraries.

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FINANCIAL SATURDAY NIGHT.

32 PAGES

PAGES 17 TO 24

VOL. 24, No. 37. Printed and Published by Saturday Night, Limited, Toronto. TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 24, 1911. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1229

Financial Comment

THE foreign policy, if it may be so called, of the Dominion of Canada has been occupying a great deal of attention, not only in Canada itself, but in the United States, Great Britain and other countries of the world which are likely to be interested. Johnny Canuck seems at last to have cast aside knickerbockers and gone into long pants, and is now doubling up his fists and displaying his muscles. This is all very satisfying, but Johnny is in the period of rapid growth and should not let his fast progress lead him into error. The tendency of all growing young men who have not quite lost the tan off their shins is to allow their attentions to wander from home a little too much. There is really no reason, however, why one should not broaden the circle of his acquaintances and at the same time attend to his own affairs, although the glamor of attracting the attention of outsiders is apt to divert one's attention from the much more important basic work which must be done quietly and at home and the steady pursuit of which, in an adult, indicates the really superior virtues.

I have nothing to say against the reciprocity issue now under discussion between the United States and Canada. If it is adopted by both countries, well and good. But I want to put in an appeal for reciprocity within Canada—that is, between the different provinces. I have no objection to free trade between Canada and other countries, but I cannot help thinking that the logical way of going about the whole question of freer trade relationships and expansion of business interests is to first bring these about within Canada.

It is essential for the prosperity of any country that it trade with its neighbor. The more it trades the more evidence is there that its citizens are accomplishing their desires and increasing their wealth; but it seems to me that before a nation is really in a position to appreciate the advantages of freedom in foreign trade relationships it should have abolished all restrictions upon trade within its own borders.

This is apropos of the laws of the various provinces of the Dominion which discriminate against one another in the matter of permission to trade. It would seem that instead of making an effort to break down all barriers against trade between the different provinces. Canadians have been making an effort to build up these barriers. As in the case of the Federal protective tariff, the aim would seem to be dual "revenue" and "protection." The various provincial Governments are making an effort to increase their revenues in the easiest manner possible, and in their search have alighted upon a method which they fondly imagine will compel some other province to provide this revenue. This plan is in some cases to tax commercial travelers from other provinces. In others it is to compel the mercantile institutions of these other provinces to register, obtain a license, or pay some sort of toll before obtaining permission to dispose of their goods within that particular province. This method is to some extent supported by the local merchants, inasmuch as the greater handicap under which the "foreign" merchants labor the better it may be for themselves. The citizens of each province, for some strange reason, seem to think that this type of legislation is beneficial to them and is highly patriotic. In reality it is fraught with very grave danger to the entire Dominion.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it may be true that the course of events is subject to laws and natural conditions, as distinguished from artificial barriers, it is equally true that we will continue to erect and destroy these artificial barriers and that in the meantime these will have a very considerable influence on the course of the stream, so far as this generation is concerned. It no doubt is true that if the interests of Western Canada are absolutely opposed to those of Eastern Canada, or if the interests of the various provinces are opposed to each other, in the course of time the Dominion will disintegrate, notwithstanding all we may do to prevent such a calamity. The fact is, however, that there cannot be essentially any fight between the East and the West or between the different provinces. Essentially there is no fight, even, between different nations because it is by co-operation that progress becomes easiest. Instead of nature's forces being directed against the cohesion of the East and West and of the provinces, it is in its favor, because the easier you can make it for people to exchange goods with each other, or to trade with each other, the more advantageous will it be to them. There is no limit to the truth of this statement. It applies not only to interprovincial trade, but to trade between different countries. The latter in no way concerns us at the moment; the former is of vital importance.

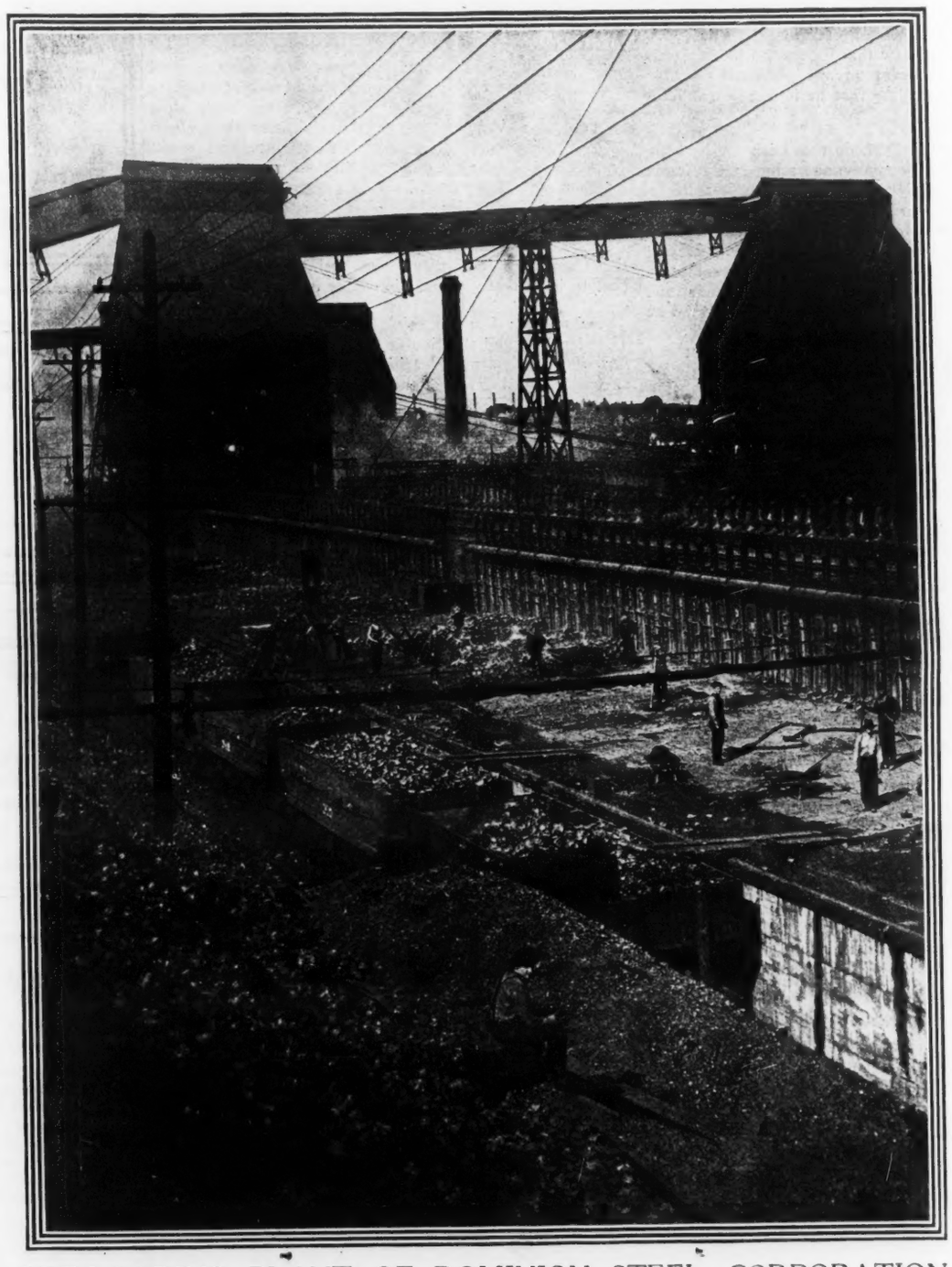
Within the past few months I have heard a prominent corporation lawyer and hard-headed business man suggest that sooner or later there would have to be something in the nature of a tariff between Eastern and Western Canada. The statement was made in a disinterested and matter-of-fact manner and struck me as being one of the most discouraging and re-actionary predictions I ever heard regarding Canada. At first it seemed absurd. Afterwards it seemed less so, when attention had been drawn to the progress already made in that direction through this foolish effort of the Governments and the commercial interests of one province to tax or "protect" themselves against the citizens of the other provinces. And yet it is certain that if the matter were left to the commercial interests of the whole country every particle of legislation of the character referred to would be demolished.

* * *

QUESTIONS which relate to the cohesion of the different provinces must surely be Federal in character and should be taken out of the hands of the Provincial Governments and dealt with by Ottawa. It is a fine point as to how far the articles of Confederation would permit these provincial enactments to go, but it would certainly be an essential that no province should adopt any legislation which would threaten Confederation. No one can dispute that these various provincial laws, by which citizens resident in different provinces are prevented from carrying on business in the freest manner with each other, are of a character to breed discord. Each province tries to go just a little bit further than the other provinces. Thus is engendered a disposition to retaliate. The whole procedure is of an "unfriendly" character and is prolific of resentment and hostility between the different provinces. Aside from the purely trade standpoint, this is contrary to the spirit of unity which should prevail. In a country like Canada, where distances are so great and where the constant stream of immigration from countries which, it may be, are more or less hostile to each other, it tends to intensify sectionalism and to create provincial instead of Federal patriotism. All this tends to weaken the ties which bind us together.

It seems to me that this is a matter which should be taken up in some manner by the Dominion Government at the earliest opportunity, in order that not only may trade be carried on in a freer and more remunerative manner between the different provinces, but that a spirit of harmony and broad patriotism may be fostered among both the older Canadians and the new comers.

Johnny Canuck in his new long pants would do well to take a good look around his own farmyard before craning his neck over the fence to inspect his neighbor's.



ORE-LOADING PLANT OF DOMINION STEEL CORPORATION.

Portion of the equipment for loading iron ore at Sydney, N.S., for transportation to the mills.

When I say that, I do not mean that he should refuse any civilities from abroad or that he should be so intent upon his internal affairs as to lose his sense of perspective. We should by now have developed sufficiency to appreciate the importance and advantage of absolutely throwing down the bars between the provinces and not leaving the very vestige of an obstacle in the way of interprovincial trade.

* * *

GOVERNOR Gonzales of Mexico makes an insinuation against the Diaz Administration which is in line with what a good many foreigners have been for sometime suspecting. He declares that under the new regime foreign concessions which might be regarded as monopolies will not be extended or renewed and that every legal effort will be made to restrict foreign monopolies now existing in Mexico.

He adds significantly: "The foreigners who grieved at the downfall of the Diaz Administration will find that their grief was well founded."

Gonzales has probably hit the nail on the head. At this distance we do not know how much wealth Mexicans are getting out of Mexico, but we do know that Canadians and other foreigners were doing pretty well down there. The success of the different ventures of which we in Canada have known must often have raised in the minds of thoughtful people a certain amount of doubt regarding the much-vaunted Diaz Administration.

I cannot help wondering if Gonzales is a heathen. He talks like one and it might be well to draw the attention of the missionary society to him. The following statement contains a gentle insinuation against our methods:

"For years Mexico has been exploited by foreigners. We are on the verge of becoming a nation of paupers. Now the privileges shall cease."

Surely this is not the kind of conversation we expected from Gonzales after our years of effort to make him think like a Christian. We had been given to understand that we were developing Mexico and doing something for it. Gonzales has another view of the matter. He thinks we were robbing it.

I wonder if by any accident Gonzales can be right.

He adds: "There will be no more selling out of the country by piecemeal."

Probably Gonzales does not know what he is up against. I wonder if he will be able to repeat that statement a few years hence with as much honesty of purpose as he now seems to reflect. If he is the head of the Privilege Department and continues long to resist the blandishments of the missionaries of the North, the scientists will have a new species of the genus homo, 20th century, to classify.

* * *

THAT the Dominion Government is as soon as possible to begin the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, was the promise held out by the Postmaster-General, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, during a political speech near Montreal a week ago.

This is probably the first statement of a definite character from a Minister concerning this undertaking, although the topic has now been discussed for a score of years or more. Many are disposed to look upon the announcement as something in the nature of a campaign speech, although in stating that the Government would begin the work as soon as possible the Post Master General in reality does not commit himself very far. However, he makes the definite announcement that the Government intends to carry out the project, and his warning to the owners of farms along both shores of Des Prairies River to not sell out to speculators can only be interpreted as an intimation that the work will be commenced before long.

We cannot attach as much importance to an announcement made in this manner by Mr. Lemieux as if it had been made by the head of the Department of Canals or by Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself. It is very likely, however, that Mr. Lemieux has a fair idea of the intentions of the Government, so that we may take it that the present disposition is to proceed with the Georgian Bay Canal in the near future.

Notwithstanding all that can be said in favor of the Georgian Bay Canal, there are also many things to be said against it. It is not so very long since a number of prominent civil engineers, at a meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, subjected the proposal to severe criticism. It is a certainty that more than one prominent engineer, whose studies have been in the direction to fit them as good judges, are absolutely opposed to the building of the Georgian Bay Canal, it being their claim that a smaller expenditure on the present system of canals would make them enormously more efficient from a commercial standpoint than the Georgian Bay Canal can be made. The claim is also made that it will be extremely difficult to develop the water power along the route of the canal which the Government reports show can be developed, and that in any case the effectiveness of the water power will be enormously reduced during the winter period. Under any circumstances they do not think that for many years to come will a sufficient number of industries locate along the line of the canal to make use of the water power spoken of.

The advocates of the canal point out the enormous advantages in the matter of mileage, as compared with the present canal system. Making comparisons to Montreal from Duluth, Collingwood, Fort William and Sault Ste. Marie, the Georgian Bay Canal would give an advantage over the present route of 282 miles. Boats from Chicago would get an advantage of 270 miles. From Owen Sound the advantage would be 382 miles, from Collingwood 389 miles, from Midland and Victoria Harbor 397 miles, and from Depot Harbor 407 miles. The percentage of advantage is greatest in the latter instance, the distance from Depot Harbor to Montreal by the present route being 922 miles, while that from Georgian Bay would be only 515 miles. In most of the instances mentioned, however, the advantage is upwards of 35 per cent., and in all cases is over 20 per cent. The enormous saving this would be, is pointed out, even when a low rate of speed through narrow and shallow places is taken into consideration, and it is disputed that the present route could be made equivalent to what is proposed for the Georgian Bay Canal for the same expenditure. The estimated cost of the Georgian Bay Canal is $100,000,000, and it is thought that it will take ten years to build it. If what Mr. Lemieux says is true, there is no further occasion to discuss the subject, as the Government has made up its mind and that settles the whole matter. In any case it is unlikely that there will be much reconsideration, as the Government has had its own engineers on the project for some years, and the reports which have been sent out certainly indicate that the project is favored.

That the water powers which will be developed along with the building of the canals will be of very great value to Canada, if administered in an economic manner, there can be small doubt, even when full consideration is given to the claims of the opponents of the system.

It may be of interest to know where these water powers are located and how much can be developed from them. The following is the list:

Location.	Distance from Montreal, miles.	Electrical h.p.
Back River route (two sites)	10 to 20	148,480
Point Portune	50	148,000
Hawkesbury	67	71,800
Chaudiere	127	45,000
Chats Falls	155	113,500
Portage du Fort	174	68,300
Rocher Fendu	183	78,000
Grand Calumet Falls	...	56,000
Paquette	209	24,900
Des Joachims	266	60,400
Rocher Capitaine	204	82,000
Deux Rivieres	296	38,400
		934,780

Economist

The Moral of Mining.

THERE is a moral, applicable with added force to Canadian promoters and operators, in the remarks of The Times of London—The Thunderer—with reference to the seemingly incurable ailments of the Witwatersrand Gold Mining Industry. Ontario gold mining is in its lusty infancy. South African gold mining has attained to its meridian. In one case there is expectancy; in the other case there is anxiety because of the apathy of the public in the "Kaffir" market. The Times draws its own conclusions, and gives the correct causes. In a smaller way Ontario, manipulators brought about the discredit of most of the silver mines—some of them worthy of support, consequently the comments of The Times have a bearing upon Porcupine and sustain the policy of SATURDAY NIGHT:

"At present" (remarks the Times, in its financial supplement) "the public, whether investing or speculating, looks on Witwatersrand Gold Mining stocks with an unfavorable eye. This has been the case for a long time past. The short-lived boom of 1909 was, after all, largely professional, while the reaction from it has been general and persistent. Yet the gold output goes on increasing—with occasional setbacks, but still steadily. The industry, as far as can be seen, is as little liable as any in the world to be disturbed by natural or political commotions. It cannot be upset, or even affected, by competition, since the price of gold is fixed. The question of lodes giving out, which is the bogey of most mining concerns, does not exist for the Witwatersrand, for, though the ore of the reef varies in value, there is no doubt that it exists in payable grades and in large quantities down to any depth at which it may be practicable to mine it.

"Nevertheless, Witwatersrand shares are unpopular. People do not favor them, either as an investment—to which position they have prima facie some claim—or as a gambling counter. Why? Is there some latent weakness in the position of the industry? Or is the situation entirely due, as many people declare, to the manner in which the 'controlling houses' have managed the market and the mines in the past? The man in the street—in Throgmorton Street—if he is asked, will probably put it all down to this latter cause. He will be positive and emphatic about it, and to some extent he will be—he must be—right, since the man in the street is himself the best authority on his own opinions. We will not deal with this aspect of the matter in detail at present. But there is one point which may be made in passing. The credit and the market position of large industrial undertakings, such as most of the important Witwatersrand mines have become to-day, is bound to be seriously affected if the management of them is in the hands of persons who are known to speculate largely in their shares, and, in fact, to rely on that speculation as their principal means of livelihood. That is the position of the Witwatersrand mining companies. With hardly an exception they are 'controlled,' that is to say, managed, either by some private financial firm or by some financial corporation, which makes it a principal part of its business to speculate in in the shares of the companies under its control. In such circumstances doubt is bound to be thrown on the bona fides of the management from an industrial point of view. In other words, it will be suspected that the mine is run to suit the market dealings of the managers, and not necessarily in the best interests of the shareholders. These suspicions are bound to pervade the public mind. How far they are justified by the facts is quite another question. The cases in which the management of a mine as a business concern has been swayed by the market operations of its 'controllers' may be much less numerous than is commonly supposed, but even if there were no such cases mere errors of judgment and unavoidable mistakes are bound to be put into the category of deliberate mismanagement so long as the mines are run by the large speculators, corporate or otherwise, who are supposed by the public to profit by such mistakes, whether they actually do so or not.

"There may be considerations to set on the other side, and in any case the management of the Witwatersrand industry is where it is; the present system has grown up by accident rather than by design, and the question of public confidence in the control of the mines, important as it is from a share-market point of view, does not permanently affect the intrinsic position of the industry."

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It is far from wise to invest all your funds in the same security—whether it be any one certain stock or any one issue of bonds.
The best and safest plan is to diversify your investments — buy several different securities of solid worth.
Then the fluctuations of any one or another of them will not appreciably affect your total capital—you are striking an average of solidity and safety. In other words, the stability of your entire capital is made not subject to the fluctuations of one security and the average of your income does not depend on the business prosperity of one enterprise.
Such a method of investing is the height of intelligent conservatism.
Your investment house can be of great assistance to you in diversifying your investments.
OUR SECURITY REPORTS
are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients, and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on the Canadian exchanges. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing, and will be of undoubted value to you.
F. H. Deacon & Co.
Members Toronto Stock Exchange
Investments
97 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

GOLD and DROSS

Listowel, Ont., June 12, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

In a recent issue, you advised small investors to go in for industrials rather than mines, oil, etc.; to me this appears to be rather questionable advice.

Five years ago I subscribed for 25 shares (fully paid, par value $20 of the capital stock of the London Canning and Evaporating Co., Ltd., on which I have never received any dividends, although the certificate of stock is quite as ornamental as those you have described from time to time.

Would be pleased if you could inform me what is the matter with this concern.

A SUBSCRIBER.

You may in time receive profits from the stock which in the case of many mine offerings is a physical impossibility.

S. B.: With reference to shares of Eldorado Mine, sold by Messrs. A. J. Barr & Co., of Toronto, the firm is that of reputable Standard Stock Exchange brokers, and I think a person would have more of a run for his money buying this than he would in a great many other cases. At the same time, I do not know that Eldorado has been sufficiently developed to warrant anyone purchasing shares, unless with the understanding that he is merely gambling in so doing.

Congratulations to A. G. M., in that he is not a shareholder of Range 16 Oil Company, operating in California for oil, with the secretary-treasurer in Boston. The secretary-treasurer receives and sends out in circular letter form to stockholders copies of juicy telegrams received from Col. Heffron, who is superintending the quest for oil. I suppose the "Kunnel" is president of the company. Here are two of the wires sent by the military man, and they give some idea of why one should be just as glad he is not a shareholder:

"Fresno, Cal., May 31st, 1911.

"Six hundred dollars received and disbursed to following Ashurst, my salary and expenses, office expense, car of oil and some small accounts. We don't owe a dollar. Ordered ten inch tools and casing. Drillers report 1,278 feet in hard blue shale, and rig working satisfactorily. If you want to see the well come in, better come about 15th."

"Fresno, Cal., June 2nd, 1911.

"Twelve hundred and ninety-two feet the thirtieth in light brown shale. Will go faster in this shale. Glad to find it. Rig working fine, and hope to develop something BEFORE the 15th."

A. G. M. is not a shareholder, but they address him as one just the same. Possibly they think he is next door to it.

Toronto, June 11, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you kindly inform me if there is any risks in carrying stocks on margin as long as I have sufficient money to meet a decline in the value of the stock?

(2) How, in your opinion, does Great Northern compare with other stocks around 50c. and 60c. from a speculative viewpoint?

(3) Do you agree with the brokers that there will be a boom in mining stocks when the railroad is completed?

(4) What is the opinion of Eldorado in the Porcupine camp? I hold considerable stock in this.

L. J. C.

(1) This query is answered elsewhere in Saturday Night.
(2) I think some are better and some are worse.
(3) There appears to be considerable of a boom under way now.
(4) A. J. Barr & Co., who are selling Eldorado, say it is a plain gamble. They think it will make good, but they are selling it at wall paper prices. Actual development must be looked for to disclose just what Eldorado has.

The following is received from the President of McIntosh Mines, in reply to a request for information:

Orillia, June 12th, 1911.

In regard to McIntosh Mines, Ltd., as to reports I am preparing, copies of our engineer's report to send our director, Mr. A. D. Fraser, as we made arrangements with him to send reports and would distribute to the shareholders. We never received any inquiries from any of them. In regard to the property, we are working two shifts with our plant and are down 60 ft. at the latest reports, and everything looking fine. The one has improved some the last 20 feet. Our Mr. Curry is on the claims at present.

T. C. McLAUGHLIN.

Clinton, Ont., June 13, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

As a reader of SATURDAY NIGHT and your financial column, I would like to have your opinion of Black Lake Asbestos Co. common stock as a speculative venture.

"INVESTOR."

It is highly speculative and in my opinion will not show earnings for a lengthy period.

M. N., Merritton, Ont.: Bonds in the Asbestos Company you name are, I think, well secured. At the same time you cannot be sure that interest will be kept up continuously. I would sell the preferred. New York Light, Heat and Power Company bonds are good. The New York Edison Company, which owns the company, controls most of the electric lighting plants in Manhattan. For the investment of $1,200 I would suggest Canadian Northern first mortgage bonds or municipal bonds such as those issued by leading Canadian cities.

Pittsburg: Jantha Plantation is not an investment, and to my mind never will be.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 10, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

(a) Could you kindly state whether or not you consider the following securities good safe investments: Maple Leaf Milling Co., preferred, Dominion Steel Corporation debentures?

(b) At present market prices do you think it would be advisable to sell Sao Paulo and buy Rio de Janeiro?

R. W.

Maple Leaf and Steel debentures are both good. They say Sao Paulo is headed for 200. At any rate I do not know as I would make the exchange.

The Toronto police this week raided the offices of the Mutual Brokerage Company in the Dineen building, and arrested a young man there named Barrett, who is charged with making fraudulent use of the mails. The real head of the concern is one Alfred Bingham, who was chased out of New York. Doing business with men and women of the United States only, he advertised to sell stocks on commission. The Toronto police have a number of pitiful letters from women who worked hard to keep their payments up on stocks bought, but who never received any scrip. The police say thousands of dollars came into the office from the United States. They are looking for Bingham.

Investor, Toronto: My advice is to leave oil stocks alone.

United States Fibre Stopper Company: This company is of St. Louis, Mo., the president being E. G. Lewis. The company is sending out a circular to shareholders in which they say that their building of 70 ft. by 76 ft. is finished, and they are laying out and starting to build duplicate sets of automatic machinery which will give a capacity of 300,000,000 stoppers per annum. The company says also that $200,000 received on sales of stock has been expended in developing the product, machinery and patents, and they say they are going to supply the funds necessary to instal the machinery, about $70,000, from their own pockets. The company has been in existence since about 1902, and it is difficult to say whether in the end it will market stoppers or whether it will put out more stock. Conducting a business and riding a circus horse bareback are alike difficult feats.

T. O. N.: The Thornbury Transportation and Reduction Company is evidently a new business, of which I expect to have more information later on.

Subscriber: I rather think Z. A. Silver Mining Co. of Thunder Bay and the Souris Coal and Iron Company of Assiniboia, Man., are bleaching in the pile of bones. If anyone knows different, I should be glad to hear.

Oscar Adams Turner, who is pushing Waldo Consolidated for all there is in it—for himself—has demonstrated what a speedy mine financier he really is by declaring a 3½ per cent. semi-annual dividend on the 7 per cent. preferred stock of Waldo Consolidated. Turner doesn't do this himself actually: the directors have declared the dividend.

Oscar is to be congratulated. He seems to be paying the dividend out of assays, which are the only figures given in the printed report sent out to shareholders with a notice of the declaration. There may be varying opinions as to Oscar Adams Turner, but George Graham Rice, who is writing luscious stories of promotion crimes in a magazine, thinks well of him. Rice records the fact that Turner had invested heavily in Greenwater Central mine of Nevada, when Turner thought it might be advisable to look in at the properties himself. It appears one look was enough for this astute gentleman, who immediately sent a wire back to Philadelphia to stop offering Greenwater Central. The market sank like a log. Rice believes the American people lost $30,000,000 in Greenwater Central. Rice always thinks of one dollar as a thousand.

Suppose that before he decided to visit the camp, that Oscar Adams Turner had sold "short" a couple of hundred thousand shares of Greenwater Central. Eh, what?

Hobon, Ont., June 5, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly give me your opinion, in Gold and Dross, of the Island Smelting and Refining Co. of Toronto.

J. M. K.

So far it's a puzzler. One thing is certain, however, that the man in charge of the stock selling end of the business is making things hum. Some time since there was a large display article on the front page of one of the newspapers, announcing that D. D. Mann was taking over the Island patent and was paying a large sum for it. The article was incorrect. Some two or three weeks since more advertising appeared of the same sort. It was stated that Sir Donald Mann was paying about seven million dollars for the patent rights of the Island process of reduction. Now, whoever inserted that in the newspapers knew it was not true. It was no more the fact than was the first story. I understand that the promoters of this company are trying to interest Sir Donald Mann in the process, but I don't for a minute believe that if they do this astute railway financier and mining man will hand over any $7,000,000 to the company. I am informed that so far the tests made of the Island process have been fairly satisfactory, but Sir Donald Mann is interested in it only on the question as to whether it will treat the ores of the Moose Mountain mines or not. The promoters must give a thorough test on this point, and if the test is satisfactory I understand Sir Donald is prepared to assist in the formation of a $10,000,000 company, he to receive 350,000 shares, for which he will erect and operate the first smelter. The present holders of Island Smelters shares will receive first a quarter share, and then $5,000,000 within five years. This is at the rate of $1,000,000 per year and the earnings of the process would be expected to supply the sum. Shareholders met June 20 to consider the offer.

June 14th, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Lross:

As a subscriber to your paper, I should be pleased if you could let me know anything about the Peoples' Trust Company, of New Westminster, B.C., also the subdivision in Port Mann, B.C. (the terminal point of the C.N.R., on the Pacific Coast), which they are handling.

INVESTOR.

When the time comes the Canadian Northern Railway will sell Port Mann townsite lots themselves. No genuine Port Mann townsite lots are in the market as yet and will not be this season. There are over a dozen wildcat Port Mann townsites now on the market.

Toronto, June 13, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Can you inform me through your paper, if Toronto Street R.R., Toronto Electric Light, Niagara Power Co. and Radial Electric roads out of Toronto, are depending on each other? Should one company not pay any dividend, would any of the other companies suffer any? Or what effect would it have?

A SUBSCRIBER.

If the Toronto Electric Light Company suspended its dividends, Toronto Railway could not be directly affected. The nearest connection these companies have is that both take power from the Electrical Development Company, which is controlled by the Toronto Power Company. By the radial roads I presume you mean the Toronto and York Radial Railway system. This is owned by the Toronto Railway Company, but Radial earnings could not be diverted to affect Toronto Railway earnings, nor vice versa. Very heavy Radial earnings, on the other hand, would benefit Toronto Railway stock to an extent. All the companies you name may be said to be Mackenzie controlled, although in the case of the Toronto Railway Sir William Mackenzie does not begin to own a control of stock. All are operating different franchises and each one is a distinct entity.

Enquirer, Lindsay: The Augustine Automatic Rotary Motor Engine Company shares are not an attractive offering to the investor, to my mind. I would not buy them.

The Gold and Dross Department is deluged with communications, the writers of which have failed to sign their names and give their addresses. No attention can be paid to such communication. Your name and address is a necessity, not for publication, but as a matter of good faith.

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"Welland has entered upon a remarkable period of progress and growth. I regard Welland as being situated more favorably with its power facilities, railways and canal, than any other town or city in this province. There can be no obstacles to your growth. The situation invites the establishment of large industries. I feel inclined to predict with the utmost confidence that within a few years your population will be doubled and trebled."
We believe Welland's population will double during 1911, and we believe every foot of Welland real estate will double in value during the same time.
We offer a few choice lots at from $85.00 each up, adjoining the factory section of this town, as the best real estate investment in Canada to-day.
Upon request we will be pleased to furnish full particulars.
Canadian General Securities Corporation, Limited
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WELLAND WELLAND

We recommend for investment the 6% first mortgage bonds of
THE SPANISH RIVER PULP AND PAPER MILLS, LIMITED
PRICE 98 AND INTEREST
In 1910 the net earnings of the Company, after making provision for depreciation and bank interest, were sufficient to pay the bond interest 3⅓ TIMES OVER. Through the operation of a sinking fund of 3 per cent. per annum, commencing in 1912, the bonds are redeemable at 110 and accrued interest by annual drawing, or by purchase on the open market at a price not exceeding 110 and interest. Exclusive of its timber concessions in Ontario, which have an area of 6,000 square miles, the fixed assets of the Company, including plant, buildings, water power and development, have been appraised at $3,489,684, nearly twice the amount of the bond issue.
Further particulars will be furnished upon request.
PLAYFAIR, MARTENS & CO.,
Members Toronto Stock Exchange. 14 King Street East, Toronto.

A party of business and professional men from Buffalo and Ontario left Toronto this week in two Canadian Northern private cars to inspect large tracts of lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. They propose acquiring some 100,000 acres.

Cobalt in 1904 produced 158 tons, valued at $316,217; in 1905, 2,144 tons, valued at $1,437,196; in 1906, 5,129 tons, valued at $3,900,000; in 1907, 14,040 tons; in 1908, 25,700 tons; in 1909, 29,751 tons; in 1910, 34,041 tons.

The Michigan-Pacific Lumber Company and the Michigan-Puget Sound Lumber Company are merged into the Canadian and Puget Sound Lumber Company, of $5,000,000 capital.

Investment Securities

Bonds to Yield 5—6%
Stocks to Yield 6—7%

Information furnished upon request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

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1st Mortgage 5% Bonds, due 1922 to 1932—Interest payable semi-annually. Denomination $1,000.

Statement of Earnings for 1910.

Gross Earnings	$1,912,646.06
Operating Expenses and Taxes	1,087,187,56
Net Earnings	825,458.50
Interest Charge	321,900.00
Surplus	$ 5^3,558.50

Prices to yield 5.40% to ½%.

We Recommend these Bonds for Safe Investment.

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MONTREAL FINANCIAL

JAMES HENRY SHERRARD, CHAIRMAN OF C. M. A.

MONTREAL, JUNE 21ST, 1911.

MR. J. H. SHERRARD, president and manager of the Alaska Feather and Down Company, Ltd., has been elected chairman of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for the year 1911 and 1912, succeeding Col. Robert Gardner. Col. Chas. A. Smart, of the Smart Bag Company, Limited, was elected vice-chairman.

Mr. Sherrard (Alderman) has been a member of the Manufacturers' Association for a number of years, and for the past six or seven years has been on the executive board. He served his turn as vice-chairman, so that he comes honestly by his new honors. The Montreal branch of the Association has been making good progress during recent years, and the appointment of Mr. Sherrard to its chairmanship augurs well for its future.

***

Almost a Blue Nose.

Although James Henry Sherrard is frequently called a blue nose, he is only entitled to the term as loosely applied to people from the Maritime Provinces. He himself makes the claim that it is only in contradistinction to owners of the bibulous type of nose that he can be described as a *blue* nose, inasmuch as he is not a Nova Scotian, but a New Brunswicker by birth, hailing from the town of Shediac, where he was born in 1866. He started his business career in a general store, carried on by O. M. Melanson. The owner of the store, if he were in the province of Quebec, would be called a French-Canadian. Whether a Maritime Province French-Canadian is entitled to be called a French-Canadian or not is a point I am not competent to settle. Down East, I understand, they are called Acadian French, this somewhat poetical term applying to the descendants of old country Frenchmen who settled in that section of the country some generations ago. There are quite a few of these families scattered about through the Maritime Provinces, and a large number of them still retain their language after the manner of their compatriots further West. Thus it comes that a number of blue noses of English parentage, who come to Montreal, arrive with a certain amount of knowledge of the French language which is naturally of great use to them in this province.

***

Helping Us to Sleep.

Sherrard's next move was to New York, where he later took charge of a small factory for the manufacture of bedding. The factory made good progress, and eventually a branch was opened in Montreal. Mr. Sherrard came up here and took charge. This was in 1890. The branch was but a small one, and was located in the G.N.W. building on St. Sacrament street, which street is now the home of steamship, insurance and brokerage fraternities. Three years later, believing he saw some neglected opportunities in the bedding business and associated lines, Mr. Sherrard organized a Canadian company to buy out the American branch, and entered into business in a larger way. This company was called The Alaska Feather and Down Company, Limited, which has subsequently grown into one of the largest of its kind in Canada. The company originally manufactured, among other things, down quilts and similar lines, but subsequently this particular line was abandoned and attention was concentrated on pillows, in which the down is used, and on mattresses made of a special kind of cotton felt carded from the raw cotton. In addition to this, are manufactured springs and portions of the framework of couches and hospital beds and contrivances of similar character. The factory does an enormous business, and fully justifies the expectations of the founder.

***

When Not at Business.

"Harry" Sherrard, as he is known among his friends, possesses many of the qualities which make for popularity and success. When he has decided to do business with you, he does so with an open hand. He knows a bargain a mile off, and yet there is nothing of the bargainer in his methods. He goes at things in a large, generous way, and does not hesitate to spend money in order to get results. That he gets results is the best evidence of the soundness of his methods.

One of his recreations is fishing, and he is nowhere happier than when paddling around the streams, tramping through the forests or otherwise roughing it in the backwoods. It was on one of these jaunts that I first met him, out on a wind-swept lake on a snappy, starlit, winter night. The first good look I got at him was as he emerged next morning from a particularly warm and comfortable eider-down sleeping bag which lay motionless on the floor all night while every cot in the cabin shivered and shook in the cold. He is an excellent companion in the woods, and there is an entire absence of grouch in his system. During his long experience on the road he has become an excellent story-teller—in the limited application of the term, of course. His repertoir is almost inexhaustible, and his mirthless and almost pained expression when he is about to loosen up something particularly funny is almost as effective as the joke. Sherrard's face is never more funereal than when his insides are rumbling with laughter. One of his last stories was appropos of the French-Canadian appreciation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The story was well told in the patois which it is so difficult to represent in print.

A French-Canadian was discussng the Coronation of King George with a country storekeeper.

"What you call dat man he get mek King?" he asked.

"George," said the storekeeper.

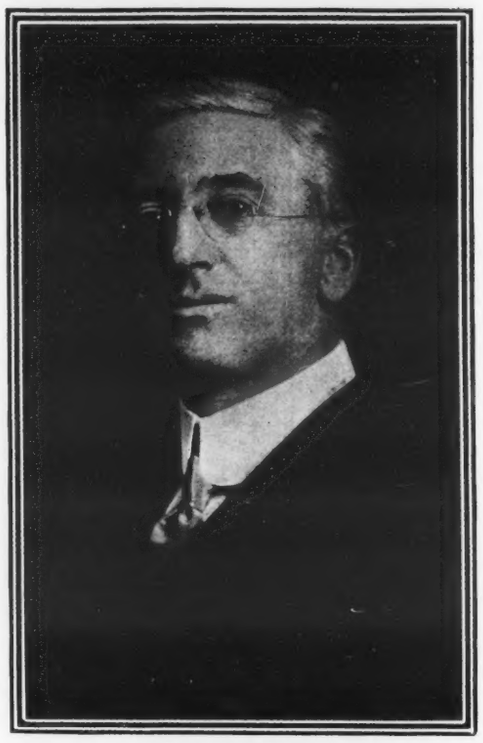
After a moment's contemplation, the habitant remarked with conviction:

"Dat Jorj, he mus' have pretty good pull on Laurier get job lak dat."

***

His Public Interests.

That Sherrard is a staunch advocate of "protection" is evidenced by his activities in connection with the Manufacturers' Association and his appointment to the office of chairman, all of which also are fair indications of his political leanings. His public spirit is displayed not alone in his connection with the Manufacturers' Association, but also in municipal matters and in the interest he takes in public questions generally. In 1909 he was elected an alderman in the city of Westmount, which is Montreal's "dry suburb." Here he is serving with considerable benefit to the city and some distinction to himself. He was re-elected, and his term does not expire for a year to come.



James Henry Sherrard.

To be appointed to the Board of Management of the Montreal General Hospital is an honor which few Montrealers enjoy, and which yet came to Alderman Sherrard recently, possibly partly as a result of work of a similar character in connection with smallpox which he performed to the satisfaction of Westmount. In addition to this, he is also vice-president of the Victorian Order of Nurses. A few years ago he explained to me a scheme for the aid and treatment of tuberculosis patients which seemed to me to possess unusual merit. The scheme may be carried into effect at a later date when the financial market is better supplied. Sherrard is not possessed of the idea that it is his highest duty here below to chase the dollars from dawn to dark and after. He is rather an exemplification of the theory that reasonable diversity of interests helps business along and makes for happiness and balance.

J.A.

Millionaires in the U.S. Senate.

NO longer is the United States Senate the leading millionaires' club of America (says the Philadelphia Inquirer). The number of millionaires in the upper branch of Congress has been decimated, and the time may not be far distant when the Senate will become known as the poor man's club.

No less than $50,000,000 worth of senators has been ripped from the upper branch by an operation as simple as the one that left Adam without one of his ribs. The late Democratic cyclone had much to do with it. From present indications there will have to be formed an association for the conservation of our millionaires in the Senate unless it is to become the poor man's club.

The death of Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia carried $15,000,000 out of the Senate. The retirement of Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island carried $10,000,000 away. Four million went with Eugene Hale of Maine when he made way for Senator Johnson, elected by the Democratic legislature.

Chauncey M. Depew of New York, director in thirty-two different railroads, walked off with $7,000,000. It was his own and he had a right to walk off with it, but the Senate in the aggregate became just that much poorer.

Then there was John Kean of New Jersey, who, while scarcely in the class of Elkins, was worth $5,000,000 When he left, another five million iron man bit the dust so far as the Senate was concerned.

In the broad, sweet fields of private life wandered Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, with his $4,000,000 With him, along the rose-bordered byway, went James P. Taliaferro of Florida with $3,000,000. Hughes of Colorado died, removing another $2,000,000.

There was $50,000,000 right at one clip. The men elected to replace these millionaires are virtually poor men or, at least, what the world considers poor in these days of big fortunes.

Watson of West Virgina, who replaced Elkins, is about the only millionaire in the batch of baby members. He is worth $2,000,000.

Senator O'Gorman of New York is by no means wealthy, and he expects to be obliged to support his large family on $7,500, which is his salary in the Senate. He used to receive $17,500 as judge of one of the New York courts, and he admits now that it is not going to be easy to keep up the senatorial pace on $7,500.

Senator Money of Mississippi, who retired with the last Congress, was a poor man, and John Sharp Williams, who succeeded him, is not wealthy.

John Muir & Co. cite the Tortle-Lemon National Bank of St. Joseph, Mo., as authority for the statement that "banks everywhere have made immense progress toward reducing the rather unmanageable volume of speculative loans that was such an embarrassing feature in the situation last spring. In the West, especially, liquidation of loans made to land speculators and to others engaged in the more or less unstable undertakings of the last year has been a feature of the situation."

The Ontario Securities Co., Limited, have been awarded $26,000 4½ per cent. debentures of County of Wentworth, Ontario, repayable in 20 annual instalments. The debenture debt of that county is less than 1 per cent. of the assessed value, which exceeds $14,000,000.

Canadian exports to New Zealand increased to the extent of $404,625 for the fiscal year closing March 31. The exports totalled $1,404,535.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE RE-INVESTMENT OF MATURING SECURITIES AND JULY DIVIDENDS

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Reserve and Undivided Profits	$7,200,000
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Paid-up Capital	$ 6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	4,999,297
Deposits Nov. 30, 1910	54,719,044
Assets Nov. 30, 1910	71,600,058

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QUEBEC BANK BUILDING, II PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL
DAVID B. KERR. C.A. (Scot.) Resident Partner

MONTREAL	NEW YORK	PITTSBURG	ST. JOSEPH
WINNIPEG	PHILADELPHIA	CHICAGO	ST. PAUL
GLASGOW	WASHINGTON	MILWAUKEE	MINNEAPOLIS
LONDON	NEW ORLEANS	KANSAS CITY	SPOKANE
	BOSTON.		

Toronto reports to Bradstreet's say a steady tone is noted to general business there. The volume of trade moving is not unduly large, but it is well distributed and every indication points to an excellent season as well as to a good trade for the fall and winter. Ontario and Western crops continue to promise very well, and if present indications are borne out the turn-over of goods will be exceedingly heavy. Recent rains have much helped pasturage, and deliveries of dairy produce have been large.

An order for the foreclosure of the Eastern Coal Company, whose property is at McCann, Cumberland county, has been granted at Halifax. The sum of $250,000 was issued in bonds on which the interest had been defaulted. The National Trust Company were trustees under the mortgage. The property, in which a number of wealthy Toronto men are interested, will be sold about the end of July. A large amount of money has been expended in the Manager's house and surface equipment of the mine, but the seam of coal did not materialize as expected or the shaft was sunk in the wrong place.

Canadian Vickers, Ltd., has been incorporated, with headquarters at Montreal, the capital being $5,000,000. The firm will build the Government dry dock at Montreal.

Imperial Bank of Canada
ESTABLISHED 1875.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Subscribed 5,913,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,793,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,793,000.00
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ASSURANCE COMPANY
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Head Office, Toronto
Established 1833
Assets, $2,022,170.18

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4% — 7%
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CANADIAN DEBENTURES CORPORATION
LIMITED
Home Bank Building
TORONTO, ONT.

TORONTO FINANCIAL

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL CO.
SOMETHING ABOUT BRITISH

A Business Kaleidoscope.

To merge the business of patent medicines, real estate, oil wells company, oil lands realty and timber limits seems to be going some. This is what the British-Canadian Industrial Company is handling, and it would not be surprising to find they had added to their activities by forming a hydro-electric company or two, and building a plant for the manufacture of some new kind of collar button. The unstable part of the whole affair would appear, to my mind, to lie in two directions In the first place, the business of making and selling electric beans is vastly different from that of running an oil company, and a realty brokerage business, again, is still different. However, we have to take people and companies as we find them. In the first place, I am informed that when the British-Canadian Industrial Company, of Ottawa, was formed by the people who owned the Electric Bean Company, no promotion stock was issued. In fact, one of the officers of the company has informed me that while he has a block of this stock, he paid the current price for it, minus commission. This being so immediately lifts the British-Canadian Company out of the realm of looting concerns who tie up the company by the issue of promotion stock in return for something of uncertain value, or no value at all. As to the kind of business the company is engaged in, every one is at liberty to form his own conclusion. It apears that the Crown Gas & Oil Company acquired oil leases in and about the Tilbury field. They pumped up some oil, I imagine, but not any too much. Their first stroke of business in any large way was to sell out oil and gas holdings to an English syndicate. The syndicate floated the Standard Oil Company of Canada and sold five shilling shares. The Crown Gas & Oil Company, being composed largely of the same people who owned Electric Beans, was able to pay an initial dividend to shareholders on the strength of its English deal. Besides Tilbury oil lands, the company turned over some 8,000 acres of what were called gas and oil fields between Montreal and Ottawa. Most people were inclined to treat this tract as an oil and gas joke, and perhaps they are not far wrong. But, on the other hand, I am told people working for this English concern with the modest name have found a strong flow of gas in the vicinity of Carlsbad Springs. The treasurer of the British-Canadian Company informs me that the geological department of the Government at Ottawa is much interested in this find at 700 feet depth.

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Stealing Rockefeller's Title.

The choice of the name Standard Oil Company of Canada was, to say the least of it, an unfortunate selection. It is safe to say that few Britishers who were asked to buy the five shilling shares of the Standard Oil Company of Canada would have any other idea than that they were buying into a subsidiary of the real Standard Oil Company, the giant United States concern which distributes millions of dollars yearly in profits. The very choice of this name, Standard Oil, leads one to believe that the acquisition by the company of 8,000 acres between Montreal and Ottawa was made more for the fact that it was 8,000 acres than for any oil value the lands might be supposed to contain. There is absolutely no sound business reason in the world why the promoters of this concern should have dubbed their oil company "Standard Oil." There are thousands of other names which even a casual dip into any good dictionary would have supplied without purloining the title of Rockefeller's pet. The effect of business of this kind, is, in the long run, to discredit Canadian enterprises floated in Great Britain. The old adage of "once bitten, twice shy" holds good in matters of finance and business. Especially will criticism develope if it is found that the Standard Oil Company of Canada cannot pay dividends on its $1,125,000 of capital, on the strength of those oil lands between Montreal and Ottawa. By the way, the owners of said lands valued these luscious oil and gas pastures so highly that they leased them at the price of 25 cents per acre to the Crown Gas and Oil Company.

***

Good Enough for the Purpose.

Perhaps the Crown Gas & Oil Company looked on this 8,000 acres as being just good enough to feed out to an English syndicate desirous of forming a company with a high-sounding name for the purpose of selling stocks to the average British investor who is not quite sure whether the president of the company is one John D. Rockefeller or not. At any rate the Crown Gas & Oil Company did well on the deal. They got some shares of the Standard Oil Company, and some $240,000 in cash, if I remember correctly. It appears that of this sum there is still upwards of $100,000 in the treasury. The Electric Bean Company, another arm of activity, is, I understand, paying dividends, or rather was, when it was taken over by the British-Canadian Industrial Company.

There are quite a few young men in the latter company, and they seem to develope ambition as they go along. With the proceeds of the sale of stock in the new holding company, they went out and bought about thirty acres of land in or near to Ottawa City and some 2,000 acres of land out West, in Regina and Brandon. But that is not all. They have also picked up three hundred square miles of timber limits in the Lake St. John region. Quebec, which is said to contain an awful quantity of marketable pulp. Well, the people running the concern naturally know their own business better than anyone else. I suppose that if they market their timber lands at a profit, dispose of their Ottawa land holdings at more profit, and possibly sell what oil holdings they still own to some other English syndicate—and if the Beans continue to do as well as in the past, the shareholders may get the benefit. I should think there was a good deal of the speculative element attached to buying the shares. One would have to know the innermost inside details in order to guage it absolutely.

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To Join Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Announcement is made that E. H. Laschinger, Assistant Deputy Postmaster-General, severs his connection with the department on June 30 to become a business associate of Cawthra Mulock of Toronto. Commenting on the retirement of Mr. Laschinger, Hon. Mr. Lemieux, Postmaster-General, paid a tribute to the abilities of Mr. Laschinger and the loss the department would sustain by his leaving. E. H. Laschinger was born in New Hamburg, in the county of Waterloo, in the year 1874. After completing his school courses, he gravitated towards law, first entering the law office of Mr. J. P. Mabee, who is now chairman of the Railway Commission. The year 1890 saw Mr. Laschinger in Toronto as the assistant private secretary to Sir Oliver Mowat, then Premier of Ontario. In 1895 he left Toronto for Ottawa, and in the latter city acted as secretary to the late Mr. Sutherland, who then was member for N. Oxford, afterwards Minister of Public Works, and to Sir William Mulock also. Mr. Laschinger made an ideal secretary. He was alert, discreet and knowledgable, and his services were so well liked by Sir William Mulock, that the latter gentleman installed Mr. Laschinger as his own private secretary on the appointment of Sir William as Postmaster-General in 1896. Mr. Laschinger accompanied him to Ottawa. There he remained as secretary to the Postmaster, serving also in the department in an executive capacity. Every one knows that Sir William Mulock is a hard worker himself, and real toil was the lot of Mr. Laschinger during his connection with him. Early and late hours were the rule, not the exception. But Laschinger seemed to like work. He made a study of postal matters, and in 1898 was sent to attend the Postal Conference in London, England. Three years later he accompanied Sir William Mulock to Australia on the occasion of the opening of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth. A more important assignment was given him in 1904, when he was sent to Mexico in connection with the establishment of a steamship service between that country and Canada.



E. H. Laschinger.

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On a Mission to England.

When in 1907 the Dominion Government decided to improve the Canadian ocean mail service by arranging for better methods of handling incoming and outgoing mails at Rimouski, Mr. Laschinger was selected to proceed to England in order to secure a suitable vessel, fulfilling this task in such a manner as to meet with cordial expressions of appproval on the part of the Government. Owing to the vast expansion of the Canadian Postal Service, a rearrangement of the organization of the department became necessary, and in 1907, whilst in England, Mr. Laschinger was advised by cable that he had been selected for the position of Assistant Deputy Postmaster-General. Since then he has had exceptional opportunities of mastering the various details in connection with the management of an institution which in point of magnitude, stands without a peer in the list of Government services, comprising thousands upon thousands of Post Offices with contract arrangements of similar extent, and a staff of officials running into the thousands. With the hundred and one questions constantly calling for attention—and in most cases prompt decisions—it will be realized that, in order to satisfactorily discharge such duties, not only were tact, good judgment and discretion necessary, but infinite patience as well. That such qualities were not found wanting in Mr. Laschinger was the universal testimony of all Ministers under whom he served, and by the receipt of attractive offers at various times to enter commercial life.

N. D.

What Leading Stocks Yield.

A EMILIUS JARVIS & Company give the dividend yields on some of the leading stocks as follows:—

Stocks.	Price About	Rate %	Yield About
Preferred—			
B. C. Packers, "A"	90	7	7¾
B. C. Packers, "B"	59	7	7⅛
Burt, F. N.	118½	7	5⅞
Canada Cement	84	7	8⅜
Dominion Iron	103	7	6¾
Dominion Coal	110	7	6⅜
Mackay	74	4	5⅜
Maple Leaf	102	7	6⅞
Penmans	85	6	7
Rogers, W. A.	110	7	6⅜
Sawyer-Massey	92	7	7⅝
Common—			
Canadian General Electric Co.	103½	7	6¾
Canadian Pacific Railway	241	10	4⅛
Consumers Gas	195	10	5⅛
Dominion Steel Corporation	58	4	6⅞
Duluth Superior	84	5	6
Mackay	91	5	5½
Sao Paulo	181½	10	5½
Twin City	108	6	5½
Rio de Janeiro	114	5	4⅜

The New York Stock Exchange has suspended F. W. Duryea, a member, for three months for accepting a speculative account from an employee of another member of the Exchange.

The Imperial Conference in London suggests laying a State cable between Canada and Great Britain unless the cable companies reduce their rates.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager
BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.
Capital Paid-Up - - - - - - $ 2,750,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits - - - 3,250,000
Total Assets - - - - - - - 40,000,000
TORONTO: 34 YONGE STREET.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould, Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Queen and Spadina, Arthur and Bathurst, and West Toronto.
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA
Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.
We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals. on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
TOTAL DEPOSITS
1890 - - - - - - - - $ 3,145,213
1900 - - - - - - - - $ 9,699,277
1910 - - - - - - - - $32,418,445
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL OFFICES
Toronto Offices: 37 King St. East, Broadview and Gerrard, Queen and Pape, College St. and Ossington Ave.

RODOLPHE FORGET
Member Montreal Stock Exchange
83 Notre Dame West MONTREAL
60 rue de Provence PARIS, FRANCE

Savings Department
Our staff are always pleased to courteously render any assistance they may be able to those who may not be familiar with the usual procedure in opening accounts, making or withdrawing deposits, etc.
CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Toronto Street, Toronto
Established 1855

THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA.
BRANCHES IN TORONTO:
Corner King and Bay Streets
Corner Adelaide and Simcoe Streets
Corner College and Grace Streets
Corner Queen Street and Close Avenue
Corner Dundas and Keele Streets
Corner Broadview Ave. and Elliott Street
SAVINGS DEPARTMENTS AT ALL BRANCHES

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY
We offer for sale debentures bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. These debentures offer an absolutely safe and profitable investment, as the purchasers have for security the entire assets of the company.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS ASSETS, $1,340,000.00.
TOTAL ASSETS, $2,500,000.00.
President: J. A. KAMMERER.
Vice-Presidents: W. S. DINNICK, Toronto. R. M. MACLEAN, London, Eng.
Directors: RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G. DAVID RATZ, R. H. GREENE, HUGH S. BRENNAN, J. M. ROBERTS, A. J. WILLIAMS.
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Alas, Poor Doric!—Story of a Near Mine

What Happened to Plain Business Men Who Got Gold Fever.

Who Stole the Pocket?

JUST what happened to Doric Reserve is a sad, sad story.

The recital of the details only goes to show that when plain business men stack up against a gentleman learned in modern 'mining' tactics, something is generally bound to happen. Happen it did in the case of Doric Reserve, and this is how.

Two summers ago George H. Stevenson started to put this one over. Mr. Stevenson is hardly a capitalist, nor yet a miner. At the same time he is not what you would ordinarily term a broker in the sense that A. E. Ames or Aemilius Jarvis are brokers. If you term Mr. Stevenson a mine broker, you would not be missing the head of the nail very far. Mr. Stevenson two summers ago had a quiet chat with another gentleman whose name has been mentioned ere this in SATURDAY NIGHT—Mr. Dreany. Mr. Dreany got out Gold Mint and other lemons. Mr. Dreany is one of the leaders of the gold group that inhabits a King St., E. hotel lobby. As a result, Mr. Stevenson walked into the offices of several gentlemen in town, one after the other, and gave 'em gold fever in about fifteen minutes. They were all good men—solid business chaps of fine reputation, and they knew little about mining. Mr. Stevenson showed them chunks of ore that would make anyone sit up. The quartz was of the same hue as much



of the Dome Mines, Ltd., stuff, only it was so rich it looked as if it ached to pay dividends right on the spot.

This ore fairly exuded gold. There were globules of the yellow stuff we all despise and are busy scrambling for, all through it. Any jeweler would have bought it on sight to use in his business.

In a very short space of time Mr. Stevenson had interested the gentlemen aforesaid to the extent that they got together a syndicate to corral the property that produced this wonder gold. Mr. Dreany had possession of the land, and would sell, at a price. The property was T. R. 167 in the Temagami Reserve, and the syndicate put up, I understand, $30,000 in cash for the purchase price. Mr. Stevenson pointed out to them that there were five adjoining acres, also rich, which they might as well obtain, and the syndicate was agreeable. This cost in stock $10,000 more. The syndicate organized the Doric Reserve Mines, capital $2,000,000 and put the properties in the name of the company.

Just what happened after that does not seem any too clear. Mr. Stevenson seems to have taken a leading part, however in whatever was done, and having put such a rich property in the hands of the syndicate, he proffered the modest request that he should be given a privilege in return. Mr. Stevenson did not ask to be made President, or even treasurer. He merely requested that he be appointed the broker for the company, and everyone was glad to be able to assent to this.

Mr. Stevenson had in his possession a large wad of promotion shares. He was to sell for the company 100,000 treasury shares at a price to put $40,000 into the treasury of the company, so that develpment could proceed. Meanwhile members of the original syndicate journeyed up to the property, and found they could kick pieces of quartz out of a five-foot deep test pit, that was almost as rich as what they had seen originally.

Mr. Stevenson went ahead then to sell stock for the company. In The Standard, of Montreal, dated October, 16, 1909, there is a full page advertisement introducing Doric Mines and its wonderful wealth. A top line runs "$150,000 to the Ton This Gold Mine Yields. There are two pictures of the ore, one chunk taking up ten inches, the other smaller and fatter. Both are dotted with white splotches, meaning yellow gold in the ore. The advertisement contained the good news that free-milling ore running $150,000 to the ton had been found, and went on to say that Doric was driving the miners wild. A report was included by Professor Hassan, and a Toronto assayer certified that in 191 ounces he had found gold worth $3,964.65, with about $24 worth of silver also. Then the Toronto World—that excellent mining authority—printed dope from its special representative, "Man on the Spot," or something like that, and this was reproduced on the page. People began to buy Doric. Some paid ten cents for it, and a good many more paid 75 cents.

The directors were quite pleased at the way the public was taking hold, and one or two of them took a sly peep at the treasury to see how the money was piling up. They found no money in the treasury, and strange to say, no treasury shares were going out. They did not know much about mining, but they did know they had Doric treasury shares to sell, and they sort of calculated that as the shares were selling, the secretary ought to be doing something in the way of making transfers, and some real money ought to be coming into the treasury.

Finally they became wise to the true situation, which was, it appears, that it was not treasury stock that was being fed out to the eager public at all, but promotion shares. The sale of promotion shares put money into someone's pocket, but it did not do the treasury a dollar's worth of good.

When President John R. Barber of Toronto discovered that Montreal, Toronto, Detroit and other places were snapping up promotion shares, while mildew was forming on the inside of the Doric Treasury, he was quite displeased. So were the other officers and directors, George Wright, W. McMurty, E. Maybee, George N. Hendry, Fred. Gooch, A. M. Coquhoun, all of Toronto; N. S. Braken of Hamilton, Edwin Shoemaker, M.D., Newfane, N.Y., and other Buffalo and New York men

Doric stock had got its stride and was bringing 75 cents per share in Montreal. One of the Toronto directors immediately wrote the following on a telegraph blank, tore it off and had the message to a Montreal broker put on the wire:—

Offer Doric at ten cents.

It was offered at ten, and that punctured the boom for the promotion stock. The selling holocaust collapsed, and the directors put on their fighting clothes and went gunning for G. H. S.

I don't know what satisfaction they obtained. They did find, I am told, that a barrel of promotion shares had been sold, and not even one lone share of treasury stock. They went up to the property, sadder and wiser, and there received another blow. They found the pocket from which the rich specimens had been obtained had been swiped by parties unknown. And they estimated there had been $30,000 of gold in that pocket, if it was a pocket.

Alas, poor Doric, I knew him well.

Recently, however, the directors, still believing they have a rich property—and by the way, quite within the past few weeks they have been successful in obtaining a good title to the same—have made a bond issue of $15,000. Many of the directors have put up more of their good money buying these bonds, and there will probably be some offered to the public.

A general meeting of shareholders will be held next week to ratify this bond issue, and to decide what else will be done to put development under way.

Where John Bull Still Leads.

WHILE the United States has in New York the greatest and busiest seaport in the world—a position long held by London—she also leads the world in the production of corn, tobacco, coal, petroleum, pig iron, steel, and cotton. But as a writer in The Strand (London) points out, there are certain exports, principally of manufactured goods, in which England holds a place superior to her rivals, the United States, Germany, and France. This writer tells us that John Bull is a great old gentleman still, though so many nations are looking over his shoulder and copying his methods—perhaps improving on them. They have not, however, as yet captured all of his positions, and we read:

"When it comes to certain steel manufactures, John Bull still takes first place. To begin with, he is, in 1911, as he was in 1811, the world's master cutler, and the products of Sheffield are marked A1 in the world's markets. In value, bulk, and quality America comes second and the German factories third. He still controls the cycle



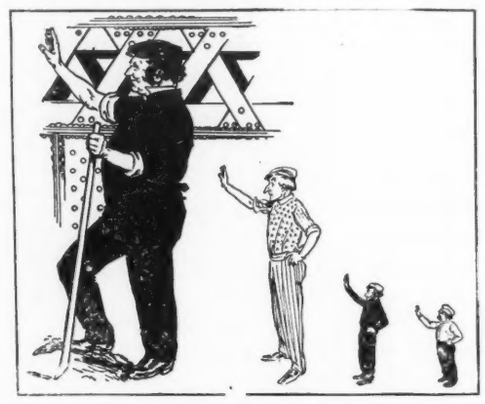
IN MACHINERY.

In exports of machinery John Bull is in the lead—Great Britain, £28,000,000; Germany, £20,000,000; America, £17,000,000.

trade, although here Germany is close at his heels; the production of cycle parts being last year about as large as Britain's. But the quality is far superior in this, as in other products."

So with regard to cotton-spinning, wool, and the manufacture of tobacco. This writer declares:

"To show how easily the British are still the world's greatest cotton-spinners, we have only to take the figures of the exports of cotton goods. John Bull, after supplying himself liberally, sends out £95,000,000 worth to market. Germany sells £13,000,000 worth, France £11,000,000, and America £7,500,000. As regards woollen manufactures he is far greater, for he last year exported over £30,000,000 worth, three times as much as his nearest rival, Germany. Then take tobacco. America grows it, but who has the art of manufacturing it to approach John Bull? He exports £1,650,000 worth annually to Uncle Sam's £1,000,000 worth. Or tin; but here, again, this is Bull's specialty."



JOHN BULL AS A CIVIL ENGINEER.

The above diagram shows how John Bull outdoes his rivals in civil engineering undertakings throughout the globe.

America is famous for its inventive talent, but Great Britain excels our country in the amount of the machinery exported:

"In machinery, both for quality and quantity exported, he is still easily first, but the strides made by Germany and America may result in his being overtaken. When one considers population, it is a little difficult to see how a country of 40,000,000 can hope to surpass in production one of 80,000,000. Yet the statistics of the world's trade show that in the market of the universe he makes more locomotives, railway wagons, and electrical apparatus than his rivals."

John Bull is, like the poet Collins, "a most excellent hatter"; his hats "retain their pre-eminence over the world"; finally, "Britain's export trade is about $2,000,000,000 per annum in value, against Germany's $1,250,000,000 and America's $1,750,000,000."

INVESTMENTS FOR WOMEN

It is evident, from many communications received by the Financial Department of SATURDAY NIGHT, that there are numbers of busines women and others who would like to convert small holdings of cash into good investment securities, but who fear to dip into finance unguided. Their desire to purchase in a small way stocks or bonds which will primarily afford the utmost security for their capital, and at the same time will net slightly better than savings bank interest. The aim of the department, "Investments for Women," will be to make suggestions from time to time as to what particular stocks and bonds may be acquired at small outlay, and to furnish advice on the advisability of any purchase contemplated. Correspondence intended for this department may be addressed to the Editor of Gold and Dross, and where a reply by mail is desired, stamps should accompany the communication.

Toronto, June 13, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly advise me as to the advisability of buying City Dairy preferred stock? I have six hundred dollars which I would like to invest, and would be glad of your opinion.

N. E. J.

Investment advice is like that of a physician's, different in each individual case. If six hundred dollars is your entire capital, the fruit of years of savings, the loss of which would cripple you financially, even preferred stocks are not good enough. You should purchase bonds, and preferably those carrying low rates of interest. Otherwise City Dairy preferred, which is paying its dividend, is a fair purchase.

An investment selection may be made from the following list of bonds:

Toronto and York Radial Railway, 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds, due Oct. 1, 1919. Price 100½ and interest. This will yield about 4.95 per cent.

Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds, due July 1, 1959. Price 95½ and interest. he yield is about 5¼ per cent.

Western Canada Flour Mills 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds, due March 1, 1928. Price 105 and interest. To yield about 5½ per cent.

Canadian Car and Foundry Co., Ltd., 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds, due Dec. 1, 1939. Price to yield about 5⅝ per cent.

Canadian Northern Railway income debenture stock, price about 99, paying 5 per cent. Yield a trifle over 5 per cent.

Burns, P. & Company, Limited x104	6	5⅝
Canada Car & Foundry x104	6	5⅝
Dominion Steel z95¾	5	5¼
Dominion Coal x98	5	5⅛
Electrical Development z82	5	6⅛
Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Ry. ..x100	5	5
Penmans x91½	5	5½
Quebec Railway x84	5	6
Sao Paulo z100	5	5
Steel Company of Canada x100	6	6
Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.... x105	6	5⅝

x, and interest; z, flat.

June 17, 1911.

Dear Sir:

Could you please give me any information regarding the Rea mine in Porcupine? I bought two hundred shares at six dollars and a half ($6.50), and for the past few weeks it has been around six dollars. Would you advise me to sell it?

M. A. C.

The great probability is that some wise person got you into Rea at $6.50 as a special favor to yourself. If so, it is his plain duty to buy the stock from you at that price. Otherwise your safest plan is to sell and keep out of Porcupine.

Gold Hunts Many "Finds," Very Few

COMMENTING on the report that a party aboard the steamship Eureka is successful in locating gold hidden off the coast of Honduras many years ago by a Chilian cruiser, the New York Evening Post says:

Dreams of stout sea-chests packed with doubloons and pieces-of-eight, and possession of a faded parchment chart, conveniently vague in its directions for finding these sudden and great riches, have been cargo enough for many a ship with a crew of treasure seekers since the day Capt. Kidd left the Quedah Merchant at Hispaniola now San Domingo, for the sloop Antonio; and the Quedah Merchant, so the legend runs, sailed north, laden with gold, and was scuttled somewhere along the Atlantic coast.

It matters not that this tale was told by a bold pirate Bradish, who died as a pirate should, with his boots on, but unromantically enough at the end of a hangman's rope on Execution Dock; and that the story was disproved by Bellomont, his capturer. For less than this have barren sands been dug with shovel and pick, from Tobermory Bay, below the Hebrides, around the Horn and up the Pacific coast into Fonseca Bay, Honduras, where the Chilian cruiser with its store of treasure is now reported to be found.

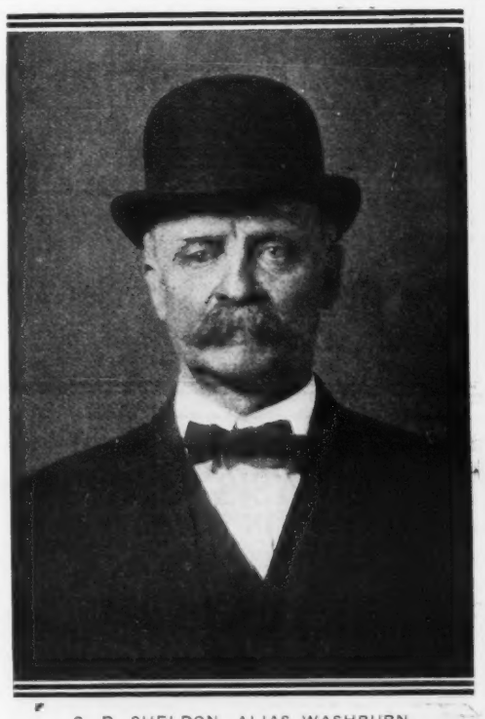
Nearly every season some yacht sails from the ports of New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco for the Spanish Main. In January of this year the ninety-five-foot schooner Seneca, with Demarest Lloyd, John T. Cole (said to be an ex-professor or astronomy at Harvard), John B. Fallon, and Arthur Coombs, was fitted in mysterious fashion in the Erie Basin. She departed to explore the coasts of Hayti for galleons lost in the seventeenth century. In April of last year "one of the best equipped scientific treasure-hunting expeditions ever launched" put out from Galveston to search for the moidoires of Jean Lafitte, buried on the Gulf coast. As usual, the pirate's "own charts," never before deciphered, were a part and parcel of the expedition.

The Government has not taken such enterprises seriously enough to impose a tax on treasure trove, after the manner of the ancient sovereigns. In those days a capitalist could not lose money by depositing it in banks, so he buried it in the ground. Often he died with the secret of its whereabouts.

Digging for such gold was said to be a profitable business, and the King reserved his right to a share of all treasure trove on any land in the Dominions. Nowadays the authorities keep a sharp eye on these quixotic ventures for the purpose of seeing that the bills of lading, specifying "scientific instruments," do not really cover rifles and ammunition for the disgruntled and revolutionary party of a South American Republic. South street is always cynical.

No land is too poor in romance to have a mythical pirate's hoard. Morgan, Lafitte, Kidd, and all the gallant sea-rovers who took their letters of instruction none too seriously, and spoke every ship they met for one of the enemy's and accordingly engaged unlawfully in commerce must have carried doubloons and pieces-of-eight as ballast, or else, impossible to believe, some of the charts must lie.

And, luckily enough, they had to make no report of resources to a State examiner, so that now the amount of the sought-for hoard is unlimited—it is generally put at a high figure, equal, perhaps, to the estimated profits of a mining concern which the postal inspectors raid before six months are over. The gold supposed to be in the sunken Chilian cruiser, variously said to be from $15,000,000 to $65,000,000, is a conservative estimate. Moreover, land and water which never saw these freebooters have their own legends of lost gold. In August, 1910, a "Detroit syndicate" backed an enterprise whose object was the recovery of millions believed to have been lost in Lake Erie In April of the same year Dr. Martin Damourette left New York for Alaska, there to search for buried fortune, which a mysterious map was to make an easy find for the possessor. And there have been many others.



C. D. SHELDON, ALIAS WASHBURN.

Sheldon, get-rich-quick artist and "blind pool" operator, who was sentenced last week to five years in the Penitentiary. Saturday Night was the first paper in Canada to attack Sheldon's "blind pool" and had the honor of being threatened with a libel suit in consequence.



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DEALERS IN BONDS MONTREAL, CANADA

Sol Rosenblatt, whose candidacy cost the Mutual Life Insurance Company $60,000, according to common report, was not elected a trustee of the company. The successful candidates were John J. Mitchell, the Chicago banker, and John G. Shedd of Marshall Field & Co. They replace Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and Emile O. Phillippi of Paris, who declined renomination.

The United States government has not decided to institute a civil suit for the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation, or criminal suits against the officers and directors of that corporation. The reports to the contrary are premature.

In Spencer Trask & Co.'s June letter on the investment situation in New York, there is an interesting note to the effect that the bond turnover on the Stock Exchange in the month of May has been exceeded only three times in over twenty years.

British capitalists propose to construct a power plant at Saskatoon if given a twenty-year street railway franchise.

Banking Profits Under Reciprocity

By H. M. P. ECKARDT

WHEN the reciprocity agreement was introduced to the Ottawa Parliament by Hon. Mr. Fielding, there were some people in Canada who expected that it would be put through in time to apply to the 1911 crops. A number of months have passed, and the fruit crop of 1910 has begun to come on the market, but the old conditions still prevail. However, the agreement has been making progress at Washington, and it now appears that so far as the United States Government is concerned, reciprocity will, in the course of a month or two, be advanced to the stage wherein all that is wanting to give it effect will be favorable action by the Canadian Parliament. As regards Canada the outcome of the controversy is not yet clear. But, as it appears that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues must put through the agreement or retire from office, it will be worth while to assume that by October or November reciprocity will be in effect, and to proceed to an estimate of some of its results.

An interesting line of study is that dealing with the effect which the abolition of duties will have upon the banks. Under our system the various lines of business are financed by the chartered banks to a greater or less extent. If any particular business or industry is destined to suffer great loss through the change in our fiscal relations with the United States, then the banks carrying the accounts of parties engaged in that business or industry will perhaps be obliged to make some radical changes in the terms or conditions under which their funds are advanced. For example, the pork packing industry has been mentioned as one likely to be injured by American competition. Assuming that these predictions are in the main correct and that Canadian packing concerns will henceforth be obliged to work at a much lower ratio of profit how will that circumstance affect the banks carrying the packers' accounts? It is almost impossible to say. In order to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion one would require to know by how much the profits of the industry will be reduced. And this knowledge will not be forthcoming until it is seen by how much reciprocity raises the price of live hogs in Canada. At any rate there are a number of packing companies in such strong position that their bankers' advances are not at all threatened by a fall in their profits.

* * *

HOWEVER, all the packing concerns transacting business by means of loans from banks are not as strong as this. In the case of some the banks will certainly hesitate to continue their loans if it appears likely that the borrowers' profits are to be reduced. So there might be considerable discussion on certain bank boards as to what was to be done with these accounts. Perhaps in some cases loans and advances hitherto regarded as good would be transferred to the bad or doubtful class. The thing which impaired the character of the accounts would be the admission of Canadian hogs duty free by the United States; and a wise banker would have had in mind the possibility of such an occurrence when he granted the credits.

The flour milling industry is another which is said to be menaced by reciprocity in much the same manner. The harm is to be done through the American competitors securing access to supplies of raw material which hitherto were more exclusively at the service of the Canadian millers. But the assertion that the Canadian milling industry will be injured is disputed, and the effect of reciprocity in this case appears to be more problematical than in the case of the packers. If the Democrats' Farmers' Free List Bill is enacted into law Canadian flour and mill-products will be admitted into the United States free, while our duty against their mill-products will apparently remain. Under those circumstances the Canadian millers should make decided gains.

* * *

IF the industry suffers it will affect a wide range of banking accounts. In the case of the wealthy concerns the banks' loans will not be materially endangered. Sometimes a big milling company will get caught in a falling market with huge stocks of wheat, etc., represented by bank loans. Such loss as occurs in this way from speculation and not properly be attributed to reciprocity. Then there are a number of very important industries which must benefit very considerably from a free exchange of natural products between Canada and the United States. Lumbering is one; dairying is another. But those who favor the pact are confidently expecting that the maximum of benefit will accrue to the agricultural industry. They expect that the opening of a large new market which may be reached at a relatively low transportation cost will result in the long run in better prices to Canadian farmers for their products and a marked increase in the Canadian production. Reciprocity strikes the shackles from one of the most important departments of trade.

So it is reasonable enough to expect that if the farmers are more prosperous there will be a more rapid growth of the deposits in the country branches in Ontario and Quebec. Many dead old towns may take on a livelier aspect. And again, if the farmers are more prosperous, every industry in the Dominion will derive benefit through the increased purchasing power of the agriculturists. In this way the general profits of the banks might be indirectly increased.

* * *

IT seems quite clear that the freedom of the United States market will give a strong impetus to the growth of Western Canada. In that part of the Dominion the banks are just now deriving a large proportion of their profits. And anything which serves to enhance the prosperity of the Western provinces will undoubtedly serve to swell the dividends of the stockholders of the banks.

Field Crops in Canada.

A BULLETIN of the Census and Statistics Office states that the season this year has been favorable for field crops in all parts of Canada, and excellent reports have been received from all the provinces. The lowest percentage of condition is made for fall wheat, which suffered from in adequate protection in the winter months, and also to some extent from spring frosts. The areas of fall wheat are greater than last year by 4.50 per cent. and of spring wheat by 13.70 per cent. The total area in wheat is 10,503,400 acres, as compared with 9,294,800 in 1910 and 7,750,400 in 1909. The per cent. condition of fall wheat at the end of May was 80.63, and of spring wheat 96.69.

The International Smelting & Refining Company reports a decrease in net income for the fiscal year ended Dec. 31 of $233,522. The curtailment of output of copper and lead at the mines was responsible for the decline. Gross income at $2,636,932 showed an increase above 1909 of $50,389. This figure was more than offset by an advance of expenses to the extent of $283,911.

The Canadian Mining Journal is issuing a handbook relating to Porcupine and Keekeek districts which will contain thirteen maps.



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Applicant: "Sure! That's what queered him!" —Puck.

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He recognized the truth of the old saying, "We're never too old to learn."

The cigar smoker who says, "I am satisfied, this is good enough for me," is, to say the least,

UNPROGRESSIVE

He might save 50% by smoking the Davis

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The "NOBLEMEN" demonstrates to the smoker of expensive cigars that he is never too old to learn how to get an exquisite, full flavored, full weight, all Havana, Cuban made Cigar, at HALF THE PRICE HE IS PAYING AT PRESENT.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the half year ending June 30, 1911, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city and at all its branches on and after the 3rd day of July next to shareholders of record of the 15th day of June, 1911.

By order of the Board,

ROBT. CAMPBELL, General Manager.

Winnipeg, May 25, 1911.

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Reserve Fund	1,250,000.00
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PORK-U-PINE
News of the Mines
NEAR MINES, FLOTATIONS, DEVELOPMENT
PROMOTIONS, DIVIDENDS

The Wild Cat of To-day is the Mine of To-morrow.

UPON this seductive theme lullabies are being sung. The illogic of it is obvious to other speculative paretics or those quacks who would rather approach obliquely what they know little of and what they have availed of to bamboozle the public.

A "Western mining man," whose desire for anonymity induced The Nugget, of Cobalt, to suppress his name, advances this dangerous argument in behalf of Porcupine in general. His word, according to The Nugget, is "of considerable value." Beyond that there is nothing to indicate that it is or that he is not one of those perennal adventurers who have made mining a synonym for rascality. Such as he have supplied substance to the false assumption based upon certain experience with conscienceless promoters, that "a mine is a hole in the ground and the owner a liar."

The publicity given to this utterance by a daily journal supposed to represent the mines of Northern Ontario hardly is surprising, in view of the failure of the "wild catting" fraternity to inveigle their lambkin following once more into the "mining game." It is not so easy to induce the public to "come in, the water is warm." Recollection of the cheap schemes to fleece the credulous are too fresh. The "Western mining man" quoted either misjudges the position or he must find other than shop-worn yarns. Millions of dollars have been dissipated during the past half-dozen years in the flimsiest prospects. Glib crooks and ignorant prospectors and promoters lent volume to the refrain: "The doubt of to-day is the certainty of to-morrow." To argue that the "wild cat" is a primordial mine may appeal to the "fool and his money," but it is the silliest twaddle.

A "wild cat" cannot change its species any more than the leopard can change its spots. Mining prospects become "wild cats" when they are capitalized at random and share distribution is undertaken without regard to mineral contents. If prospects were allowed to remain upon exploration bases, they would have the elements of legitimacy. Because the practice has been to regard innumerable and inconsequential showing of native silver, "bloom," or isolated specimens of gold-bearing rock, as so many mines worth millions, the idea prevailed that dollar shares by the bushelful were matters of course. From Sudbury to Moose Factory, and Ville Marie to the Algoma boundary, promoters had it that anything was to be taken for granted, that a specimen afforded the sesame to one, two, or three millions of the public money. "The 'wild cat' of to-day is the mine of to-morrow" became a tenet—regardless of economic principles or moral obligations.

In support of the contention that a "wild cat" may develop into a mine, there is little to be offered. Primary over-capitalization means permanent vitiation, except under exceptional circumstances. Not every prospect—unless it be over-capitalized—is a "wild cat." The intent of promoters frequently has mitigating aspects, without lessening the responsibility. Thousands of companies were organized in Toronto without thought of wrong doing. Thousands died a'borning. Deliberate "wild-catting" was not generally resorted to. Ignorance was blissful. Many did not know what constituted a mine, or what the millions they dealt with represented. Square miles might be charted as the special preserves of "wild cats," yet it is those only who sold shares with thieving intent who were legally culpable. Most of the directors of so-called "wild cat" concerns were incapable of determining the facts. Altogether, no "wild cats" *per se* have developed into mines bringing returns to their shareholders and likely to redeem their nominal capital.

Once a "wild cat"; always such. A favorite line of reasoning is, that Crown Reserve was a "wild cat." The initial capitalization of that company lent color to this contention, but the price paid for the rights under Kerr Lake was the estimate of those who had investigated the ground.

Not until Crown Reserve located its extraordinary ore bodies was the capitalization of $2,000,000 warranted. On the other hand, considering the price paid to the Government of Ontario, plus a royalty, and bearing in mind also that Crown Reserve was valued in the market at about $200,000 when the rich "strike" was made; it never was a "wild cat."

Again, it is urged that the Coniagas as a prospect capitalized at $4,000,000 was a "wild cat." Those holding to this view forget that Coniagas always has been practically a private corporation in which the strictest adherence to sound business methods have prevailed. Moreover, the Coniagas became a mine from the "grass roots." consequently it was not a "wild cat."

At Porcupine, it is contended by the "pro-wild cats," Hollinger was a "wild cat" venture on the part of the Timmins-McMartin interests. Against this is the fact private monies were paid for the property and no public "first aid" was sought. The same is true of the Dome. It was a "mining risk" assumed by capitalists, but it was not a 'wild cat." To cultivate sentiment in behalf of speculation in unproved areas, therefore, on the plea that "all prospects look alike" and may enrich the most foolhardy, is the intolerable proposition contained in the statement of "the Western mining man,'" whom The Nugget parades as an apostle of prosperity at Porcupine. Mining is sufficiently hazardous without injecting "wild-catting" as a pacemaker.

* * *

WHILE speculative interest in mining shares is largely confined to Porcupine, official figures affecting the producing mines of Cobalt issued by the Ontario Department of Mines with reference to the first three months of 1911 establish the soundness of the silver industry. During those months—and during the succeeding quarter—all of the mines were handicapped by lack of power. This greatly curtailed the silver output; yet the official figures indicate that the Cobalt industry will surpass its 1910 record of about 29,000,000 ounces. The total shipments of silver from Cobalt sources in 1910 amounted to 29,856,069 ounces, this being the product from 33,976.97 tons. During the first quarter of 1910 the shipments totalled 6,894.35 tons from all sources, containing 6,399,927 ounces, worth $13,041,158. This year the tonnage sent away was 5,760, but a third of that consisted of concentrates, and there was also a ton of bullion shipped. Notwithstanding a falling off of 1,134 tons in the comparative period, and in the face of a most annoying power situation which cannot be tolerated, the silver mines of Cobalt alone accounted for the metal at the rate of 29,323,168 ounces per annum. The Montreal River mines produced 132,900 ounces of silver—which does not suggest the construction of a railway to carry the quantity—and the South Lorrain area contributed only 66,795 ounces.

Cobalt has retained its prestige by producing 7,330,792 ounces of silver in the three months in review. The value of that silver, as given by the Bureau of Mines, was $3,600,000. According to that—which allows but 49¼ cents per ounce of silver—the Cobalt mines were making silver at the rate of $14,400,000, regardless of their disabilities. As the power difficulty now is removed the chances are that the silver mines already have produced 110,000,000 ounces.

* * *

"THE Nova Scotia Cobalt management have run into a new ore body on that property- which will be developed without delay." So runs the announcement made in the daily press. Shareholders hope it will not be another "Bilsky Vein." If there is anything Nova Scotia urgently requires for development "without delay," it is "a new ore body." Nova Scotia has a mill that should never have been built—and has no ore in quantity with which to produce dividends.

* * *

THE Heinze and Pell parties to the West Dome affair at Porcupine have kissed and made up. As a result it is asserted the "Foster Vein" will be developed. So long as the public have a respite until the gold values in the "Foster Vein" are established by accurate and independent sampling, the Heinze-Pell combination need not create alarm.

* * *

IT is intimated that Carlos Warfield, of the Heinze establishment, is about to introduce another flotation at Porcupine. That being so, it behooves the public to investigate and discriminate. Thus far Heinze promotions have been decidedly disappointing—to all other than the promoters and the underwriting syndicates.

* * *

HOLLINGERS having been such a dainty morsel for those who were fortunate enough to get in at the start, there is considerable demand for a second helping with a slice of the Miller-Middleton. By some it is thought another Timmins-McMartin-Dunlap flotation will be announced forthwith. By those who know, it is asserted that the Miller-Middleton will be developed for several months until the extent and value of the ore bodies are ascertained.

* * *

NOW that Union Pacific Cobalt and Gould are apt to be consolidated, how would it do to amalgamate Floyd and England's Premier?

Concerning Insurance

The Promoters' Prospectus vs. The Cold, Hard Facts.

THE large number of flotations of fire insurance companies in Western Canada has resulted in the preparation of this article. It will be noticed that there are few fire insurance companies being promoted in Eastern Canada. That field has been well exploited, and the result is, the shareholders have had the experience, someone else has the money. In this article we shall endeavor to show just what results have been attained by all the companies organized or promoted largely in Ontario in the past fifteen years. We shall endeavor to show some of the reasons for the uniform want of success, and point out some reasons why the present grist of promotions in the West will be largely a failure so far as the investor is concerned. The first subject will be the actual results for stock fire insurance companies promoted in Ontario in the last fifteen years.

The cost to shareholders is minimum, the system of reporting to the Government a few years ago does not permit of our arriving at certain amounts paid as premium on capital stock. All of the amounts shown in this table have been reported to have been paid.

Cost to shareholders is what has been paid in for capital stock and for premiums thereon.

Shareholders' surplus is the difference between the assets and liabilities, all unearned premiums being treated as a liability. Shareholders' deficit being excess of liabilities over assets on the same basis.

The results to shareholders shows the net profit or loss on operations and the cost of the business as a going concern.

Company.	Began Operations.	Cost to Shareholders.	Surplus.	Deficit.	Results to Shareholders. Profit.	Loss.
Anglo-American	1899	$237,088	$149,378	.....	..	$ 87,710
Crown	1909	22,960	13,976	.....	..	8,984
Dominion	1907	185,752	14,998	.....	..	170,754
Equity	1898	229,522	.....	$15,304	..	244,826
Imperial	1908	30,000	30,065	.....	$65	.....
Independent	1904	20,000	.....	27,287	..	47,287
Merchants	1898	122,387	60,008	.....	..	62,379
Metropolitan	1898	33,860	.....	32,199	..	66,059
Monarch	1903	48,040	2,613	.....	..	45,427
Ontario	1907	132,075	.....	9,893	..	141,968
Ottawa	1900	275,000	103,077	.....	..	171,927
Sovereign	1906	663,022	416,360	.....	..	246,662
Standard	1899	11,820	.....	200,000	..	211,820
Traders	1900	165,204	15,407	.....	..	149,797
York	1896	17,500	2,522	.....	..	14,978

A feature of the above figures to be carefully remembered is that the assets of all these companies are taken at the valuation placed on them by the company itself, sometimes these values are written up much beyond the market value. However, giving the companies the benefit of the doubt, the net results are a loss of over $1,600,000. and only one company shows a profit, and that the beggarly sum of $65. Truly, to use the words of the prospectus of the Canadian National Insurance Company: "It it at once evident that there is a very extensive and profitable field for a new fire insurance company."

Now for the profits of fire insurance. The report of the Superintendent of Insurance for Canada shows that the total business transacted by British companies, 1875 and 1909, inclusive, was $170,937,555, and after providing for the increase of unearned premiums on the basis of 50 per cent., there would be a profit of $9,507,964, or less than 6 per cent. of the business transacted.

The reasons for the uniform non-success of these companies are not hard to find:

1. They are almost invariably organized under the impression that there are enormous profits in fire underwriting, and that these profits can be immediately taken from the business. Without a single exception, I believe, every one of these companies which show heavy losses have paid dividends within a year or two of their organization, and necessarily out of capital stock. Nothing could more thoroughly prove that those directing the companies were not safe and sound financiers.

2. We have not had a company organized in Ontario within the past twenty years whose promoters have grasped that fundamental principle of fire insurance company organization, that the profits of underwriting should build surplus to meet conflagrations and that dividends should not be paid until such a surplus has been accumulated, and then should be paid only out of interest earnings. In other words, fire insurance companies should be great banking institutions.

3. These two previous statments necessarily condemn the whole system of uncalled capital. This is the system in general use in Canada. It is utterly wrong and unfair to both the shareholder and the public. Men of straw carry large blocks of stock on little or no capital, and when a call is made, they shift their liability onto the substantial shareholders, or if there are few of these, then there is nothing for the public; and again, the shareholder is led to believe that he can safely carry large blocks of these stocks, the calls of which finally ruin him.

4. Fire insurance companies are not made, they grow. Nothing can be more contrary to the principles of sound company development than that a company shall have enormous capital before it has business. The only companies we have in Canada which have made a success of the business are those which started with a small capital and built up capital and surplus as the business developed. A company with $1,000,000 paid-up capital requires at least another $1,000,000 of surplus and investments in order that, if it make 4 per cent. on its investments, it may pay 8 per cent. on its stock. Where is this $1,000,000 to come from with a new company? It must either write $2,000,000 of premium in the year to have the $1,000,000 unearned premiums to invest, or it must have built up that surplus; the former is quite inconsistent with sane underwriting, and the latter impossible except after years of careful and successful management.

Now, for the West. These companies are being promoted so that one thinks of the saying, "thick as hair on a dog's back." We know the West is great at growing crops, but what a crop of born underwriters there must be out there; they have had no time or opportunity to train them. The one really successful organization in the whole West, the Canadian Fire, has been used to sugar-coat the pill of every fire insurance nostrum vendor from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. The men promoting many of these ventures know absolutely nothing about fire insurance in any way, shape or form. The ENORMOUS business of the West is to feed them all. If a moment were spent on reflection, the absurdity of the situation might appeal to a few. The Liverpool and London and Globe wrote the largest business of any British company in Saskatchewan in 1909, a premium income of $75,462. Suppose then the four Western provinces each give to the new company what Saskatchewan gave to one of the largest and best known companies in the world, it will then receive $300,000 premium income. Suppose, also, that its business is as well conducted as the average of long-established British companies and a profit of 6 per cent. is made and $18,000 is put away to surplus account. When will this company accumulate a surplus, say equal to its capital, if that be only $1,000,000, and capital stock of several millions are being sold. Now, if this company is to get as large a business as the Liverpool or the Royal, etc., it must offer some special inducement to its customers. It cannot offer better protection, and therefore it must, and does offer, lower rates. That is just where the 6 per cent., and a few more, vanishes. The rates are cut 10 per cent., 20 per cent., etc., to meet the cuts of the fellows who have nothing but cut rates to offer, and the results will be just what they have been in every insurance field. Large volume and carefully selected business at adequate rates are an impossibility for a new company. If the company has a large capital and a large organization, a large income is a necessity, and it becomes a case of the candle burning at both ends; want of selection feeds the fire at one end and the cut rate eats toward the middle at the other.

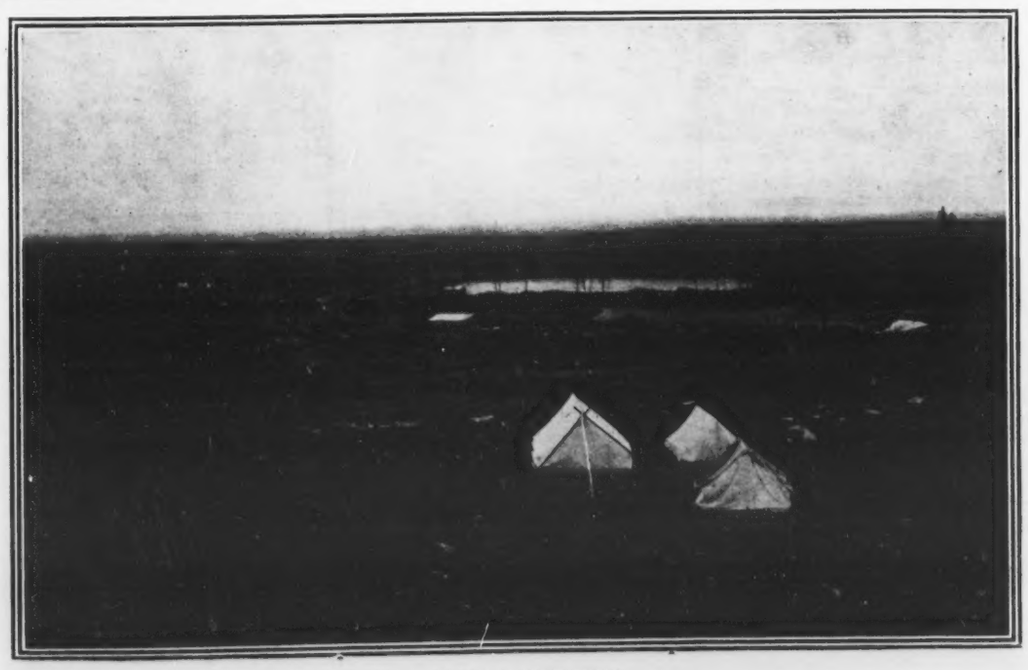
The largest amounts of net cash received during the year for premium in Canada in 1910 were:

British Royal	$1,221,855
American Hartford	743,475
Canadian Western	497,107

Now, will Mr. Promoter tell us where he is to get for his new company in East, West, or all over, the premium income and the profit to justify his flotation of companies with millions of capital.

The prospectus of the Canadian National has been submitted to us, and an opinion asked with regard to it as an investment. A few comments on the prospectus will be in order. The promoters are either grossly ignorant of fire insurance or wilfully misrepresent facts. On page 14 of the prospectus is the statement: "During the last forty-one years—the large sum of $218,310,047 represents the amount of premiums collected by foreign companies, and which, therefore, was taken out of the country to build up foreign companies and enrich foreign shareholders." The total premiums received by foreign com-

(*Concluded on page* 24.)



THE HOLLINGER MINE.
After the recent fire, which damaged the property to the extent of over $150,000.



THE HOLLINGER MINE.
Showing mine buildings before the fire.

CUNARD LINE

Canadian London Passenger Service.

From Southampton.	From Montreal for London.
June 13..ALBANIA	July 1
June 27..AUSONIA	July 15
July 11..ASCANIA	July 29
July 25..ALBANIA	Aug. 12

Passage rates: Cabin (called Second). $42.50 and upwards. Third class, British East, $29.00; prepaid, West, $28.75.

Full particulars on application to

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., Limited.
Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, St. John. N.B., Portland, Me., Winnipeg, Man., and all Cunard Line Agents.

DONALDSON LINE

GLASGOW PASSENGER and FREIGHT SERVICE

From Glasgow.	From Montreal.
June 3..SATURNIA	June 17
June 17..CASSANDRA	July 1
June 24..ATHENIA	July 7
July 1..SATURNIA	July 14

*Steamers fitted with Refrigerators.

Passage Rates: Cabin (called Second), $45.00 upwards. Third Class, Eastbound, $29.00; Westbound, $30.00.

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., Limited, AGENTS.

AMERICAN LINE

N. Y.—Plymouth—Cherbourg—Southampton.

St. Louis ..June 17 | New York ...July 1
St. Paul ...June 24 | Philadelphia ..July 8

Atlantic Transport Line

New York—London Direct

Minnetonka June 17 | Minnewaska ..July 1
Minnehaha June 24 | Minneapolis ..July 8

RED STAR LINE

London—Paris via Dover—Antwerp.

*Lapland ..June 17 | Finland .....July 1
Vaderland ..June 24 | Kroonland ...July 8
*New.

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Arabic .....June 17 | Baltic .....July 1
Cedric .....June 24 | Celtic .....July 8

N. Y.—Plymouth—Cherbourg—Southampton.

Oceanic ....June 21 | Majestic .....July 5
*Olympic ...June 28 | Adriatic ....July 12
*New.

ITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

Montreal - Quebec - Liverpool

Canada ....June 17 | Laurentic ..June 24

New York—Boston
To the MEDITERRANEAN
The Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples Genoa

Cretic .....June 24 | Canopic .....July 1

H. G. THORLEY, Passenger Agent
41 King St. East, Toronto

Canadian Pacific Ry.
EMPRESSES
And other Steamships



An Empress taking on the Pilot at Rimouski

FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

Lake Manitoba .....June 22nd
Empress of Ireland .....June 30th
Lake Champlain .....July 6th
Empress of Britain .....July 14th
Lake Manitoba .....July 20th

Special sleeping car to the ship's side leaving Toronto at 10.30 the evening before, for "Empress" sailings.

I. E. Suckling, General Agent for Ontario, 16 King St. E., Toronto.

Summer Time Table
OF THE
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
TAKES EFFECT
JUNE 4th

Canada's Summer Train
THE
"OCEAN LIMITED"

Will leave Montreal 7.30 p.m. daily, except Saturday, for Quebec, Lower St. Lawrence Resorts, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, the Sydneys.

DIRECT CONNECTION FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"Maritime Express" will leave at 8.15 a.m. daily for Quebec, Campbellton; daily except Saturday for St. John and Halifax.

Grand Trunk Expresses from Toronto make direct connection at Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal.

A. G. FOWLER ROSS
Investment Broker
SUITE 65 and 66
BANK OTTAWA BUILDING
MONTREAL

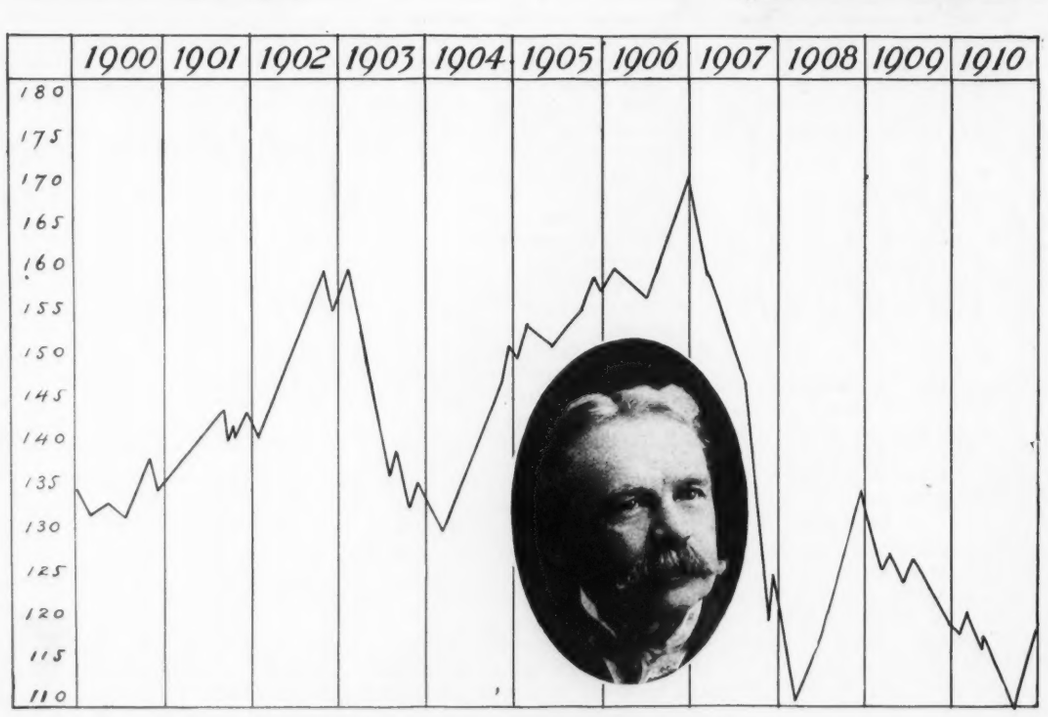


Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1910. High	Date	Low	Date.	Wednesday, June 21. Ask	Bid
					Transportation						
100	180,000,000	55,616,666	176,333,583	.....	Canadian Pac. Ry.	202	Nov.	177	Jan.	241	240½
100	12,500,000	.....	24,903,000	3,244,539	Detroit United	70	Dec.	40½	July	72	71¾
100	3,500,000	1,500,000	2,890,000	625,518	Dul., Sup. Trac. Co., com.	81⅜	Oct.	64½	July	82½	82
100	1,400,000	.....	600,000	518,048	Halifax Electric	132	Dec.	117	July	146	145
100	7,594,500	4,552,600	24,956,813	1,460,427	Illinois Trac., pref.	93½	Jan.	88⅞	Nov.	92½	90½
100	15,000,000	.....	3,073,400	.....	Mex. N. W. Ry.	59¾	Mar.	46¼	July	...	...
100	11,487,400	.....	15,087,500	2,691,338	Mexico Tram. Co.	127	April	117½	Aug.	...	...
100	20,832,000	10,416,000	61,674,000	10,338,025	Minn., St. P. & S.S.M.	145¼	Mar.	114	July	137⅛	137
100	10,000,000	.....	4,421,863	2,988,712	Montreal Street	254¾	Mar.	213½	July	225¾	225½
100	1,000,000	.....	.....	60,338	Northern Nav.	122	Jan.	104	July	...	124
100	9,000,000	.....	13,034,000	1,074,812	Northern Ohio Trac.	40	Aug.	33½	July	46	44
100	3,000,000	500,000	2,941,500	142,380	Porto Rico Rys. Co., com.	54	Sept.	34⅜	Jan.	64½	63
100	9,500,000	.....	2,500,000	.....	Que. R.L. & P. Co., com.	61¾	Nov.	34	Mar.	65	63¾
100	3,132,000	.....	1,162,700	278,700	Richelieu & Ontario	95	Jan.	77	July	117¼	117⅛
100	37,500,000	.....	40,336,326	1,707,936	Rio de Janeiro	105	Oct.	87¼	July	113⅛	112⅞
100	860,000	.....	.....	149,845	St. L. & Chi. S.N. Co.	119	Jan.	90	Dec.	100	...
100	10,000,000	.....	6,000,000	2,597,507	Sao Paulo T.L. & P. Co.	153	Sept.	135	July	181	180¼
100	13,875,000	.....	13,257,000	1,691,186	Toledo Ry.	15½	Jan.	7½	Oct.	8	...
100	8,000,000	.....	3,998,327	3,619,660	Toronto Ry.	129½	Jan.	110¼	July	134¼	134½
100	20,100,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	925,988	Twin City, com.	117	Jan.	103	July	108¼	107¾
100	6,000,000	.....	7,434,602	1,470,165	Winnipeg Electric	199¼	Sept.	176	July	230¼	...
					Telegraph, Light & P.						
100	12,500,000	.....	3,649,000	3,293,258	Bell Telephone	148	Mar.	141	Sept.	147¼	146
150	4,000,000	.....	.....	2,997,864	Consumers Gas	207	Mar.	198	July	194¼	194
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	.....	923,459	Mackay, com.	97⅞	Oct.	78¾	July	...	90⅛
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	.....	903,766	Mackay, pref.	78	Jan.	67½	Aug.	74½	74
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Mex. L. & P. Co. com.	89¼	Oct.	66	Jan.	...	83¼
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	20,000,000	663,854	Do., pref.	103¼	Dec.	99¼	July	...	...
100	17,000,000	.....	10,107,000	2,042,561	Montreal Power	161¾	Sept.	102⅝	Feb.	160½	160¼
100	1,580,400	.....	.....	.....	Ottawa L., H. & P. Co.	131	Dec.	109	Jan.	152	151
100	8,500,000	.....	8,346,500	450,653	Shaw. W. & P. Co.	111¼	Sept.	92	July	113¾	113⅜
100	4,000,000	.....	1,000,000	1,036,788	Toronto El. Light	123¾	Nov.	109	Sept.	...	135

Par Value	Capital Stock Outstanding	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1910. High	Date	Low	Date.	Wednesday, June 21. Ask	Bid
				Banks						
243	4,866,666	2,530,666	294,944	British North America	151	April	145	July	...	...
50	10,000,000	7,000,000	310,204	Commerce	215¼	April	196	Jan.	211	208
100	4,000,000	5,000,000	379,242	Dominion	249½	Jan.	231½	Dec.	239¾	238
100	3,000,000	2,250,000	145,038	Eastern Townships	168½	Dec.	160	Feb.	...	...
100	2,680,560	3,000,000	192,810	Hamilton	208	Feb.	196	Sept.	...	202
100	2,500,000	2,500,000	15,041	Hochelaga	157	Nov.	142	Aug.	175	170
100	5,597,641	5,597,641	696,135	Imperial	240	Mar.	219	Dec.	...	227
100	6,000,000	4,800,000	99,297	Merchants	187¾	Aug.	171	Jan.	...	192
100	1,000,000	1,250,000	104,696	Metropolitan	...	...	...	...	...	197
100	4,000,000	4,400,000	115,188	Molsons	215	April	204	July	209	205¼
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	961,789	Montreal	259½	Jan.	242	Aug.	258	256
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	Nationale	...	...	...	Jan.	125	124½
100	774,300	1,380,025	26,266	New Brunswick	273¾	June	266	Nov.	...	...
100	3,000,000	5,500,000	44,865	Nova Scotia	285¼	April	270	Aug.	...	...
100	3,500,000	3,900,000	117,938	Ottawa	212½	Nov.	200	Jan.	208½	...
100	2,500,000	1,250,000	50,580	Quebec	135	Nov.	122	July	136	135¼
100	6,200,000	6,900,000	228,393	Royal	245	Oct.	224½	Jan.	238¼	238¼
50	2,000,000	2,400,000	54,074	Standard	229¼	Jan.	219	Nov.	...	222½
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	194,777	Toronto	220¼	Jan.	209½	Nov.	216	...
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	Traders	147	Mar.	141	Sept.	...	145
100	4,000,000	2,400,000	28,676	Union	150	Dec.	139¾	Jan.	...	150

FLUCTUATIONS OF CANADIAN SECURITIES

No. 8. Toronto Electric Light.



THE "PEAK" AND LOW PRICE OF TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR 11 YEARS.

The purchaser of stocks and bonds should take note of the surprising fluctuations which from one cause or another, standard stocks undergo in a five or ten-year period. Toronto Electric Light sold at $135 per share in 1900. Earnings sent it to 160 three years later, and by 1906 it was quoted at 170 and over. Next year, in common with all stocks, it depreciated enormously. In 1908 it was again headed upwards, and doubtless would have sold around 180 had not Hydro-Electric competition threatened. The adverse influence of coming competition is evident from the chart line from the beginning of 1909. Holders of stocks which attain value through ownership of a special privilege amounting often to a monopoly, should bear in mind that a change of conditions must have an adverse effect. Now that the Toronto Electric Light Co. is purchased by Mackenzie interests, the stock is back where it was eleven years ago, at $135 per share. The photograph is that of J. J. Wright, who was general manager of the company for the greater part of its career. He is now vice-president, H. .H. Macrae being general manager.

panies, 1869-1909, inclusive, were $280,740,466. Against this is to be placed:

1. Losses paid	$180,265,968
2. Expenses	81,414,735
3. Unearned premium reserve increase	8,809,587

Thus the profits have been only $10,250,176, or less than 4 per cent. of the business transacted, and this amount is all that was available to take out of the country to "enrich" foreign shareholders. But that sum did not leave Canada, for I find that these companies have invested in Canada as security to Canadian policyholders, $41,920,797, to secure a premium income of $17,049,464.

The investing public cannot too soon learn that fire insurance in Canada has been far from excessively profitable to foreign companies and excessively unprofitable to Canadian companies as a whole. The statement that "while the Canadian fire companies have been doing a satisfactory business" is certainly not compatable with the facts shown in the table above. and in the letter accompanying the prospectus the statement is made that only two Canadian companies have a paid-up capital in excess of $500,000, but it is not told that these same companies have lost to their shareholders sums running into millions.

We have yet to learn that "paid-up capital of a fire company directly affects the policyholder's security. The amount of paid-up capital is of absolutely no interest to the policyholder. Four of the best and strongest companies in Ontario, and one of the best in Quebec, and these rank as among the best in Canada, have not, nor never did, have one dollar of paid-up capital, but they have what is the only test for policyholder, a surplus to policyholders bearing a relation of being equal to or several times as great as the premium income for the year.

It is quite true that, "a company now starting . . . has the benefit of the long and varied experience of the old established companies" and what these companies have proved, what the growth of the Canadian fire (quoted in one circular) also proves, and what these promoters have evidently yet to learn is that a large and a profitable, or even a safe business in fire insurance, cannot be begun and finished in a night like a dream from the "Arabian Nights." There is no business so full of hazards, none probably so full of failures, none requiring more careful and trained organization and management than fire insurance. We have yet to see a case of a company promoted along the lines set out in this prospectus which has made a success.

Testifying before the House Committee investigating the sugar trust, H. T. Oxnard attributed the prosperity of the beet sugar industry to the Dingley tariff.

The old board was re-elected at the annual meeting of Chambers-Ferland. The company has assets of $2,475,862, the mine itself being put at $2,200,000. The company has $148,744 cash in bank.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

can be rented in our Safety Vaults at $3 a year and upwards.

The cheapest insurance for valuable papers and jewellery against fire or burglary.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

COR. YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, TORONTO



Make your European trip a "Royal" one

Out on the upper deck where the cool, invigorating ocean breezes blow away the heat of a summer's day; where large roomy chairs in every line and curve tempt the traveler to repose—there in spacious resting places 'neath sheltering awnings one can sit in cool comfort and enjoy the picturesque beauty of the St. Lawrence as it passes in panorama before the eye. These are a few of the outdoor pleasures of the

ROYAL GEORGE and ROYAL EDWARD

Inside, the music room has for its motif the period of Louis XV. A charming decorative treatment similar to that of the famous Chateau Rombouillet has been accorded the library, and the Elizabethan smoking room is suggestive of the baronial hall of an English hero of the Armada. The cabins-in-suite with sitting rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms are each distinct in decorative treatment

Travel the "Royal" way—the shortest route to London.

For rates and reservations apply nearest Steamship Agent, or

H. C. BOURLIER
General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Toronto



CANADIAN NORTHERN

HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

Seven Offices in Toronto

Branches and connections throughout Canada.

British and Foreign Correspondents in all the principal cities of the world.

General Banking Business Transacted

JAMES MASON
General Manager

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office, Toronto

Established 1851

Assets, $3,267,082.55

Fire and Marine

BUSINESS
Selling Campaigns

HAVE you an article of merit that has big selling possibilities if the public and the dealer can be rightly interested? We plan selling campaigns that, if carried out on our lines, make big sales possible. Our plans give immediate profitable results.

BARNARD (5% Profit) ADVERTISING SERVICE
15 years' experience.
Kent Bldg., Toronto, Can.
Tel. Main 1565.

SITUATION WANTED

By young man 35 years old, fifteen years experience as subscription manager; my present contract expires July 30, 1911. If your circulation is not up to standard there is a reason; let me boost it for you; no offer under $3,000 a year will be considered. If you need a live wire address Box H.

Lake Simcoe Shore Property

FOR SALE.—Excellent summer resort shore property close to "Beautiful Barrie." Beautifully wooded with large trees of all descriptions, excellent road straight up Yonge St. to the property, only sixty miles. As the elevation is so high and the scenery so beautiful and the water the purest, everyone will admit that this district cannot be excelled. Can refer you to prominent Toronto gentlemen who have purchased from me. Enquire at once, as there is only a limited amount, and it is going fast. Apply to Box 50, Toronto Saturday Night.

EUROPE



70 Spring and Summer Tours at inclusive fares to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours de Luxe and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Several itineraries include London during the

Coronation of King George V.

Tours to North Cape, Russia, etc.

Summer Tours to Oriental Lands.

THOS. COOK & SON,
65 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ont., Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, New York, etc. Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the World.

Pennsylvania Railroad

REDUCED FARES
TO
ATLANTIC CITY
July 5 to 10, 1911

Tickets will be sold from Buffalo, July 5, 6 and 7, good to return to reach starting point not later than July 18.

Tickets will be sold July 8, 9 and 10, good to return to reach starting point not later than July 19.

By depositing ticket with Special Agent, Atlantic City, and paying $1, a liberal extended return limit may be obtained.

Stop-over at Philadelphia

Atlantic City commends itself as a seashore resort and especially in July.

Address
B. P. FRASER, D.P.A.,
307 Main street, Buffalo.

Copper Producers Report.

The Copper Producers' Association's statement for the month of May shows an increase of 440,024 pounds in surplus stocks, making a total on the 1st day of June of 165,995,932 pounds. The accumulation of copper for the month was less than one-eighth as large as in April, when stocks increased 3,547,974 pounds.

Production and deliveries for the two months compare as follows:

	May.	April.
Production	126,982,5b4	118,085,293
Domestic deliveries	64,543,963	52,407,650
Foreign deliveries	62,978,557	62,129,599
Total deliveries	126,962,544	114,537,249

The falling off in production is noted at 7,877,321 pounds in May less than in the previous month.

The decrease in copper produced in April was approximately 8,000,000 pounds below the March record, so the effect of curtailing output at the mines since the beginning of the year is evident.

The reason given why the Canadian Converters Company passed its dividend was that the hobble skirt interferes with the purchase of petticoats.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade recently presented C. N. Bell, who has been its secretary for twenty-five years, with a cabinet of silver.

NOTICE!
THE ESTATE OF
ALEX. MILLARD

The Executors of the Estate of Alexander Millard, deceased, beg to announce that the undertaking business carried on by him in his life time at 359 Yonge Street, Toronto, has been discontinued.

No other person is authorized to use the name of Alexander Millard, or of his Estate in connection with this or any other business.

E. G. MILLARD,
F. L. CHESTNUT,
Executors.

WOMEN'S SECTION

SATURDAY NIGHT.

32 PAGES

PAGES 25 TO 32

VOL. 24, No. 37. Printed and Published by Saturday Night, Limited, Toronto. TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 24, 1911. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (In advance), $3. Whole No. 1229

Heralding A Coronation

By Mary Macleod Moore.

LONDON, JUNE, 1911.

"SIRES, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service are you willing to do the same?"

And four hundred millions of peoples, white, yellow, brown and black, speaking divers tongues and living in widely separated countries, worshipping various gods and obeying no common law, cry with one voice, "God Save King George!"

Of all these millions only about one thousand will see the actual crowning of the King and Queen. Possibly a million will see the Royal procession as they pass through this mighty capital of the Empire with its thousand and more years of rough island story behind it, all concentrated in the Crown, the one object which belongs alike to the Western farmer, the Hindoo, the French-Canadian peasant, the Gold Coast negro, the Maori, the Scotsman, the Welshman, the Irishman, the native of little St. Helena and the people of the far-off islands of the seas.

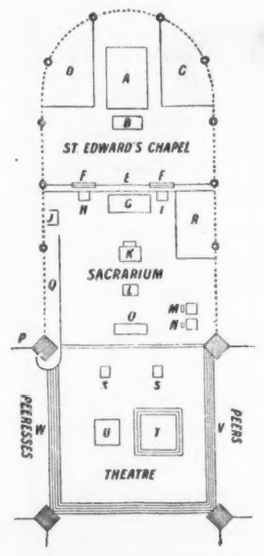
In the excitement over seats to see the procession, over ordinary sightseeing, and over all the news connected with the great day the general public is apt to overlook the importance of the Coronation service. It is far more than a magnificent show. It is a great religious ceremony, every detail of which means some step in English history. In the Abbey, sadly disfigured without with stands and hoardings, every ruler since the Norman Conquest, with a very few exceptions, has been crowned. The very stones are haunted by the spirits of dead kings and queens who played their part upon the world's stage, and then faded away into the shadows, leaving their traditions to be carried on by worthy successors.

The Abbey has been transformed for the great occasion. The little map shows the arrangements being made, and where the various players in this wonderful drama take their places. The officiating clergy are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, who will preach, the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells—their predecessors having supported Richard I—the Bishops of Norwich and Oxford, who "support" the Queen, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Bishop of London, who carries a Bible.

Their Majesties enter the Abbey by the great west door with the splendid stained glass above it, which so many Canadian visitors have admired, and the whole procession moves up the aisle, the peers and bishops carrying such articles as they have a right to bear in the procession, such as the Staff, the Sceptre, the Spurs and the Swords. As the King passes to the "Theatre" where he is to sit, the choir sings an anthem. When the King has seated himself the Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor and other officials advance to him, whereupon he stands up. The Archbishop says the words at the beginning of this article, and the People, represented by the small number in the Abbey, cry "God Save King George."

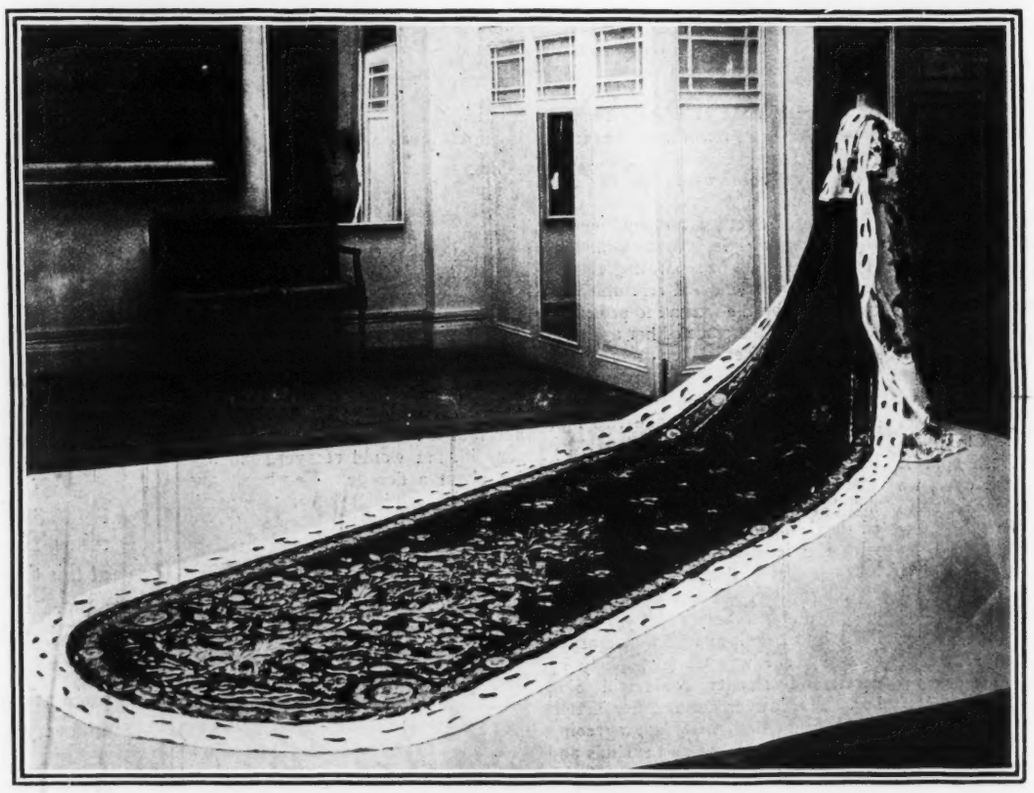
When the "shouting and the tumult dies" the bishops and the peers, who marched in the procession, hand the symbols of State to be placed on the altar, with the exception of the Sword of State. Follows the Litany and then the Communion service begins. The King goes to the altar and takes his oath upon the Bible, after which the Archbishop proceeds to annoint the King with oil from the Ampulla, shaped like an eagle, which has been poured into the anointing spoon. It is interesting to know that both Ampulla and spoon escaped Cromwell in 1649. The King is escorted to the famous chair brought by Edward I., and holding the Coronation stone. Four Knights of the Garter hold over him the canopy, and the Archbishop anoints the King by making the sign of the cross on his head, breast and palms of both hands. The Spurs are then brought from the altar, where they were presented, and the King's heels touched with them, then the Sword of Justice is handed to the King, and after this the Royal robes are placed upon him. These robes are of a religious as well as a secular character as His Majesty is ruler of both Church and State. The King is then given the Orb, the Ring, the Sceptre, the Glove, the rod, after which he is, at last, crowned. As soon as the actual crown is placed upon the King's head the people will shout and cheer, and away in the distance those who are waiting for the sound will cheer, while guns boom, and the shouts of the distant multitudes, who have been waiting for weary hours, echo and re-echo. With the imagination one will be able to hear that cry of "God Save the King" flashing like electricity around the whole world.

After the acclamations the Archbishop blesses the King.



PLAN OF THE CORONATION SCENE.

A.—Edward the Confessor's Shrine.
B.—Altar of St. Edward, on which the Regalia will be deposited after the service.
C.—King's Traverse.
D.—Queen's Traverse.
E.—Reredos.



QUEEN MARY'S SYMBOLIC CORONATION ROBE.

Train of Her Majesty's robe. It is of velvet adorned with gold ornamentation, the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland being especially pro minent, and edged with Imperial ermine.

F.—Doors through which the King and Queen will pass to right and left into St. Edward's Chapel to be disrobed after the service.
G.—High altar.
H.—Archbishop of Canterbury's Chair, facing west.
I.—Position of Dean of Westminster.
J.—Archbishop of York's Chair (probable position).
K.—King Edward's Chair, containing the Stone of Destiny, facing the altar.
L.—Faldstool at which the Queen will kneel to be annointed and crowned (probable position).
M.—Chair and faldstood, where the King will hear the sermon and kneel during the Litany.
N.—Queen's ditto.
O.—Faldstool, where the two Bishops will sing the Litany.
P.—Pulpit.
Q.—Bench of Bishops.
R.—Places for the Prebendaries of Westminster and great officers of State.
S.S.—Chairs which the King and Queen will occupy at their first entry, and where the King will stand for the recognition (probable position).
T.—King's Homage Throne, raised two steps above the
U.—Queen's Throne after crowning.
V.—Peers' seats.
W.—Peeresses' seats.

who is then enthroned. At this point a most touching part of the ceremony begins, for the princes and peers follow the Lords Spiritual up to where the King sits, and there do him homage. They promise to "become your liege man of life and limb and earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear up to you to live and die against all manner of folk." The first of each Order also touch the Crown on the head of the King and then kiss the King's cheek.

One is happy to learn that while this is going on the King may, if he wishes, deliver the Sceptre with the Cross and the Sceptre with the Dove to "someone near to the Blood Royal or to the Lords that carried them in the procession, or to any other that he pleaseth to assign."

Queen Mary is then crowned, after being anointed and invested with a ring, sceptre and ivory rod, and bows before the King. After the Holy Communion (both King and Queen taking off their crowns for the solemn service) Their Majesties present oblations for the Lord Great Chamberlain to deliver to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Then Their Majesties shall proceed through the choir to the west door of the same church in the same way as they came, wearing their crowns, the King bearing in his right hand the Sceptre with the Cross, and in his left the Orb. the Queen bearing in her right hand her Sceptre with the Cross and in her left the Ivory Rod with the Dove; all peers wearing their coronets."

The spectacle of the King and Queen going through this great service will not entirely monopolise the attention of the people lucky enough to be present, for there will be all the peers and peeresses to look at, and a great many incidental sights.

If the weather continues at the present heat one feels for the aristocracy wearing velvet and fur and coronets, but perhaps the thought of their proud position will sustain them at eighty-five in the shade. The Queen's own magnificent robes are not those worn by Queen Alexandra, but designed to suit Queen Mary, and made entirely in England. Her train will be borne by girls instead of pages. The lucky train-bearers are Lady Mary Dawson, daughter of the Countess Dawtrey; Lady Mabell Ogilvy, a sister of the Earl of Airlie, and only eighteen; Lady Victoria Carrington, daughter of the Great Lord Chamberlain; Lady Eileen Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough; Lady Eileen Knox, a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly; and Lady Dorothy Browne, the daughter of the Countess of Kenmare. These pretty young members of the aristocracy will wear white, making a remarkable contrast to the Queen's train of rich purple velvet, on which is worked the rose, the thistle and the shamrock, with garlands of oak leaves, while beneath the purple shows the ermine lining.

The trains of the Royal princesses are to be four yards in length, lined with white satin and edged with miniver, but these are not very heavy as compared with that worn by Her Majesty.

The robes of the Peers and Peeresses have not been the subject of as much heart-burning as they were in 1902, for at that time it was so long since a Coronation that very few peers possessed robes at all. A small number have the robes of parents and grandparents, which must present a contrast to the brand new ones worn by most of the guests. The Coronation calls for robes of crimson velvet, gold embroideries and miniver, and the well informed can tell at a glance whether a lady is a duchess, a marchioness, a countess, a viscountess or a baroness by the number of bars of miniver which she wears as well as by her coronet.

A duchess wears the coveted strawberry leaves on her coronet, a marchioness four pearls alternating with strawberry leaves, a countess eight silver balls mounted on golden rays with a small strawberry leaf between each ray, a viscountess has sixteen silver balls, and a baroness six silver balls on a silver gilt circlet. All the coronets are silver gilt, and cost under a hundred dollars.

The peeresses wear the kirtle of crimson velvet either plain or scalloped, and opening over a petticoat which may be of lace or embroidery, and they are allowed to wear whatever jewels they please. At the moment of the crowning of the Queen all the peeresses place their own coronets on their heads, and one is not given to understand that any tiny mirrors are to be attached to the wooden chairs and stools to be used in the Abbey on the great day! Possibly it is not a breach of etiquette to ask a neighbor: "Is my coronet on straight?"

The presence of small peers and peeresses at the Coronation will give a domestic touch which is rather quaint. The little Baroness Clifton, who is now eleven, was present at King Edward's crowning, carried in her nurse's arms, and wearing an exact copy of the gowns worn by the other peeresses. The Baroness Beaumont, now seventeen, will have seen two Coronations also. There are several very young peers who are hardly likely to be present, such as the Baron de Clifford, three years old, whose father was killed a couple of years ago in a motor accident. The little Marquess of Donegall, whose mother was Miss Violet Twining of Halifax, will be present, but it is not stated that the Earl of Arundel, aged three, whose father, the Duke of Norfolk, is Earl Marshal, will attend. The small boys do not have to copy the robes of their elders. They are to be clad in black velvet suits, silk stockings and black velvet caps.

Among the interesting details concerning the Coronation is that the special Coronation carpet is now finished. To cover the floor of the Abbey there will be a beautiful Royal blue carpet, but over that, laid along the aisle and across the transepts, is the new carpet, of Royal blue with a design of Garter blue and laurels. Intertwined are the stars of the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, with roses, thistles, and shamrocks filling the spaces. The initials "G" and "M" are also woven into the carpet.

The illuminations are to be a great sight. Not only are the streets through which the processions pass to be decorated lavishly, but at night every house and club and shop on the route, besides many in other parts of London will be brilliant with lights and electric devices. The initials of the King and Queen on huge stars seem to be popular, but there are also designs showing the Royal arms, "God Save the King," St. George and the Dragon and other suitable emblems.

The police regulations regarding the illuminations are strict, and the force will do all in its power to avoid accidents in the dense crowd which will patrol the streets of London on the evenings of the 22nd and 23rd. No vehicles nor persons on horseback will be permitted to enter certain streets in the neighborhood of Hyde Park, Westminster, and Knightsbridge, so the danger of accident is lessened. A friendly 'bus driver told me that at the last Coronation his 'bus, on which he was driving to see the illuminations, was held up for four hours in Park Lane by the vastness of the crowd. No hawkers of any kind are to be allowed to sell or distribute articles within one hundred yards of the area defined by the police, and the public (with lively recollections of Mafeking) are forbidden to use "squirts, peacocks' feathers or other articles likely to cause annoyance in the thoroughfares."

The regulations for traffic on the days of the Coronation and of the Royal procession fill two long columns in a large newspaper. Anyone who succeeds in reading through the fine type should know what to avoid in order to get to his place in comfort. The doors of the Abbey are to be opened at 6.30 a.m. and closed at 9, so all the peers and peeresses must be at the Abbey before that hour, after an early breakfast. Barriers, with gates to be closed when necessary, have been erected across all the streets leading into the line of the procession, and the regulations tell in detail how and where to cross to one's stands or windows. Ticket-holders are to be in their seats nominally before seven, but, judging by the crowd at the King's funeral, between six and half-past is not too early if one wishes to avoid the frightful crush.

London at the present time is an abnormal London. With the Coronation near at hand, with crowds pouring in from the uttermost parts of the earth, with the thrill like electricity in the air, from so many thousands with the same thoughts in their minds, and with the glorious weather over which England has rejoiced for weeks, not to mention all the attractions offered to visitors to the Old Country, London is a city of gaiety and excitement which the overseas travellers will leave reluctantly. Crowds of people seem to find their entertainment waiting

(*Concluded on page 29.*)



FIGURES AT THE CORONATION.

H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, first cousin of King George.



FIGURES AT THE CORONATION.

The Crown Princess of Germany, second cousin of King George, and related distantly to Queen Mary.



FIGURES AT THE CORONATION.

Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia, eldest daughter of the Czar, and second cousin of King George.



IN a most extraordinary book, published in the first month of this year, and running instantly into a second edition, I have come across a very interesting chapter concerning a lady (?) known as "Dolly R.," which may or may not refer to a young woman of that first name who was fairly before the Toronto public a short while ago. In chapter 13 of the "Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant" the career of Dolly is sketched, with the note that she eventually went to America, and has been lost sight of by the writer. As a matter of fact, if she be the one many of us knew here a couple of years ago, she was recently having the time of her young life under agreeable care in Washington, but it may be only a coincidence of name and immorals which has led me to wonder if that same Dolly is the Dolly of the clairvoyant's extraordinary record.

* * *

TO know an adventuress, as such, is doubtless a very unedifying experience, not likely to sing to a woman of proper value and judgment, but to meet such a derelict of humanity, unsuspecting her career and design, is a liberal education in the obvious truth that there is good in the worst of us. It is the exception rather than the rule, that women who have cast loose from their moorings, domestic and conventional, and run up a pirate flag are sour, or selfish, or unsympathetic. It is also rare that they are mean and hateful to their own sex, and for the decent woman who is kind to them, they have an adoration proportionate to their own unworthiness of her regard. I do not speak of the poverty-stricken wretches who sin to live, but of the gay women adventurers who risk hundreds of lives hundreds of times for the wherewithal to stave off creditors, outshine other women, and bedivel more men. There is something luridly big about the nerve of a Dolly, something fascinating in her ready lies and bewildering change of face, something wonderful in her cool resource and indomitable pluck, for the career of a successful adventuress calls for all and more than these. And the quickness of intuition, the alertness of brain and the endurance—isn't it a marvel that all this should be wasted on the mere getting of more money, the mere feeding of greed and vanity, if nothing more grossly elemental? I grudge the splendid qualities of a Dolly to so low an end. I groan at the tragedy of waste!

* * *

WE who know our London well have been trying not to think of it this week, because it is not the city we love, solid, sturdy, equable London, full of imperturbable good nature and absolute unconcern whether one live or die in it. There is never the crude savagery of New York, the mild placidity of Philadelphia, the superior pose of Boston or the discordant noise of Chicago in our old London. I love it because it is never crude, never sets one's teeth on edge, never forgets the over-brooding law and order under which Englishmen grow grey. Sometimes, for fun, an Englishman pretends to disregard an order from the high and mighty, but he never seriously wishes not to be obedient. He breaks a rule with the impish glee of a child, and is cuffed back good-naturedly into submission. To see a wise old police magistrate peer over his glasses and ask a culprit if he didn't know he was breaking the law, in a tone of tolerant surprise, and to see the man in the dock twisting his cap in his fingers and casting down his eyes, is a glimpse of the way things are from crown to crossing sweeper. But London is not London this week, it is a crazy Babel, a thing smelling of sweat and dust and new boards and humanity, a thing of akin to the covered furniture on sweeping day, when bric-a-brac blocks up the doors and halls, and the housekeeper, with head in a towel, moves, madly busy, to get it over. There is a confusion of sights and sounds, and ever the pathetic touch of a holiday that costs some too dear. And there are, everywhere, episodes that mean crime and suspicion and disaster, when the birds and beasts of prey come forth from their lurking places, and the keen huntsman and his hounds get on their trail. A potpourri of the ends of the earth stews and mingles in London this week, and perches on board terraces and struggles into confined spaces, and even the quiet old abbey, where the dim spaces are of the past and the pavement echoes the names of the glorious dead, is a blaze and a chorus and a moving picture show, when it isn't a wilderness of impertinent new velvet and fresh boards. By and by, when the fuss is over, we shall see our own London as solid and equable as of old, but just now it is too trying even to think of, let alone career in. Be that as it may, we who are of British blood did not forget on opening our papers on Thursday to say a good little prayer for the long and peaceful future of the sailor King and his Queen.

* * *

AMONG the golden days of June I spent one in an accessable but very lovely spot. You know the old time idea of Niagara-on-the-Lake in camp week, the suffocating dust, the grey sunbaked common, the sleepy streets, the domineering cows. It has not been like that this month. The cool weather and the great rain storms have kept the verdure as fresh as in May, the motor traffic insists on less dust, and the increasing wealth and interest of the recent settlers for summer in the dear old town have revolutionized its suburbs, if such a wee straggling place can have a suburb. But most of all the old time features I missed the cows! Where they were hidden I couldn't ascertain, but after a long morning prowl I came home feeling vaguely that something was wanting in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Suddenly I realized what it was—the cows! The tink-tank of the bell as Bosey swung her head to disconcert her torments, the flies, the soft warm odor of her in the sultry shade, the fear of her on the open road! There may be cows, but not one did I see. Babies innumerable, from hot cities of less blessed localities, for Niagara-on-the-Lake is baby's summer paradise, and where there are youngsters there must be cows, so the comforting assurance floated to me that somewhere in the near neighborhood, the cows of Niagara-on-the-Lake must be concealed. When I had my first dish of strawberries and cream this assurance became a pleasing certainty. Those strawberries, fresh picked, in good, honest boxes, and with the rich juice shining through their full round sides, were seven cents a box, while their travel-worn aunts were retailing in Toronto for fifteen. It is worth while to take the glorious sail across Lake Ontario these days, if only to eat Niagara strawberries and cream!

* * *

AMONG the curious pleas for divorce, one which never got further than the office of the lawyer consulted by the applicant, has come to my knowledge. A man and a woman were betrothed, and another man, by means of lying representations to both, succeeded in separating the lovers. In her sorrow and resentment, he worked upon the woman to promise to let him take the place of her apparently faithless lover. After some time he succeeded, and the pair were married, but a chance meeting of the bride with her former lover, and two minutes hurried conversation, resulted in the exposure of the husband's deceit. The lovers were always sincere in their attachment and the wife accused the husband of his deceit to be met with the remark that he also loved her and that "all is fair in love and war!" She vowed she would never endure this treachery and went to her lawyer to ask him if an obligation, to which she was made a party by deceit and slander, could still bind her. The lawyer assured her that it could, and the wife, not agreeing with him, has packed up her duds and disappeared, evidently agreeing with many another woman that the law doesn't always meet the emergencies of humanity. She has not gone to her former lover, however, because she is a woman of great right-mindedness, and self-discipline, and a keen appreciation of the truth that two wrongs never made one right. It seems that any other business obligation entered into under a wrong understanding, when the participant was frankly swindled, may have redress and reconsideration, but an affair of the affections of the most sacred tie, of the most extreme possibilities of torture to the victim, must be inviolate no matter who is in anguish. A horse trade, that most elusive of dickers, was the other day set aside by a magistrate because the arch trader swindled his simpler fellow. A land deal was revoked by law because of misrepresentation by the vendor, all sorts of swindles break all sorts of bargains by the aid of the law, unless the bargain be for the flesh and blood and service and society of a human.

* * *

QUITE often a youthful or inexperienced writer sends me verse or prose to criticise. Sometimes the enclosure is not to be criticised but to be inserted. Sometimes the stamps are enclosed for a possible return, sometimes they are not, which simplifies matters. However, the reason I mentioned the thing at all is merely to say that no one can tell from such half-baked effusions whether the writer will ever make good or not. I have, therefore, more respect for those doughty efforts than my prompt return of them seems to convey. One can never tell! The only way the writer of the poetry or prose will ever find out, is to keep at it, and see what he or she really can evolve. Don't be discouraged or angry or hurt or generally foolish because your dough isn't suitable to the critical palate of the educated reader. Keep at it! If you are any good, you'll be appreciated, if you are not, the additional sorrow of having made it public won't overtake you. To get into print is often a disaster. One never forgets a stupid crude or silly bit of writing over a signature. I have a forty-year memory of a so-called poem by an otherwise sensible man, which turned him into a fool in my eyes. Do not agonize for the printed evidence of your simplicity or fatuity. Be content to have written it! And remember there's no telling! You may do fine things yet! And, if you do you will reverently uncover before my cremation urn, and will say, "Thank kind fortune and Lady Gay, that I waited until I had something worth while, before putting it in print!" There's a heap of good advice, honey, and some of it is coming to the assayists and poets of the future!

* * *

THERE is a certain risk in having one's picture in the papers, which perhaps people don't consider. A certain soothsayer had a visit from a tearful lady who brought a man's glove for him to "sense." He told her that the owner of the glove was very ill, but would recover, and live for about a decade. He then gave her some peculiarly interesting particulars about herself. She confessed that the glove belonged to the late King of England. Until the soothsayer saw this lady's picture in an illustrated paper, taken in a house party with the King, he was perfectly unaware of her identity. It is quite possible she desired him to remain so.

Lady Gay

Robert Robbins, a large landowner and enthusiastic hunter near Woodland, Washington, has commenced the importation of foxes, with the intention of ultimately stocking that part of the country for sport. He has a pack of deerhounds which he believes will follow a fox as closely as has been their wont when after the antlered monarchs of the rough country.





CANADIAN WOMEN'S TRIBUTE TO QUEEN MARY.

The address to Her Majesty of the National Council of Women of Canada was executed by Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., of Toronto. It is bound in Royal blue morocco, lined with light blue silk, the colors of the National Council. Upon the front cover is emblazoned the Royal Arms alone. The carnation, the Queen's flower, is used for the general motif throughout the four pages of the book. This flower is interwoven all through a background of light silken grey, the general effect being as of elaborate embroidery.

The Fashions of Today

By FLEURETTE

The call of the woods, the lakeshore or the sea, is surging in many ears, and now that the most perfect of days are here, the lure of the out-of-doors is well nigh irresistible. One yearns to spend long peaceful hours in the shady nooks, to float idly down some winding river, or to watch the quiet stars reflected in some blue, blue lake. Already many fortunate ones are settled at their favorite holiday resort, enjoying cool breezes from lake or pine-laden groves, and renewing old acquaintances or making new friends. Just across the water, where our soldiers are spending their annual fortnight, there is a mingling of gay uniforms and light, fluffy costumes. The white tents, the blue sky and darker water, all form an effective background for the display of the charming gowns of the Toronto visitors.

They look lovelier than ever this year, our fascinating girls; their gowns seem to have an added charm, which was explained when a stylish matron remarked:—"Those are Paris creations, my dear, bought from the Paris gown department at Simpson's."

How did she know? Because she and her popular daughters had made the selection of practically every gown in their wardrobes in that very place. The woman who desires to possess one or more exquisite Paris gowns, at a greatly reduced price, would do well to follow their example.

For Morning Wear

Whether those pleasant morning hours are to be spent boating, cosily chatting on the cool verandah, or reading under the shady trees, nothing could be more suitable than a linen dress. I have in mind a simple tailored style in green linen, with a hair line white stripe. The only trimming consists of numerous tiny white buttons, and a beautiful white sailor collar. Another pretty costume was in natural shade of linen, elaborately hand-embroidered in eyelet design, with the new crochet buttons adding a smart finishing touch.

For the walk to camp, village, auto ride, or picnic party, nothing could be more appropriate than a linen suit. They are at once so natty and so serviceable, and at this time of year the price has been reduced to a minimum. For ten dollars one could secure a suit formerly priced at three times that amount. They come in natural and other desirable shades, some have hand embroidery, some are piped with contrasting colors, but all are stylish and very serviceable.

For Garden Party

With "the sunlight spreading a carpet," and the cloudless blue sky forming a canopy overhead, the simplest gown will look its best, and this summer the styles are particularly graceful and becoming. In the Paris gown department were displayed a trio of dresses, which for the price of twenty dollars, would be hard to equal. One was a lingerie in semi-Princess style, made of tiny tucks and Valencienne lace. Three wide panels of lace run down the skirt, and similar lace band goes around the bottom. Another beauty was of all over embroidery, and was very effective, with its yoke of lace and wide lace inserted flounce. The third confection was of fine Marquisette, the waist and skirt elaborately trimmed with tucks and fine lace, while embroidery in blue added a charming touch of color.

In the popular foulards the favorites were a cerise with white stripes and touches of black chiffon, and an olive green with tiny white and black figure. The latter was very tastily trimmed with plain satin and touches of black.

For the Summer Dance

After a strenuous day on the links or on the water, the summer girl generally looks forward to the evening hours, when she can again array herself in the fluffy garments that are her most becoming and attractive creations, and I can imagine her sigh of satisfaction as she glances in the mirror and sees a picture gowned all in white with touches of gold and crystal beads sparkling in the light, and I hear her say as she turns to her youthful-looking mother, whose gown of black chiffon trimmed with exquisite white bead embroidery, is eminently becoming, "Weren't we fortunate to have been able to secure such lovely dresses with absolutely no trouble! I certainly feel indebted to the Paris Gown Department. Don't you, mother, dear."

LONDON LETTER



LONDON, JUNE 16, 1911.

THE verb "to coronate" is the only one being conjugated at the present time. No one has a mind attuned to anything but Coronation festivities. The question trembling on the lips of everyone you meet is: "Where is your seat for the Coronation?" and no one listens for the answer because each person wishes to tell where he or she has a place and at what hour they must be in their places. One acquaintance of mine silenced all comers by saying that he had about a dozen seats to dispose of and was consequently most popular among his friends. This individual, so blessed of the gods, is connected with a Government office, has friends in the Royal Household, and drew seats at his club. He was, therefore, able to regard with the allofness of one who lives outside the stress and struggle of ordinary mortals, the unfortunate whose seats were figuratively speaking, shaky. Literally, the stands are anything but shaky. They are as solid as the virtues of the Motherland, for they are inspected and re-inspected by the authorities, who seem to have allowed for every possible contingency. Every stand must be able to bear enormous pressure as the crowd sways in a mass to one side or the other, and this has been provided for in each case. The arrangements for big processions and enormous crowds are so well considered and the organization so excellent that it is unlikely there will be more than a few accidents on the two days when the largest gatherings will congregate in London.

* * *

BESIDES all the precautions against hunger, fatigue and faintness, taken by the sight-seers, the streets are patrolled by nurses, boy and girl Scouts, and ambulances and men of the St. John's Ambulance Society and Red Cross Society ready to attend to any unfortunate taken ill or overcome by heat and weariness. The police also carry huge bottles of smelling salts for the benefit of the people, and at the King's funeral glasses of water were handed to the crowd from the windows of clubs and private houses. Nothing is to be sold within a hundred yards of the line of march, so the masses will not be able to indulge in oranges.

"Coronation cushions" are advertised by some shops, and suggest a solace from hours and hours of sitting on cold boards. One also sees "special one shilling Coronation luncheons," packed in boxes for the sight-seers to carry to their stands. Unless they start very early it will be a little difficult to carry a novel, a box of lunch, a cushion and a small bag, through the rows of people who begin to take their stand about three or four in the morning, in the streets through which the Royal processions pass.

Those who have places in roads and streets only traversed on the return journey will have a long wait. For instance, though Constitution Hill is at the side of the Palace the procession on leaving the Palace goes towards Charing Cross, and does not pass along Constitution Hill until almost home. If the people with seats in those stands have to be in them before seven, they must wait there until about four in the afternoon when the tired Royalties are nearly home again.

Each day the newspapers announce the arrival of people to take some part in the proceedings. The Japanese delegation came yesterday quietly, and goes to the seaside until the 19th, the day when it arrives officially. The Canadian Coronation contingent comes to-day to London, and will be put up at the Duke of York's Barracks, where the Queen's Own stayed last autumn. The old barracks, built in 1801 as a school and home for the sons of soldiers will be a centre of attraction to Londoners, while the overseas contingents are here. The boys of the school, known as the "Dukies," were moved to Dover some years ago, so, as a rule, the old place is rather deserted.

* * *

THE rehearsals for the Coronation have begun, and yesterday for two hours dukes and duchesses and Lord Kitchener and other celebrites played their parts in the Abbey, wearing their every-day clothes. The four duchesses who will hold the Queen's canopy were present: The Duchesses of Devonshire, who is a famous London hostess, and almost as much admired in that capacity as her mother, the Marchioness of Lansdowne; the charming Duchess of Portland; the Duchess of Sutherland, lovely, serious and literary, and the Duchess of Hamilton.

The fancy dress ball is having a great vogue. Of course the chief one to come—there have been several delightful ones already—is the Shakespearean ball, to take place on June 20th. All the prominent people in the social and theatrical world are attending, and arranging quadrilles and tableaux, and many dinners, large and small, are to be enlivened by the sight of parties of historical or storied personages dining before going on to the ball. To see Rosalind, for example, eating with appetite, *Mignonette d'Agneau en Aspic,* or Ophelia regarding critically *Sorbet au Kummel,* should upset one's preconceived notions, but it is not well to be critical. There is another big ball next Frday, at the Botanical Gardens, given under the auspices of the Royalist Club, also fancy dress, with dancing until five in the morning, so if the guests are not too weary they can enjoy the sight of Regent's Park with the dew on the grass.

* * *

THE King and the Royal family are at Windsor to-day, where His Majesty formally invests his young son, the Prince of Wales with the insignia of the Order of the



FIGURES AT THE CORONATION.
The Duke of Fife, brother-in-law of the King, and husband of the Princess Royal, eldest sister of the King.
American Press.

Garter. Garter King at Arms and several Knights of the Garter will be present, as well as the Queen, who will wear as insignia, the personal part of the gift from the Marys of the Empire. All the Garter officials are to wear the blue mantle of the Order. With the insignia carried before them on a cushion of velvet, the Prince of Wales, with two Royal Knights of the Garter, will enter the room, whereupon the King presents his son to the Knights. His Majesty next fastens the Garter to his son's left leg and pins the Star upon his left breast, putting the ribbon over his shoulder. There is to be a procession of Knights from the Castle to St. George's Chapel, where a service will be held this afternoon for the Knights of the Garter. The investiture was arranged to take place before the Coronation in order that the young Prince might be able to appear at the ceremony as a Knight of the Garter. Visitors from Canada who have seen the beautiful St. George's Chapel at Windsor will remember the stalls and banners of the Garter Knights, including those of the German Emperor, and many other great people.

* * *



FIGURES AT THE CORONATION.
Prince Arthur of Connaught, cousin of the King, and favorite nephew of the late King Edward.

MANY Londoners and visitors are complaining of the dingy condition of Buckingham Palace, which looks worse than usual compared with the beautiful Queen Victoria Memorial just in front of it. The Palace, which is on the site of the Mulberry Gardens of James I. reign, was only built, as it now appears, in 1825, but on the same site was the red brick palace of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who built his Buckingham House in 1722. That Duke of Buckingham was married to a daughter of James II. George III. bought Buckingham House from this lady, but Queen Victoria was the first Sovereign to live in Buckingham Palace. King Edward was born in it and died there, and now, after many years there are nurseries in the Palace and it is certain that the Royal children make it a less gloomy spot than it appears to the tourist.

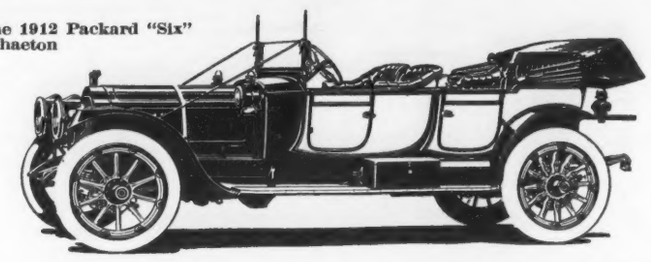
* * *

AMONG the many interesting picture exhibitions now on in London, there is one in which Canadians have a special part. That is a memorial exhibition of pictures left by the late Henry Sandham, R.C.A., on view at the Imperial Institute during the month of June. It is under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, Earl and Countess Grey, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Strathcona and many other notable people connected with Canada. The pictures are most interesting and characteristic, including some excellent water colors, black and white drawings and wash drawings. SATURDAY NIGHT, a few months ago, mentioned the late Mr. Sandham in an able article on Canadian art and artists. The exhibition is attracting the attention of people interested in studies of Canadian life and scenery as well as in good work.

MARY MACLEOD MOORE.

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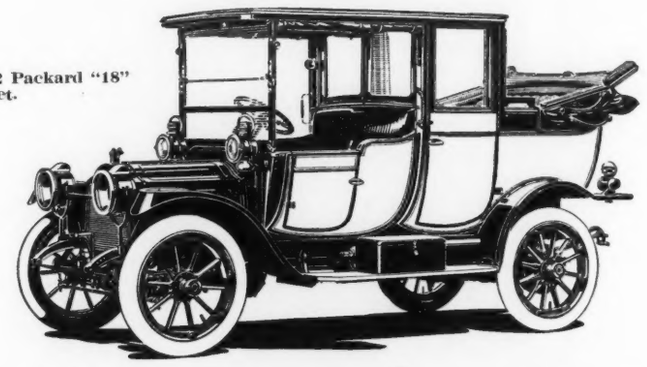
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COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

They are the best possible "sweets" for children—a dainty after-dinner relish—delightful to serve at teas, receptions and parties—good anywhere, any time.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO 181

Moods of a Great Volcano.

THE good Neapolitan may breathe in peace for another year. Vesuvius may be in its ugliest temper, but its threats will not degenerate into performances just at present. For the miracle of San Gennaro has been once more performed and the blood of the saint visibly liquified in the presence of a concourse of the faithful. The miracle is assumed to imply all sorts of beneficent promises on the part of the complacent saint, and it was only just that such a mark of his favor should be received with the ringing of bells, the burning of candles, and all the other curious things that saints are supposed to like There will be no cholera in Naples this year, the crops will be good, the weather propitious, and an unusual number of unusually rich and probably heretical American tourists will hasten to pay tribute to the hotels and the shops of Naples.

The "shivaree" was introduced into America by the French of Louisiana and Canada. Of course "shivaree" is a corrupt, contracted form of charivari, the French word, but its meaning is the same. The charivari began as a regular wedding serenade, but came to be reserved only for unpopular marriages. The council of Tours, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, forbade this form of serenade, the penalty being excommunication from the church, but this did not put an end to the practice.

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of Chippendale, or Sheraton, or Colonial furniture, acquires value as the years go by. The pieces we show are reproductions of the best examples in these styles, and are guaranteed by us as to correctness and workmanship.

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You'll find that Pember's is the establishment that sets the standard. Whatever is good taste, worthy and becoming, you'll always find here first.

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GENTLEMEN will find KALODERMA SHAVING STICK unexcelled for free lathering, emollience, and fragrance.
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Superfluous Hair

This trouble, whether on the face, neck, or arms, can only be permanently removed by Electrolysis. Our method is safe, sure, and practically painless, 20 years' constant practice has made us experts in our work. We employ only the most capable operators, and assure satisfaction in each case. Cutting, pulling, burning, or using depilatories greatly strengthen the growth of hairs. Moles, warts (on face, hands, or soles of feet), scars, ruptured veins, etc., also successfully treated. If you desire full information regarding treatment for the above or any other skin, scalp, hair, or complexion trouble, write or phone for Booklet "Y" and explain your case, or call. We do manicuring, chiropody, face and scalp treatments, etc. No fee for consultations. The Hiscott Institute, 61 College St.

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Assembly Saturday, 8.30 to 11.30 p.m.
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Fish Dinners daily, 12 to 2 and 5 to 8 p.m.

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HAMILTON
Star Brand BACON
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SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Ina Hunnan Rolland Hills and Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Frederick Gunther was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, 135 Admiral Road, on Thursday, June 15, at half-past two o'clock, Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, officiating. The drawing-room was charmingly decorated with countless pink roses and green, an arch being built before the bay window, where the bride and groom took their places. An orchestra stationed on the landing played the bridal music as the little page and pagette, son and daughter of Mr. John Laidlaw, formed an aisle with white ribbons from the stairway to the improvised altar. The page was in a sailor suit of white with blue collar, and the little maiden in white, with bouquet and wreath of pink roses. Their bright and pretty faces were much admired. Miss Muriel Rolland Hills was her sister's only attendant, and wore a pretty lace and mousseline gown over pink, with pale pink embroidered roses, and a juliet cap of pearls and gold. She carried pink sweet peas. The dainty little bride was in a white satin and Limerick lace gown, with lace gimpe and handsome pearl trimmings. Her veil was of embroidered tulle, deeply hemmed with seed pearls, and her bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley in round shape. Mr. Percy Rogers, a very intimate family friend, brought in the bride, and her mother gave her away. Mr. Haunton, a cousin of the groom, was best man. After the service the orchestra played the Wedding March and the relatives and intimate friends pressed forward to offer good wishes to such a popular bride and groom. The bridal party then led the way to the dining-room, where a most attractive table was centered by the wedding cake and beautiful with white roses and lily of the valley, and laden with all the usual dainties. Dr. Wallace proposed the bride's health, and the groom made a capital response, ending by proposing the health of the bridesmaid, to which Mr. Staunton responded, and Mrs. Rolland Hills was then toasted, and made a neat little response to the honor. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gunther left about four on their honeymoon, the bride traveling in a very pretty brown Rajah suit and white chip hat with brown trimmings. The wedding gifts were not on exhibition, having been packed for their long journey to Vancouver before the wedding, much to the disappointment of those who wished to see the splendid gift of the Q.O.R. to their retiring Lieut-Colonel. They were very handsome gifts, however, and included a cabinet of silver and all the lovely things the brides of to-day takes quite as a matter of course. Mrs. Rolland Hills received in a pale mauve and white ninon gown, and looked particularly well, and the parents of the groom were as cordial and jolly as they so well know how to be. Mrs. Gunther, an attractive old lady, in black satin and jet; Mrs. John Laidlaw (nee Gunther) very smart in deep cerise and black chiffon with jeweled embroideries, and a cute black ding a ling hat with fine cerise willow plumes. Some others at the wedding were:—Mrs. and the Misses McLeod, of Durness, and Dr. Colin Campbell, Mrs. Duff Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Ormiston, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Staunton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Fox are most hospitable Summer hosts, taking up delighted week-enders to their charming little home on Balsam Lake, the run of nearly 90 miles in their comfortable Ford motor being not the least enjoyable part of the holiday.

The engagement of Miss Madeline Daby Keefer, daughter of Mr. T. H. Keefer, Port Arthur, and Dr. Robert Elmer Wodehouse is announced and their marriage takes place next Wednesday, June 28.

It is to be a Toronto Summer over at Niagara-on-the-Lake this season, so many of our people are arranging to go over later, or have already settled in the quaint and beautifully shady old town at the junction of river and lake. And ex-residents of Toronto, such as Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thomas, are lavishing money and taste on their Niagara summer homes until they are rivalling their elegant winter quarters, occupied when the snow begins to fly. Last week there was a smart dance given by the officers in camp in the Casino of the Queen's Royal, when Mrs. Cotton received, Major Clyde Caldwell assisting her and General Cotton. It was not a large dance, but quite a pretty one, for which guests sailed and motored to the quiet town, and a large and smart party crossed the river from Fort Niagara to fraternize with the Canadian officers and their guests. The major in command at the Fort is a very fine looking fellow, and the regimental chaplain came over with the party, which included several beautifully gowned ladies. Of Torontonians at the dance were Major and Mrs. Van Straubenzie, Captain McMillan, D.S.O., and Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. G. A. Case, Mrs. George Reid, Miss Edna Reid, Misses Heward, Misses Edwards, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell. Two former Torontonians, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright, motored down from the Falls, and Miss Dorothy Cotton and Miss Gertrude Gorrell, who is visiting her from Ottawa, were also there. Mrs. McMillan looked very well in palest blue, which seems a favorite color with the dark-eyed bride. The orchestra played fascinating music, and the many different uniforms lent that touch of interest to the dance which is all its own. The khaki, with Alice blue collar and cuffs, proved to be a new one, and belongs to the signalling corps. There will be a larger and more important dance next week before camp breaks up. Lieut.-Colonel J. Fraser Macdonald went over on inspection duty on Thursday, and strolled about during the dance. Lieut.-Colonel Fleming, of the Governor-General's Body Guard, is giving a tea in quarter this afternoon. So many of the officers and their wives, whose cosy teas at headquarters were always the nicest in camp, are away or have been removed to other stations that there has been little, if any, entertaining done under the big trees, or in the old cottage. Mrs. Arnoldi and Mrs. Douglas Warren have a house in the town for the summer. Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier is with her babies and nurse at the Queen's Royal. On the day of the dance Major J. Fraser Macdonald arrived from Ottawa on inspection. Long-time residents of Niagara-on-the-Lake were sorry to hear of the death last week in Toronto of Mr. Pedro Alma, a native of the lakeside town, the Almas having been a leading Niagara family for generations. The only member of the family group now surviving is Miss Kate Alma, who makes her home with her niece, Mrs. Hunter, at The Cedars, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. and the Misses Heward, Mrs. and Miss Edwards are en pension for the summer in the town. Miss Sarah Lansing was at the dance last week, looking very well indeed. Miss Edna Reid was adorably pretty, and her fiance, Mr. Roy Nordheimer, was devoted to her. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and the Misses Foy came over on Friday. Mr. James Foy has been on duty in camp. After the dance on the 15th the hotel *salle a manger* was arranged for supper, and a great many took advantage of the dainty repast provided.

The wedding of Mr. Wills Archibald Maclachlan, son of Mr. A. W. Maclachlan, of 183 Carlton Street, and Miss Ruth Kerman, daughter of Mr. John Kerman, of Nixon Hall, Grimsby, was celebrated in St. Andrew's church, Grimsby, on June 15, at three o'clock, Rev. J. Allan Ballard officiating. St. Andrew's congregation is celebrating its centennial this year, having been organized in 1711 by Mr. Andrew Pettit, the great-great-grandfather of the bride of last week. Many touches of interest were about this week, the bride's beautiful gown of India crepe de soie, with design in hand-embroidery, having been brought from the Orient by the late Admiral Powell, of the U.S. battleship "Maine," and who died shortly after the destruction of his ship. Mrs. Powell gave the beautiful gown to the wife of his Honor Judge Tourgee, who presented it to her niece for her bridal. It was made up in Empire style, with a court train. The veil was of tulle and was arranged a la juliet with orange blossoms. A round old style bouquet of lily of the valley and a crown-shaped pendant set with pearls (the gift of the groom) put the finishing touches to her dainty costume. The bridesmaid and flower girl were the sisters of the bride, the Misses Marion and Edith Kerman. The ushers were Mr. Sinclair Maclachlan, the groom's brother, and Mr. Edgar Lennox, and the best man was Mr. Lachlan McKellar. Mr. Kerman brought in the bride, and the church was very finely decorated with marguerites and ferns, bows of white ribbon and daisy chains. During the signing of the register, Mr. Challes sang "Beloved, it is Morn." When the bride and groom left the church, the merry wedding bell, which has been rung for four generations of the bride's family, pealed forth its gay proclamation. There was a reception at Nixon Hall, and a dejeuner, at which Judge McGibbon, of Brampton, proposed the bride's health, and the groom neatly responded, his eloquence being rewarded by his former confreres, the School of Science men present, with a rousing rendition of the college yell, "Toike oike." The bride threw her bouquet from the balcony of the lovely old colonial homestead to the girls assembled on the lawn. In recognition of Coronation year the bridal party wore or carried Queen Mary carnations, and the groom's gifts to them were all in the shape of pearl and gold crowns. Mr. and Mrs. Wills Maclachlan went away for their honeymoon in an auto decorated with white ribbons, and will later on make their home in Belleville. Some of the Toronto people who enjoyed the afternoon in the beautiful grounds and rose garden at Nixon Hall were Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Maida Maclachlan, Mrs. Worts Smart, Miss Lennox, Miss Eileen Kemp, the Misses Nairn, Mr. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Trees. The others included friends from Brampton, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Oakville, Winona, St. George, Cobourg, Washington Territory, Mayville, N.Y., Winnipeg, and the bride's home city.

On Wednesday of last week Dr. Bruce entertained at dinner, in honor of Mr. Carrington, Mrs. Goldwin Howland's father, who is paying her a visit. Mr. Carrington is a well known English railway builder, his specialty being the difficult mountain railways, of which a number have been planned and constructed by him. At the dinner last week covers were laid for eighteen, and the table was prettily decorated with pink sweet peas and other summer blooms. Among the guests were:—Dr. and Mrs. Howland, Dr. and Mrs. Rudolf, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Miss Stewart, the new lady superintendent of the General Hospital; Miss Moncrieff, and one or two others. Mr. Carrington is finding much of interest in Canada and the States during his sojourn.



MRS. W. E. SANFORD IN COURT DRESS.
This well known Canadian lady, who formerly resided at Hamilton, Ontario, has been one of the prominent figures in the Coronation festivities.

THE GROOM'S GIFT

to his Bride could partake of no nicer form than a solid gold "Ryrie" watch, beautifully engraved with her monogram. At $37.50 we are showing one containing a thoroughly reliable 19-jewel movement, which carries with it our fullest guarantee. This watch contains many improvements not found in watches at this price.

The case is made in extra heavy 14k. solid gold.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
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Flowers for the Bride

Next to the gown, the principal part of the Bride's outfit is her Bouquet, to those who cannot closely examine the gown the Bouquet is more noticeable, and gives character to the whole outfit.

Dunlop's 96 Yonge St. Toronto Canada

are leaders in assembling artistic Bridal arrangements. They are originators of the "Empire" and the Louis Fourteenth Bouquets.
DECORATIONS. Night and Sunday Phones. DESIGNS.

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Our latest importations include a series of Art Frieze and Panel decorations, rich leathers, handsome brocade silks, self-tones, Chintz and Dresden effects and we can meet any appropriation with selection of Wall Paper of pleasing design.

We do painting and decorating in all its branches and furnish estimates at short notice.

THE W. J. BOLUS CO., Limited, 206 Victoria St., Toronto.

And She Wouldn't Do Without It



The average good-looking girl is proud of her smooth, clear skin, and is anxious to keep it in as nearly perfect condition as possible. She knows that the tan and sunburn of vacation will play sad havoc with it, but she does not stay at home on that account. Instead she takes a bottle of

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM
with her, and bids defiance to both sun and wind.
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Transformations, Pompadours, Switches, Coils, and Curls, etc. The latest European and American Fashions. Watch Our Window for Ideas.
Appointments by telephone for hair dressing, etc..

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and may be obtained on application at the Bank.

In connection with its Travellers' Cheques The Canadian Bank of Commerce has issued a booklet entitled "Information of Interest to Those About to Travel," which will be sent free to anyone applying for it.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Commins, of Euclid Avenue, formerly of "The Willows," Oakville, when their youngest daughter, Miss Edith Mabel Commins, was married to Mr. Donald M. Matheson. The house was beautifully decorated with white peonies, lilies and palms. The Rev. Logan Geggie performed the ceremony at high noon. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of coral silk, her only ornament being a handsome pearl and sapphire brooch, the gift of the groom's sister in Scotland. During a reception attended only by immediate relatives and friends, was received a cablegram of good wishes from the groom's family in Scotland. The bride and groom left for a month's trip to the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec and places of interest in the Maritime Provinces.

The engagement is announced in Vancouver, B.C, of Capt. R. N. Davy, of the "05" class of Trinity University, Toronto, to Miss Runa Loutit, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. I. Loutit, of 1123 Robson Street, Vancouver, B.C. The marriage will take place on the 28th of June.

One of the interesting events of the latter half of last week was the graduation of a big class of nurses at the General Hospital, the exercises and presentations being followed by a garden party in the beautiful grounds, at which a large number of friends of nurses and officials assembled. It was an ideal day, and everything went delightfully, the new lady superintendent being already very popular, and her predecessor, Miss Snively, being good enough to come to town and take part in the festivities, also making some of the presentations during the graduation.

Mr. E. A. Mouckis, formerly of Toronto, and now in business in New York, was operated on for appendicitis in St. Luke's Hospital a fortnight ago and made a very quick recovery.

Friends of education and of the girls now budding into womanhood had a busy time, if they were popular individuals, on Monday evening. Everybody seemed to be either going to or coming from a closing. St. Margarets, Havergal, Westbourne School, Bishop Strachan School and Westminster College were all in the throes, and it was quite an experience to go from one to the other and feast the eye upon the beautiful youth and vivacity which distinguished the students, and realize the wisdom and devotion of those in charge of the development and training of their minds and the perfecting of their accomplishments. The anaemic stoop-shouldered college girl is a thing of the unhappy past, the weary and over-strained brain is rarely indicated, and instead, one sees the erect, springy walk, and the twinkling eye, the hue of health and the repose of the well-balanced mind. All the splendid women who have achieved this change in the past two decades are worthy of the praise and almost the reverence of our parents and the whole country.

At Havergal the whole affair of prize-giving and feasting was *al fresco*, and the night, brilliant with starlight and still and warm, was ideal for such an event. At Westbourne School, the concert was in the school hall and the refreshments were served on the shaded lawn, Chinese lanterns hung from the leafy branches, and shed a soft glow over the pretty scene. At Westminster College the reception in the handsome salons was followed by a concert in the school hall and refreshments in the refectory. At all these schools the crowd was too large for the accommodation, and people strayed about in the neighborhood, hatless, and enjoying the lovely evening, after such a torrid day. St. Margarets very kindly made two bites of their cherry, and had their closing concert and exhibition on Monday night and a charming garden party on Tuesday afternoon. At Bishop Strachan School, the Lord Bishop of Toronto presented the prizes, and there was a good concert and dainty refreshments served from tables decorated with Coronation carnations and peonies.

Miss Sara Dallas, of Vancouver, is coming to Toronto on a visit to Miss Curlette, Westbourne School.

Mrs. Glass and Miss Eva Glass are enjoying the sea breezes at Atlantic City.

Mr. Beardmore, of Chudleigh, is giving a garden party next Tuesday afternoon, when the Chudleigh garden will be the scene of a very smart gathering of the social lights still in town. Some good music will be a feature of the pleasant hours.

The exodus to Muskoka, and all the adjacent playgrounds of summer time, which never really begins until the schools close, set in with all the alacrity suggested by high temperature this week. Instead of "too hot to move," the cry is now "too hot to stay home," and weird bundles of household goods and rollicking family parties are congesting traffic to the North. The high lands, the fir forests, the open water and the moderate temperature, are restoring jaded bodies and healing harassed minds.

The marriage of Miss Eva Parks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Parks, to Mr. William W. Ferguson, of North



CORONATION HONORS.
William Whyte, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, created a Knight Bachelor.



WILL ENTERTAIN AMERICAN VISITORS TO THE CORONATION.
Mrs. John Hubert Ward is the only daughter of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and a favorite in official circles.
—Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Bay, was solemnized with a simple and beautiful ceremony at noon on June 14, in the home of the bride's parents at Toledo, Ohio. Pink peonies adorned the rooms where the ceremony took place, with Dr. C. W. Huntington, of Central Congregational church, officiating. The bride was attired in white meteor crepe and carried a white prayer book. She was unattended. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony and the wedding breakfast that followed. Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, of North Bay, Ont., parents of the groom, were the only out-of-town guests present. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left after the ceremony for their future home in North Bay, Ont., the bride travelling in a dark blue costume with hat to match.

Mrs. Helliwell went up the Georgian Bay on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ferguson Burke gave a luncheon last Wednesday, in honor of her sister-in-law, who is on a visit with her, from Montana.

The Toronto Canoe Club is holding its Annual Regatta and Reception this afternoon at the Club House, beginning at half past two.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore and her daughter, Mrs. Kingsmill, will spend the summer at Sturgeon Point.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicol have gone to Windermere. Mrs. Alfred Wright and her little daughter will go to Niagara-on-the-Lake in July.

Among the Coronation honors those conferred by His Majesty King George V., on Dr. William Osler, who got a Baronetcy, Senator Melvin-Jones, and Judge Routhier, of Quebec, who were knighted, are most interesting to the average Torontonian. Judge Routhier, who is the father of Mrs. Staunton, (formerly Mrs. Frank Sutton), for some time a resident of Toronto, while her husband, an officer who died on the voyage home from the Boer War, was stationed here, is a writer of excellent repute and ability and one of the courtly old school of French Canada President Falconer and Mr. C. C. James are made C.M.G.'s which much pleases their Toronto friends.

Miss Marjorie Macdonald, of Eglinton gave a luncheon on Tuesday for Mrs. Tom Keefer (Edith Holland), who is visiting her parents.

On June 14 Mrs. and Miss Nan Gooch entertained a number of young people and two or three married friends at tea, to meet Miss Elliott-Wilson, a Southern cousin of Miss Gooch, visiting her. The soft Southern accents of the beautiful guest of honor and her delight in the North quite charmed every one. Some pretty girls of Miss Gooch's coming-out season assisted in the tea-room, where a pretty table was decorated with flowers and loaded with good things. It was a very gay and jolly party as would have to be the case, when the hostesses are brimming with hearty welcome and absolutely free from affectation. Miss Wilson is having a delightful visit under such pleasant auspices.

Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge are leaving for British Columbia next Monday night.

On Wedneday, June 14, the marriage of Miss Marguerite Cassels, daughter of Mr. Hamilton Cassels and Mr. Spencer Dale Harris, of Montreal, was celebrated in St. Andrews Church, Rev. Dr. Ballantyne, of Knox College, officiating. Mr. Cassels brought in his daughter and gave her away, and she was attended by four bridesmaids and a maid of honor, the Misses Dale-Harris, Miss Nina Joy, and Miss Burnham, Miss May Cassels being the attendant-in-chief. The bride wore white satin and Limerick lace, tulle veil, and carried lilies in a silver bouquet holder. The maids were in pale green and white over mauve and wore hats to correspond. They carried mauve sweet peas. Mr. Allan Dale-Harris was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Carl Harris, Mr. H. Cassels, Mr. Walter Willison, Mr. R. Harcourt, Mr. R. C. Lee and Mr. Allan Macdonald. Mrs. Cassels held a reception after the ceremony at the family residence in Clarendon Ave. The bride and groom have gone abroad for the honeymoon.

The Royal Muskoka Hotel opens to-day. The summer people who have been unable or unwilling to risk the London Coronation festivities are unusually active in finding restful and luxurious sojourning places for the hot weeks. Therefore, there is a big booking for the Royal Muskoka.

When a fellow is in love with a girl he should leave no stone unturned to win her, not even a solitaire.

It's a good plain to let well enough alone, if you know when to do it.

The business of marriage begins with a dressmaker and ends with a cookery book.

New Stevenson Letters.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has been dead sixteen years, and his ever-increasing fame has given him a world-wide circle of readers. They will be interested in the "New Letters" which Sir Sidney Colvin, his close friend and editor of the previous volumes of letters, has selected for publication in the April number of Scribner's Magazine. Here are one or two extracts. To Mrs. Silwell he writes in 1874:

"I am so tired; but I am very hopeful. All will be well some time, if it be only when we are dead. One thing I see so clearly. Death is the end neither of joy nor sorrow. Let us pass into the clods and come up again as grass and flowers; we shall still be this wonderful, shrinking, sentient matter—we shall still thrill to the sun and grow relaxed and quiet after rain, and have all manner of pains and pleasures that we know not of now. Consciousness, and ganglia, and suchlike, are after all but theories. And who knows? This God may not be cruel when all is done; He may relent and be good to us *a la fin des fins*. Think of how He tempers our afflictions to us, of how tenderly He mixes in bright joys with the gray web of trouble and care that we call our life. Think of how He gives, Who takes away.

"Out of the bottom of the miry clay I write this; and I look forward confidently; I have faith after all; I believe, I hope, I *will* not have it reft from me; there is something good behind it all, bitter and terrible as it seems, dear friend. The Infinite Majesty (as it will be always in regard to us the bubbles of an hour) the Infinite Majesty must have moments, if it were no more, of greatness; must sometimes be touched with a feeling for our infirmities, must sometimes relent and be clement to those frail playthings that He has made, and made so bitterly alive. Must it not be so, my dear friend, out of the depths I cry. I feel it, now when I am most painfully conscious of His cruelty.

"He must relent. He must reward. He must give some indemnity, if it were but in the quiet of a daisy, tasting of the sun and the soft rain and the sweet shadow of trees, for all the dire fever that He makes us bear in this poor existence. We make too much of this human life of ours. It may be that two clods together, two flowers together, two grown trees together touching each other deliciously with their spread leaves, it may be that these dumb things have their own priceless sympathies, surer and more untroubled than ours.

"How curiously we are built up into our false positions. The other day, having toothache and the black dog on my back generally, I was rude to one of the servants at the dinner-table. And nothing, of course, can be more disgusting than for a man to speak harshly to a young woman who will lose her place if she speaks back to him; and, of course, I determined to apologize. Well, do you know, it was perhaps four days before I found courage enough, and I felt as red and ashamed as could be. Why? Because I had been rude? Not a bit of it; because I was doing a thing that would be called ridiculous in thus apologizing. I did not know I had so much respect of middle-class notion before; this is my right hand which I must cut off. Hold the arm please; once—twice—thrice: the offensive member is amputated; let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more as to be ashamed of being a gentleman."

To Sir Sidney Colvin he writes in 1880:

"When I die of consumption you can put that upon my tomb. Sketch of my tomb follows:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
BORN 1850, OF A FAMILY OF
ENGINEERS, DIED . . .
'Nitor aquis.'

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offences pardoned; and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: Can I make someone happier this day before I lie down to sleep? Thus the dead man speaks to you from the dust you will hear no more from him."

The Last Conqueror.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind-in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley.

Heralding A Corontation

(*Continued from page 25.*)

in the vicini ty of Buckingham Palace to see the Royalties drive in and out, and wandering about looking at the erection of the great stands which disfigure Westminster, Constitution Hill, Piccadilly and other streets on the routes. Some of the stands are enormous, and in many cases the familiar buildings are hidden from view. The neighborhood of the Abbey, shows that famous edifice, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hospital, and St. Margaret's barricaded behind great yellow wooden stands for sightseers. Churches, statues, green grass, and even trees are shut away for the time being that thousands may see the King go to his crowning. Built out in front of the Abbey is the Annexe, erected as a robing room for the peers, where they will await their Royal master. The Annexe is grey, in imitation of stone, and unless my eyes deceive me, they are putting up armorial bearings, and building niches for statues to cheat the casual observer, unfamiliar with the Abbey, into thinking that this excrescence is part and parcel of the Empire's Valhalla.

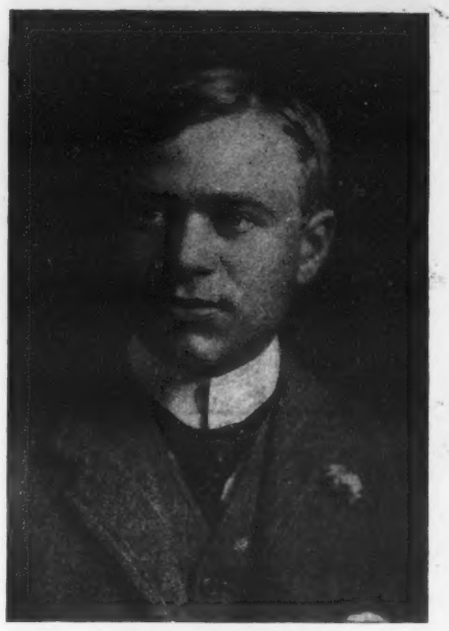
Here and there, besides the skeletons of decorations which will blossom forth in all their splendor on the great 22nd and 23rd, there are houses which display their ornamentation all finished, so that if, by chance, the King should pass their way this very afternoon, he could see what his loyal subjects had prepared. Flags fly out in the breeze, and large coats of arms are encircled with electric lights in red white and blue bulbs. Whitehall promises a pretty scheme of decoration, with its tall pillars crowned by various figures, in imitation of ancient Roman columns, and in other streets there are Venetian masts to show what may be expected later.

Much has been said about the price of accommodation in London, and the price of seats for the Coronation procession as well as for the Royal progress on the following day. Much that has been said is misleading, and greatly exaggerated. There is plenty of accommodation to be had in London, anywhere away from the actual centre of things, for a moderate price. This does not mean going out of town, but merely to Bayswater, Kensington, Earls Court and similar localities, very accessible by means of the tubes and 'buses, where there are many rooms, with board, to be had for from two to three and a half guineas per week. In many cases, hotels have raised their prices for the whole month of June, but in a great many others only for the week of the Coronation, and I know, personally, somewhere the prices have not been raised at all, the proprietors wisely thinking that to have their houses full at ordinary rates was better than to rent a few rooms a high prices. It is a pity that scare-mongers have spread reports which cannot fail to keep a certain number of people away from London. There is a real difficulty, however, experienced by strangers in finding *where* they can go for moderate sums, but at least one daily paper has a travel bureau to which visitors are invited to apply fo. recommended rooms.

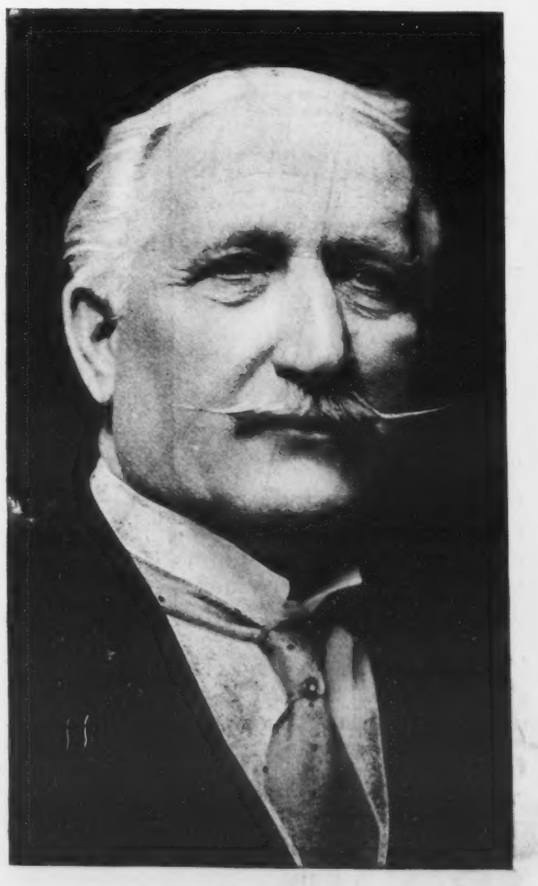
As far as the prices for seats are concerned, there are any number to be had for as low as a guinea, and of course those for the second day procession are cheaper than for the Coronation Day. There are Coronation Day seats as high as twenty guineas, but there are also seats for three, two, and one, and for the second day one contractor, alone, advertises fifty thousand seats at a guinea each. In some cases the price of the ticket includes breakfast and lunch. Grumblers must wish these were the days of good Queen Bess, when Coronation seats were sixpence.

The great day draws very near. Sixty thousand troops will be in London for the two days, including the Coronation contingents from Overseas, and about forty-five thousand will line the route from Buckingham Palace on the day of the Coronation. Within the next week or ten days the great people who represent foreign countries will arrive, and be housed and supplied with Royal carriages, as guests of His Majesty. All over the Empire poor people and children are to be entertained in honor of the Coronation. Even the animal kingdom has an interest in June 22 and 23, for a number of horses have been trained to take part in the processions.

Jewelers, dressmakers, hotelkeepers are not the only people making money, for the hairdresser is much in demand with the aristocracy. Many of the most fashionable ones have orders booked for the hours from three in the morning until seven, in order that the peeresses can attend their Sovereigns with hair properly arranged for the moment when the Queen, having been crowned, all the great ladies shall lift their circlets and place them upon their beautifully coiffed locks. One must suffer to be loyal as well as to be beautiful, it seems, and a pang of pity passes through the womanly heart for the unhappy peeress who has her hair dressed at four in the morning and gets no rest until twelve hours later, when the procession returns to Buckingham Palace, and weary subjects can seek repose.



CORONATION HONORS.
Max Aitken, M.P., of London and Montreal, created a Knight.



CORONATION HONORS.
Hon. Lyman Melvin Jones, President and General Manager of the Massey-Harris Co., Toronto, created a Knight Bachelor.

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PINK CARNATION

The perfume of the flower as chosen by Her Majesty Queen Mary for the Coronation.

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John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
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No matter how dirty a garment may be—how badly stained and soiled or greased—our French Dry Cleaning System will, unless the fabric is threadbare, take out the dirt, freshen up the material, bring out the original color, and make the garment look almost like new.

We can Dry Clean almost any article of wearing apparel for either ladies or gentlemen. Branches everywhere.

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De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in pain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by
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Time is important to the traveller. The half hour necessary to get identification may mean missing a train or a boat, and a hold over for a whole day.

With *travellers' cheques* you identify yourself. Yet no one else can cash them. Get a supply for your next trip.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Capital and Surplus, $6,656,000



DRESS

THE little summer frocks defy the most bizarre fashions to disfigure them. They are perennially, come style or go style, things of grace and loveliness, and this season with the wealth of figured patterns and great variety of color they are even more fascinating than ever. The oddest bedroom slippers or mules seen yet were made of tiger paws with the claws removed. One of the new lingerie mushroom turbans is trimmed with white batiste roses and foliage. One of the French novelties is a little leather case containing a folding cane. The cane is affected by women who take to extreme fashions readily



THE MILITARY POMPOM.
This new effect is said to be particularly becoming to girls with full faces.
—Underwood & Underwood, New York.

and it is also used for practical purposes in walking excursions. A dainty hat that makes part of a trousseau is of blue straw with a forget-me-not crown and very pale rose pink facing. One of the loveliest opalescent scarfs has three layers of mousseline one over the other —black, pale blue and rose color respectively. A new color blend which one finds on smart tailormades from the other side is khaki and navy blue. Panniers are seen on some of the handsomest afternoon and evening gowns, but they are far from being even suggestive of the bouffant hip draperies of the old pannier days. The new panniers are of gauze or some satin that is so soft and supple that it adds no apparent bulk and they are draped perfectly close, with the result that the slenderness of the silhouette is increased rather than otherwise.

* * *

YOKES and stocks are being made of plain unlined chiffon to give an appearance of an uncovered throat and neck. Plain net also continues to be used, but the chiffon if newer is less practical. The tops of the collars are as simple as possible. Triple Directoire revers are seen on many of the jaunty little jackets which are blossoming for summer, and in the three revers as many colors are often employed. When the coat matches the gown the rever next it usually matches the waist in color, and if a vivid color is used black is often employed to separate the colors. In the changeable taffetas which are being made into tailormades as well as into little coats and trimmings generally such combinations as royal blue and emerald green, green and black, orange and blue and a host of other colors are found blended. In natty costumes of these changeable silks there is often only a collar of velvet in one of the colors with buttons covered with the same shade. Regiments of buttons are found on the new suits. Pongees, satins, foulards and any other of the modish materials that take the tailor man's fancy are being made into coat and skirt suits. But the coats of such suits are the most capricious affairs imaginable with little idea of practical usefulness. There is a new material for tailormades—a soft pin striped poplin—which promises a great popularity. One sees a good many black costumes at smart afternoon affairs, but in the majority of cases they are enlivened by such vivid colors as emerald green, cerise, coral or some other of the striking tones. Some of the big revers on smart coats of tailormades are faced with handsome Oriental embroidery, and the deep turn-back cuffs are of the same kind. Deep plaitings on the fronts of lingerie waists are often edged with a color that repeats a note in the costume. These plaitings at the top are often wide enough to reach clear to the arm if they are pulled straight. Rows of little frills again finish the hems of dressy gowns; but the frills are scanty and their soft materials make them far from bouffant. They add little to the flow of the hem of the skirt.

* * *

A MOB cap worn by a young girl was wonderfully becoming and picturesque. The manner in which it fitted over the forehead and tucked itself in about the nape of the neck was delicious. The material was very coarse black net with a circle of tiny pink moss rosebuds about the crown. The foundation of this cap was wire, which could be seen through the two layers of net just enough to show the shape of the head beneath. This idea is one of the new features, and when the head is so arranged it is as thought there was nothing but a film about the hair, for, of course, the coiffure is quite visible. Such a style is dainty and fascinating when worn by a pretty young girl, but should any one past the early twenties attempt the cap there would be trouble. Somehow or other the queer little caps and big hats seem to go well with the gowns this year. Lines fit in admirably, and one would think that the milliner and dressmaker had held long, long consultations on the subject before the modes were launched. One might think the same of the dyer, too, for the crudeness of colors and the juxtaposition of any tones all play a prominent part in the cast, and one would be stranded without the other.

* * *

AFTER the eye and taste have been cultivated for the styles this year, the cuts and colors and effects appear positively attractive. Styles taken by themselves are really hideous, yet few persons will admit this, for every one is now accustomed to seeing lines that are straight up and down, waists that have no beginning or ending, hats worn so low that it is often impossible to pick out one's friends and skirts so impossible in effect that the onlooker wonders if the goods did not give out before the suit was completed. And yet all these absurdities make up the styles of the year of Our Lord 1911. The clothes one sees are enough to turn the woman of narrow purse green with envy—if she be so constituted—and make her realize that the things of this earth are not equally divided.

* * *

THE all-white hat is seen everywhere, but surely it is a bit cold. Some pretty ones are of tagal and rice, covered with sheafs of wheat, all white. Those that arrived a fortnight ago are sheafs covered almost in very long silk shoots—to simulate nature. These effects are rich, but rather heavy looking, and the wearer is apt to tire of such an exaggeration. Another novelty is a sheaf composed of *mousseline de soie* of any dye, with the grass or foliage of silk in another tone. Half the hats seen at the races Sunday were covered with wheat. In some instances, the spirals of grass are so coarse and thick that one would think they were several horsehairs glued together, bleached and made brilliant.

* * *

COVERT cloth composes some of the best tailormades, and the kind that is most serviceable as well as modish has the warp running diagonally. These also have caught the changeable craze, and in some lights the covert cloth is one tone and in another light it is quite another. This material looks better when made in classic line—and it may be found in Paris, though only an English tailor knows how to bring out the good points in a costume when nearly every one else wants absurd effects.

* * *

THESE cerise or cherry-red purses are quite the thing, particularly for race meets. Belts that have recently appeared are of the same kind of leather finish and color —a dull frosty finish, and of that lovely soft tone that is just like the cherry. The bags are untouched so far as color is concerned. The chain of another dye gives all the finish necessary to the color scheme. Radium is used to a wonderful extent for evening and afternoon dresses. It is beautiful any way you take it and has been such a success that it is sure to lapse into winter for *robes d'interieur* and evening dresses. As a matter of course the material is changeable, and put over white or black or almost any color is charming. It is even used as trimming for hats.

* * *

POCKETS do not look well on any jacket unless quite flat and lower than the hips, and then they produce an ugly line that the stout woman or the one who suggests stoutness wants to avoid. The more severity the better. It is so with buttons on the hips, too. The fact of the matter is that women in their craze for slenderness have shaved off everything that would produce width, and now when we see the slightest hindrance to this leanness, the eye is offended, no matter if the woman herself be too tall and too slender according to her ideas. The emanciated figure cannot last much longer, for it has been modish for many years, and the woman of desirable weight will soon have her innings. Not the fleshy woman, for she will never be stylish; but people are tiring of the elongated, drawn-out specimen who tries to make her figure resemble a folded umbrella more than anything else.



THE SNAKE GOWN.
This creation of eyelet embroidery and black satin made a sensation in New York recently. It is worn by Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, a prominent society woman.
American Press Association.

It stands to reason that the woman who looks well in a hobble skirt would look twice as well in anything else.

Many a man doesn't leave his wife much when he dies because he left her so much when he was alive.

A girl naturally feels that a fellow's heart is in the right place when he intrusts it to her keeping.

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BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE HIGH STANDARD OF GILLETT'S GOODS.





makes all kinds of cooling drinks more delicious and healthful.
It mixes with anything.

PURVEYORS TO H. M. THE KING

31



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Its new and delicious flavour is quite unique

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TB TB

REMEMBER the big chunks of bread and butter you used to devour when you were a kid at home? Tasted good, didn't it? You were always hungry. You are harder to please now, but if you could get bread that tasted as good as that did, you would like it equally well. Have our driver leave you a loaf of

Tomlin's Bread

to-morrow. Good? Well, try it. It's as good as the best flour, most skilful bakers, and a large, clean, airy bakery can produce. You will like it. And another thing: we take pains to have our delivery always regular and in good time.

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TB TB

THE one thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Duchy of Normandy will be celebrated in Rouen next month. It was in the year 911 that the treaty was signed between Charles the Simple and the Norse sea-king Rollo, by which the latter received a tract of land with Rouen as its centre. The settlement of Rollo at Rouen grew into the Duchy of Normandy, which, through his successor, William the Conqueror, was united in the eleventh century with England. The celebration will take place between June 3 and 8. The city will be decorated and illuminated, there will be land and water fetes, historical processions, jousts, and tourneys, theatrical galas, firework displays, and sports. The influence of Normandy upon the history and literature of the world will be illustrated by a congress and by fine art exhibitions.

THE ceremony of presenting the freedom of the city as an honor arose in the Middle Ages, when such right was not acquired by mere domicile. No stranger could move into a mediæval town and go into business, his own gainful occupation or the civic activities. First, he must become enrolled in the guild of his trade, then he had to undergo an apprenticeship of full seven years before he could be admitted to its livery; then only and thus only could he arrive at the freedom of his city. As a reward for high deeds these mediæval city republics sometimes conferred on such strangers as had served them well the freedom of the city by solemn act of the burgesses and liveries without the apprenticeship of servitude. Every such recipient of a city's freedom became at once a burgess, free to dwell, free to engage in trade, free to vote for the civic rulers and to aspire to the civic chair. The key was the visible sign of this freedom—the city gates, closed at sunset against the stranger and the foe, opened to the burgess key at all hours, as the door of his own home.

Locomotives so long that the boilers have to be jointed to enable them to take curves properly are the latest thing in traction, and may be seen on the Santa Fe road.

A southern flying machine concern has contracts amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars for exhibition flights the coming season.



A Revised Decalogue.

DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS ought to be able to count upon the sympathy of strenuous America when he proposes to simplify, amend, and revise the Ten Commandments, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Dr. Douglas is canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York and he speaks therefore as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. Moreover, he had the support of other eminent ecclesiastics at the Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with such endorsement there should be no difficulty in advancing a reform so urgently needed. Who knows? New York may yet be persuaded to recognize the existence of the Ten Commandments and to make a judicious selection for purposes of reference or even of obedience. New York already spends much money on expensive forms of religion, and mere formalism should not be allowed to waste the time that is equivalent to cash.

The Decalogue, says Canon Douglas, is filled with "meaningless and inflated clauses" that are out of harmony with the spirit of the age and that were written for a leisurely people. They should be abbreviated out of existence or condensed in the manner familiar to every smart young copy reader on our daily newspapers. For example, a marked saving of time can be effected by the omission of the references to the likeness of anything that is upon the earth and the waters under the earth. Why not "cut" this injunction so as to read, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, to worship it, and serve it?" Think of the time that is wasted by the repetition of these unnecessary words. But Canon Douglas should go further still. Why not omit this Commandment altogether, seeing that it is the only one that we are never tempted to break? Moreover, the word "graven" is obsolete nowadays. It should be changed, and the whole text might be made to read, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any image, sculptured, engraved, cast, forged, electrotyped, stereotyped, or processed." But the whole thing might be omitted. An idolatrous piety is not among our failings. We have our weaknesses, but this is not among them. Our worst enemies can not charge us with a disposition toward worship.

The proposal to popularize the Ten Commandments is not a new one. Arthur Hugh Clough tried his hand at this over half a century ago. It seemed to him that the Decalogue was too abrupt and with a lamentable lack of the compromise that lubricates the wheels of life and of conscience. Either civilization or the Decalogue had to go unless some way could be found to import a little more sauvity into the latter. For example:

Thou shalt not kill, but needs't not strive
Officiously to keep alive,

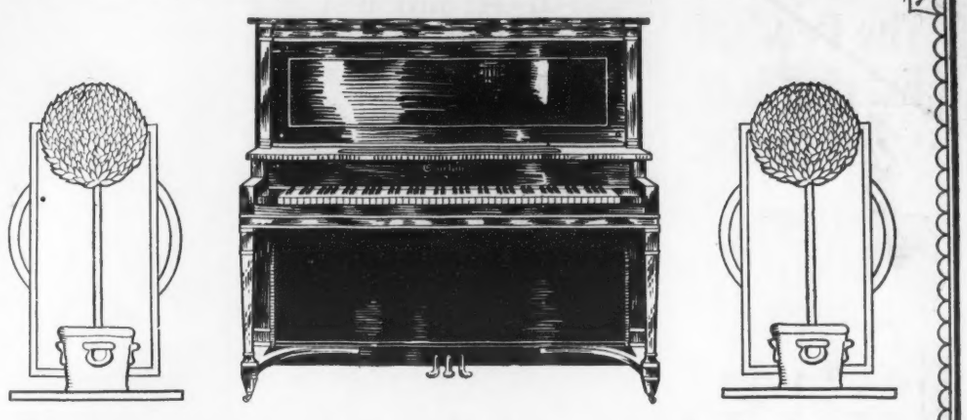
was one of his suggestions, and is a great improvement on the crudity of the injunction as it now stands. Here is another of Mr. Clough's proposals:

Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

There is no need to follow Mr. Clough too slavishly. That might get the church into trouble with the Supreme Court, but as an alternative to abbreviation something might be done to bring the Decalogue to the attention of New York by some plan of rhymed couplets so cunningly contrived as to haunt the memory, like Mark Twain's famous jingle,

Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

The matter is replete with interest and importance and it should not be dropped. We can not afford to be tied to an effete past or to a terminology that was well enough for its day, but that is wholly out of keeping with the glorious achievements of an era undreamed of by the author of the Decalogue.



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Most pianos have some good features.
Gourlay Pianos have all
the good features known to modern musical science.



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is for Infants and Invalids and for those whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or advancing age.

If the digestive functions, however weak, can do any work at all they should be given work to do *to the extent of their powers.* In the easy process of its preparation the digestibility of Benger's can be regulated to give this work with extreme nicety.

The "British Medical Journal" says—"Benger's Food has, *by its excellence* established a reputation of its own."

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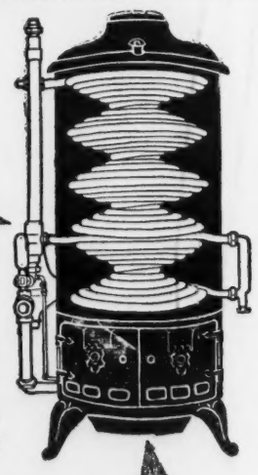
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Hotter Water, More of it, Purer, Quicker, Cheaper.



That is what the installation of a
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means to you.

These two points do it—the patented **Circulating Thermostat** and the **Sectional Copper Heating Coils.**

A turn of any hot water faucet in the house lights the gas and secures *an instantaneous and unlimited supply of pure, scalding hot water day or night* at small cost and without heating up the house.

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An Ostrich-Herding Dog.

A PORT ELIZABETH correspondent writes:

When visiting my brother's farm at Bayville, South Africa, a short while ago I was much interested in finding that since my last visit he had adopted a collie for the purpose of collecting and moving his ostriches from camp to camp. Miss Collie was very young and known by the appellation of Pups.

As Old Sol dipped in the west we rode down to a camp near the river to watch Pups collect her troop of birds and bring them home. I regret not having had my camera when she was at work. It was a pretty sight. She handled 150 birds with delightful tact and consummate skill, bringing them out of a large camp, down a lane into the night camp or kraal in an extraordinarily short time. The change in the behavior of these birds since I last saw them being driven was very marked. They moved the whole while with a dignity, confidence and assurance, with a freedom from foolery and panic that appeared to me quite a new experience. Here, thought I, is a study in animal magnetism to delight the very pedant of psychology.

Once I remember watching six men trying to collect about one hundred of these birds in a camp that was not very large. It took the drivers an uncommonly long time to get the troop into anything like shape. Then, just as they seemed to have successfully "mobbed" the birds, a dozen pugnacious rascals would rush off, chase each other round the camp, kicking one another with the concentrated force of a team of Government mules. Tired of that game, they became more serious. The leading pugilists turned to and deliberately "stuck up" all the drivers, each of whom stood with nothing between him and a ferocious and highly dangerous enemy but a slender forked stick called a "tack," measuring about eight feet in length. I could not help contrasting in my mind this wild goose chase with the discipline and order now reigning under the influence and management of little Miss Collie. Six men to 100 birds—chaos; one little dog to 150 birds—result, perfect order.

In the night camp we wanted to inspect some of the high-class birds whose feathers appeared very promising. One young gentleman objected to our scrutiny and made off with long strides toward the end of the camp. In a moment a little black and white body is seen hurtling over the ground, and with an admirably judged detour, Pups heads off her quarry. He stops in astonishment, and stamps with annoyance, and, as is fitting to his age and station, no doubt says—the little ——. But, nevertheless, he turns, turns, and finally walks back with an air of offended dignity to undergo the indignity of a criticism of his handsome plumage.



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14

An Abolitionist "Spy"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN did not go into the Civil War with any idea of the abolition of slavery, nor did the other great men of the North. This fact has been drilled into our minds for so long that it is rather a relief to read of one at least who did. That it is a woman makes it the more interesting. W. G. Beymer, in Harper's, is our informant, and his account bears the non-committal title of "Miss Van Lew."

Miss Van Lew—for that is the now forgotten name—was born in Richmond, Va., but received her early education in Philadelphia. There she "drank deep" of those principles and beliefs which were so to influence her future life; and later, returning to her sumptuous home, she gave immediate freedom to nine of the Van Lew slaves, while others, previously sold, were rebought that their freedom might be secured. At forty, Miss Van Lew was more of an abolitionist than ever. A year passed and the Southern States began to secede.

The ladies of Richmond sewed and knitted for the Confederacy, and shot with pistols at a mark; Miss Van Lew wrote dispatches for the Union—specific information of Confederate troops, their numbers, and their movements.

Her dispatches were at first sent by mail, but were soon recognized as of such vital importance that a special messenger was reserved for carrying them. The Battle of Bull Run was fought and an army of wounded Southerners and wretched northern men came streaming into Richmond. Here at last was real work for this woman to do.

From one official to another she hurried, begging that she might nurse the wounded Union soldiers; until at last, from General Winder, Provost-Marshal-General of Richmond, she obtained "permission to visit the prisoners and to send them books, luxuries, delicacies, and what she may wish." Thus her four-years' service began.

The Libby Prison was her special care. It stood at the foot of Church Hill, almost beneath her very door. Miss Van Lew was a most excellent spy, and from that moment when she gained access to the prison the value of her dispatches to the Government increased a hundred fold.

The Federal prisoners furnished her with much more information than might be supposed possible; from the many-windowed prisons in the heart of the city and from within the stockade of Belle Isle, much that went on could be observed; they accurately estimated the strength of the passing troops and supply trains, whose probable destination they shrewdly conjectured from the roads by which the Confederates left the town; then, too, there were snatches of conversations to be overheard between surgeons in the hospital or between the prison guards. Mere scraps of information all, but of infinite value to Miss Van Lew when combined with other scraps from here and there—some confirming, some setting an error right, some opening inquiry into fresh lines. . . . In the prisons the information was conveyed in a score of ways—whispered words, friendly little notes with hidden meanings in words harmless to a censor's eye, books which were loaned or returned with here and there a word or a page number faintly underscored, questions and answers that were concealed in baskets of food. There was one curious old French contrivance, a metal platter with a double bottom, originally intended to hold hot water beneath the plate to keep the contents warm. Its frequent use and clumsy appearance aroused a keen-eyed guard's suspicions; Miss Van Lew, turning away with the empty plate one day, heard the threat he muttered to a fellow guard. Within a day or two the platter was again presented at the prison door.

"I'll have to examine that," the sentry said.

"Take it, then," Miss Van Lew replied, and deftly slipping the shawl from around it, she placed the plate suddenly in his hands; that day the double bottom contained no secret messages, but was filled with water blistering hot, and he dropped it with a roar of pain.

Then there came a day when no messenger was to be had. Most valuable information had been requested by General Grant, and had been obtained by her. Miss Van Lew was at her wits' end.

In desperation she took the great market-basket that had become so familiar a sight to the people of Richmond, and started in her customary manner for the market. As she walked she childishly swung the basket and softly sang and hummed her little songs and smiled her vacant smile into the faces of those who, as she passed, mocked at "Crazy Bet"—this woman who dared walk Richmond's streets while in her hand she held—for the Federal army—a key to Richmond's defences.

A man overtook her and whispered as he passed, "I'm going through to-night!" She gave no start of surprise, no look of curiosity; the man walked just ahead and she followed. Was the Federal agent come at last?—or was this another of the countless traps of the secret police? The man was an utter stranger to her, but the need was urgent, imperative—should she take the chance? She quickened her pace, and, as she in turn passed him, again came the whisper, "I'm going through the lines to-night!" In her hand she held the cipher dispatch, torn into strips and each rolled into a tiny ball; should she commence to drop them one by one? In great perplexity and fear she quickly glanced back for a look at his face. And instantly some instinct, some woman's instinct, said "No," and on that inner prompting she impulsively turned into a side street and hurried home. Next day she saw that man, a junior officer, marching past her house for the front with his Confederate regiment.

What was the outcome? Did she contrive a means of sending that dispatch to Grant, and is that General's final triumph to be charged chiefly to this little patriot's zeal? No one can ever know, for Miss Van Lew's story is fragmentary at best and difficult to tell. But what we do know is this:

President Grant, fifteen days after his inauguration, appointed Miss Van Lew Postmaster of Richmond. She knew that it would be heralded that she had demanded the office in payment for services rendered against the Confederacy; but her family was in need of money, so for eight years she served as postmaster.

"I live—and have lived for years—as entirely distinct from the citizens as if I were plague-stricken," she wrote. "Rarely, very rarely, is our door-bell ever rung by any but a pauper, or those desiring my service. . . . September, 1875, my mother was taken from me by death. We had not friends enough to be pall-bearers."

And then came her removal from office, followed by years of distressing poverty, and unavailing efforts to secure work.

Her salary during office had been spent without regard for the morrow—chiefly in charities to the negro race—characterized by her neighbors as "pernicious social-equality doctrines and practises." Utterly unable to dispose of her valuable but unproductive real estate, she was reduced to great distress—absolute need. "I tell you truly and solemnly," she wrote, "that I have suffered for necessary food. I have not one cent in the world. . . . I have stood the brunt alone of a persecution that I believe no other person in the country has endured who has not been Ku-Kluxed. I honestly think that the Government should see that I was sustained."

Finally the long-sought appointment did arrive—a clerkship in the Post-office Department at Washington. But her hardships had barely begun:

Perhaps—as her superiors fretfully reported—she did owe her place to "sentimental reasons," perhaps her "peculiar temperament" did make her "a hindrance to the other clerks," perhaps she did "come and go at will." It was recommended that she be reduced to "a clerkship of the lowest salary and grade"—and it was done; but she mutely clung to her only means of livelihood. Two weeks later there appeared in a Northern newspaper a sneering editorial. "A Troublesome Relict," it began, and closed, "We draw the line at Miss Van Lew."

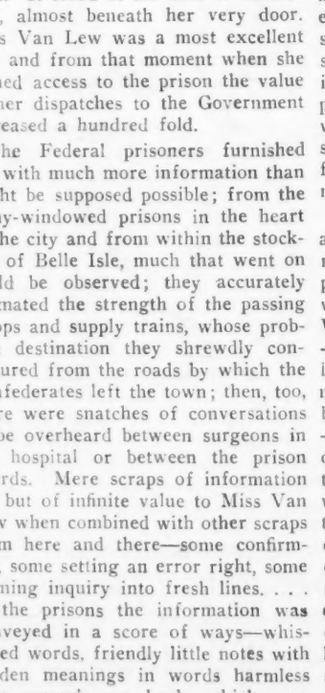
And "then" she wrote her resignation and a heart-broken old woman returned to her lonely Richmond home—from there to write, "Here I am called 'Traitor'; farther North a 'spy.' I think 'Faithful' more fitting, however, than either of the two."

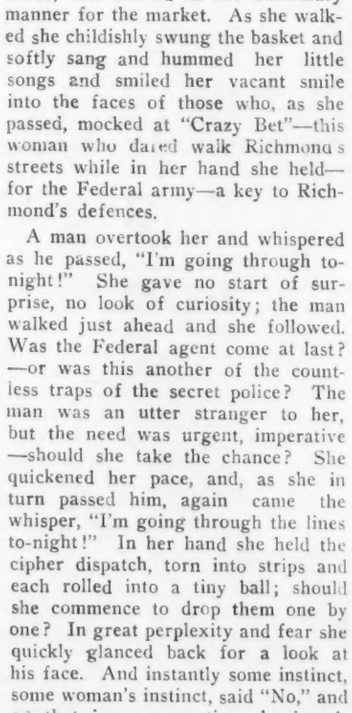


A QUEEN THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The Comtesse de Paris taken in shooting costume at the Chateau de Villamanrique. She is an inveterate sportswoman.

By arrangement with The Sphere.





TWO FAMOUS LADY GOLPHERS, AT THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT, PORT RUSH, IRELAND.

The lady on the left is Miss Dorothy Campbell, of Hamilton, Ont., Champion of America, who in the contests also played for Scotland. The other lady is Miss Cecilia Leitch, who played for England and defeated Miss Campbell.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is a physician and an accomplished musician, and when his duties as general of Bavarian cavalry leave him free he practices medicine among the poor, who have learned to look upon him as the kindliest of friendly benefactors. Recently his work attracted the attention of Dr. Hoch, the consumption specialist of Vienna. It is said the Bavarian doctors resent the interference of the prince with their profession.

Nearly one hundred American Indians, representing Zunis, Ogalallas, Onondagas, Yaquis, Navajos, and Apaches, will leave for Paris to show their art in blanket-making, tanning, beadwork, pottery, and carving at the Zoological Gardens, near the Bois de Boulogne. The necessary arrangements have been made with the United States government by M. Fernand Akoun, director of the ethnological department of the Paris Zoological Gardens.

Miss Grace Allen, the only woman publisher in England, has just returned to her home after a lecture tour in this country, highly impressed with American institutions, and particularly with New York's hotels exclusively for women. She is a daughter of George Allen, who was the first engraver for John Ruskin and later the publisher of his works. As the goddaughter of the author's mother, she knew John Ruskin from her earliest childhood. In publishing "Flors Clavigera" she relates that every member of the Allen family took part in the work. Since 1890 she has lived in London.

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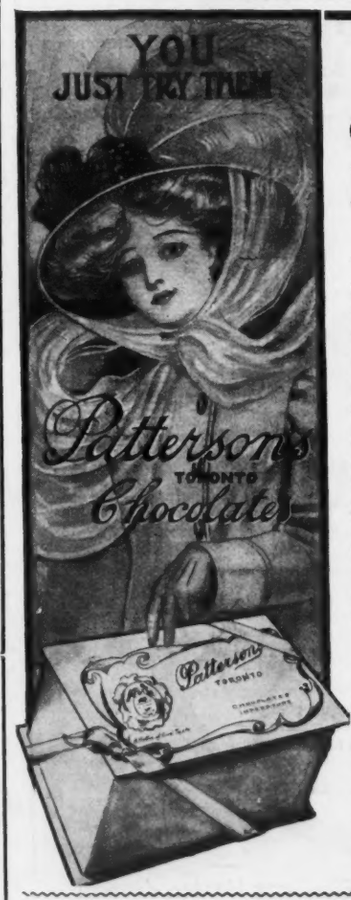
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